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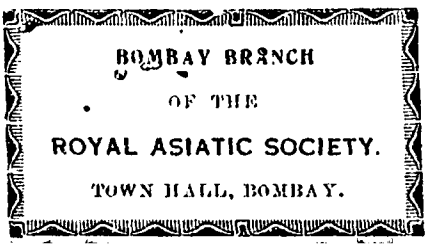

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GARIBALDI:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Translated by William Robson.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGDON STREET.
NEW YORK: 56, WALKER STREET.
1860.

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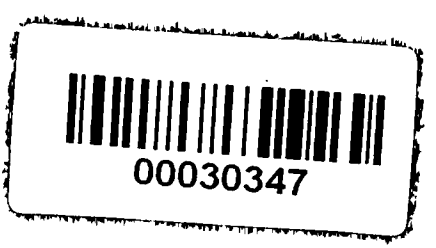
LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

London. Routledge, Warne & Routledge, Farringdon Street.

GARIBALDI:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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A

FEW WORDS TO THE READER.

EVERYTHING that exists has its origin in the past. It is therefore quite essential, before touching upon the events of any remarkable man's life, that we should take a retrospective glance at the circumstances in which his career originated.

I purpose, then, to give here a rapid preliminary sketch of the prominent events that occurred in Italy, and especially in Piedmont—Garibaldi's native soil—between the years 1820 and 1834, before introducing him to the reader to tell his story in his own words: observing that his narrative will commence from this latter date.

The course of the wars which followed the outbreak of the great French Revolution had sent into banishment, in the island of Sardinia, two princes, who, on emerging from their protracted exile at the close of the war, were no longer young. These two princes, who were brothers, were the last surviving male representatives of the direct line of the Dukes of Savoy. One was Victor Emmanuel, and the other Charles Felix, each of whom was destined to ascend the throne of the newly-constituted kingdom of Sardinia.

The younger branch of this house was then represented by Charles Albert, Prince de Carignan, who in 1823 served as a grenadier in the French army during the Spanish campaign, and on which occasion he greatly distinguished himself by his personal courage, particularly at the attack of the Trocadero.

King Victor-Emmanuel I., on ascending the throne, had pledged his word to the allied sovereigns not to make, under any circumstances whatever, the least concession to his people—a condition to which he was probably indebted for the gift of his crown. That, however, which was easy to promise in 1815, became, as we shall see, somewhat difficult to perform in 1821.

In 1820, Carbonarism had begun to spread throughout Italy. In a former work of mine, entitled *Joseph Balsamo*, which, although but a romance, contains in it much of reality, will be found a sketch of the history of the "Illuminati," and of Freemasonry. These two powerful antagonists to despotic royalty, whose device was the three initial letters "L. P. D.," i.e., *Lilia Pedibus Distruc*, played a part of some importance in the French Revolution. Almost all the Jacobins, and a large proportion of the Cordeliers, were freemasons, while Philip Egalité held the high office of "Grand Orient" in the craft.

Napoleon affected to take freemasonry under his protection; but under this pretence he managed to divert it from its proper aim: in short, he bent it to his own purposes, and turned it into an instrument of despotism. It is not the first time that chains had been forged from sword-blades. Joseph Bonaparte was a Grand Master of the order; Cambaceres, Grand Assistant-Master; and Murat, second Grand Assistant-Master. The Empress Josephine being at Strasburg in 1805, presided at the festival of the adoption of the Free Knights of Paris; and about this time Eugene de Beauharnais was elected "Venerable" of the lodge of St. Eugene of Paris. When he was afterwards in Italy as Viceroy, the "Grand Orient" of Milan named him "Master and Sovereign Commander of the Supreme Council of the 32nd degree;" the greatest honour attainable under the statutes of the order.

Bernadotte also was a mason; his son, Prince Oscar, was Grand Master of the Swedish lodge; moreover, in the different lodges of Paris were successively

initiated, Alexander, Duke of Wurtemburg, Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, and even the Persian ambassador, Askeri Khan; the President of the Senate, Count de Lacépède, presided as "Grand Orient of France," having for his officers of honour Generals Kellermann, Massena, and Soult. Princes, ministers, marshals, officers, magistrates, all, indeed, who were remarkable from their glorious career or eminent from their position, were ambitious of being admitted as brethren. Women even wished to have their lodges: this notion was adopted by Mesdames de Calignan, de Girardin, de Narbonne, and many other ladies of great houses; but one only amongst them was actually received into the craft, and she not as a "sister," but as a "brother." That was no other than the famous Xaintrailles, to whom the First Consul had given the brevet of a *chef d'escadron* (major of cavalry).*

But it was not in France alone that freemasonry flourished at that period. The King of Sweden, in 1811, instituted the civil order of masonry. Frederick William III., King of Prussia, had towards the end of the month of July, in the year 1800, sanctioned by edict the constitution of the grand lodge of Berlin. The Prince of Wales continued to preside over the order in England until he became Regent in 1813. And, in the month of February of the year 1814, the King of Holland, Frederick William, declared himself Protector of the order, and permitted the Prince-royal, his son, to accept the title of "Honorary Venerable" of the lodge of William Frederick of Amsterdam.

At the return of the Bourbons to France, Marshal Bournonville begged Louis XVIII. to place the fraternity under the protection of a member of his family; but Louis XVIII., whose memory was tenacious, had not forgotten the active part which masonry had taken in the catastrophe of 1793; so he refused compliance with the request, by stating that he never would allow

* Giuseppe la Farina, Storia d'Italia.

a member of his family to form part of any secret society whatever.

In Italy, masonry fell to the ground together with French domination; but in its place, after a time, Carbonarism began to appear, and this association seemed to have taken up the performance of the task which masonry had abandoned—that of furthering the cause of political emancipation.

Two other sects took the same direction, viz., that of "The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Congregation;" and that of "The Consistorial Society."

The members of the "Congregation" wore as a badge of recognition a cord of straw-coloured silk with five knots. Its members, in the inferior degrees, professed nothing but acts of piety and benevolence; as to the secrets of the sect—known only to the higher degrees—they were not allowed to be uttered where there were more than two present; all conference ceasing on the appearance of a third person. The pass word of the Congregationalists was ELEUTERIA, signifying *Liberty;* the secret word was ODE, that is to say, *Independence.*

This sect, which originated in France among the néocatholics, and included among its members several of our best and most steadfast republicans, had crossed the Alps, passed into Piedmont, and thence into Lombardy; there it obtained but few proselytes, and was soon rooted out by Austrian emissaries, who contrived to lay their hands at Genoa on the diplomas granted to the various members on their initiation, as well as the statutes, and a key to the secret signs of recognition.

The "Consistorial Society" directed its efforts chiefly against Austria; at its head figured those princes of Italy who were unconnected with the house of Hapsburgh, and its president was Cardinal Gonsalvi; the only prince of Austrian connection who was not excluded from it was the Duke of Modena. Thence ensued, when the existence of this league was publicly

known, the terrible persecution of the patriots by this prince; he had to earn forgiveness from Austria for his desertion of her, and nothing less than the blood of Menotti, his associate in the conspiracy, sufficed to make his peace with that Power.

The Consistorialists aimed at wresting from Francis II. all his Italian dominions, in order to share them among themselves. The Pope, besides his own territory of Rome and the Romagna, was to have possession of Tuscany for his share; the Isle of Elba and the Marches were to be bestowed on the King of Naples; Parma, Placentia, and a part of Lombardy, with the title of king, on the Duke of Modena; Massa, Carrara, and Lucca, were to be given to the King of Sardinia; and lastly, the Emperor Alexander, who, from his aversion to Austria, favoured these secret designs, was to have either Ancona, Civita Vecchia, or Genoa as a Russian foothold in the Mediterranean.

Thus, without consulting national feelings, or the natural territorial limits of different States, this league coolly resolved on sharing souls among themselves as Arabs do with a captured flock after [redacted]*zia*; and that right which belongs to the humblest creature upon the soil of Europe to choose his own master and to take service only where it suited him, that right was to be refused to national communities.

Fortunately, one only of all these projects—that which was undertaken by the Carbonari, and one that was not irreconcilable with divine precepts—had a fair chance of being accomplished.

Carbonarism had made its way to, and was thriving vigorously in the Romagna; it had united itself to the sect of the Guelphs, the central point of which was at Ancona, and it looked for support to Bonapartism.

Lucien Bonaparte was raised to the degree of "Grand Light;" and, in its secret meetings, resolutions were passed, declaring the necessity that existed for wresting power from the hands of the priests; the name of Brutus was invoked, and the associates went

to work to prepare the minds of thinking men for a republic.

In the night of the 24th of June, 1819, the movement thus prepared broke out; but it came to the fatal issue so common to first attempts of this kind. Every new faith, religious or political, which is to have apostles and zealous disciples, first requires martyrs. Five Carbonari were shot, and others condemned for life to the galleys; while some, deemed less guilty, were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress.

After this catastrophe, the sect, having learnt prudence, changed its name, and took that of the "Latin Society."

At this very time, the association was spreading its doctrines in Lombardy, and extending its ramifications into the other States of Italy. In the midst of a ball given at Rovigo by Count Porgia, the Austrian government caused several persons to be arrested, and on the following day declared every one who should be affiliated to Carbonarism, as guilty of high treason. But the place where the movement was most active, and made the greatest progress, was Naples. Coletta affirms in his History that the members of the Society in that kingdom amounted to the enormous number of six hundred and forty-two thousand; and, according to a document in the Aulic Chancery, that number is even below the mark. The number of the Carbonari, says this paper, amounts to more than *eight hundred thousand* in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and neither the efforts of the police, nor any other vigilance, can check its unceasing growth; it would therefore be useless to expect to extirpate it altogether.

During the progress of this movement at Naples, political discontent was spreading in Spain, where Riego, another martyr—who left behind him a death-song which has since become a chant of victory,—raised, in January, 1820, the banner of liberty. So great was his success, in the first instance, that Ferdinand VII. issued a decree declaring that, as the will

of the people had so decidedly manifested itself, he, the king, had resolved to swear to the constitution originally proclaimed by the Cortes in 1812; his consent to which had been hitherto refused.

The release of political prisoners furnished the materials for a new ministry in Spain. Ferdinand I. of Naples, as an Infante of Spain, although himself an absolute sovereign at home, was compelled to swear obedience to the Spanish constitution. The event produced a shock like that of an earthquake in Calabria, in the "Capitanate," and Salerno. The Neapolitan government, weak, undecided, and suspicious, decreed a few reforms, utterly inadequate to check General Pepe's efforts in carrying out his revolutionary project, as was proved by the result, which led to the creation of a provisional government, and to the restoration of a chamber of representatives such as had been established at Naples in 1798.

Some time after this, the Piedmontese revolution broke out. On the morning of the 10th of March, captain Count Palma summoned the regiment of Genoa to arms, raising the cry of: "The King and the Spanish constitution!" The next day, a provisional government was created in the name of the "Kingdom of Italy," and it proceeded to declare war against Austria.

Thus, it happened, that the revolutionary movement, which had originated at Ancona, reached Naples, and made its way to Turin. Three volcanoes were thus opened in Italy, without reckoning that of Spain, and Lombardy was in a state of agitation enclosed within a triple line of combustion.

King Victor Emmanuel I., it will be remembered, had pledged his word to the Holy Alliance not to make any concession to his people. So when the crisis arrived, in order to remain faithful to his promise, this monarch promptly abdicated in favour of his brother Charles-Felix, then at Modena; naming as Regent the Prince de Carignan, afterwards King Charles-Albert.

This abdication of a prince who really possessed an

Italian heart, in favour of his brother, thoroughly devoted to Austria, was indeed a great misfortune for the patriots. Santa Rosa, one of the first promoters of the revolutionary movement, speaking of this event, was thus led to exclaim : " Oh that fatal night of the 13th of March, 1821, so fatal to my country, and which has cast such a gloom on us all ; which has struck down so many swords raised in defence of our right, which has crushed so many fondly cherished hopes ! Under Victor-Emmanuel the nationality of Piedmont was maintained : the country was identified with the king, it was personified in his loyal heart, and thus while effecting the revolution, we cheerfully exclaimed : 'Courage! he will perhaps one day pardon us for having made him king over six millions of Italians !' "

But it was far otherwise with Charles-Felix : his kingdom sunk again beneath the sway of Austria, and all had to be begun again.

Hope, however, was not quite extinguished. On the 11th of March, the Prince de Carignan, displaying himself before the people in a balcony, amidst immense acclamations, proclaimed as Regent the adoption of the constitution of Spain in Piedmont.

This event at an after period was looked upon as very remarkable : for Charles-Albert as King, was destined at a future day to belie his words as the Prince de Carignan. Having thus briefly glanced at the fact of the constitution having been proclaimed *viva voce*, we will now give the translated text of the proclamation itself, as it was placarded upon the walls of Turin :—

" In the difficult position in which we are placed, it is impossible for us to confine ourselves within the narrow limits of our office as Regent ; the respect and the obedience we owe to his Majesty Charles-Felix, to whom the throne has devolved, should suffice to counsel us to abstain from making any change in the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or at least to temporize until we know what are the intentions of our new sovereign ; but, as the imperious nature of circum-

stances is manifest, and as, on the other hand, we hold it to be our duty to deliver into the hands of the new king an orderly, united, and happy people, and not one torn and divided by the factions of civil war, we have in consequence, after deliberate consideration, decided, in accordance with the advice of our council, and in the full reliance that his Majesty, actuated by similar considerations, will crown our deliberation with his sovereign approval: we have decided, we say, that the constitution of Spain shall be promulgated and observed as the law of the State, under the modifications which, by mutual agreement, shall be introduced by the king and the national assembly."

This, then, is the result which Carbonarism had obtained five years after its establishment in Italy; first, the recognition of a constitution in Spain; next, a constitution at Naples; and finally, the proclamation of a constitution in Piedmont.

But the latter, the last born of the three, was doomed to be the first stifled.

Instead of returning to Genoa or Milan, instead of approving of, and consolidating, the liberal measures proclaimed by the Prince de Carignan, King Charles-Felix issued, on the 3rd of the following April, the following edict:—

"The duty of every faithful subject being to submit willingly to the order of things which he finds established by God, and by the exercise of the sovereign authority, I declare that, holding from the Almighty alone, it is for us to choose the means we judge most suitable to effect good, and that we shall consequently no longer consider it becoming on the part of a faithful subject to murmur at the measures we may think necessary to take; we hereby publicly declare, therefore, as a rule of conduct for every one, that we shall only consider those as faithful subjects who will immediately submit to our authority; and to such submission on their part our return to our States will be made subordinate."

At the very time that King Charles-Felix was issuing this edict, so lamentably characterized by blind folly and wilfulness, he appointed a military commission charged with the duty of inquiring into the alleged offences of treason, rebellion, and insubordination that had been committed. Fortunately the principal offenders, including among them names now regarded as glorious in Piedmont, had already effected their escape.

The commission named by Charles-Felix lost no time in doing its work. Kings have been known to want executioners, but never judges. This military tribunal in five months tried a hundred and seventy-eight persons, of whom seventy-three were condemned to death and confiscation of property, and the rest to imprisonment and the galleys.

Of those condemned to death, sixty were pronounced "contumacious," for not surrendering themselves, and were hung in effigy.

It is worth while to name a few of these men, the intended victims of that besotted principle of absolute power which, since the days of Tarquin, has ever aimed its shafts at the noblest and most intelligent spirits. Comprised in the list are to be found the names of Lieutenant Pavia, Lieutenant Ansaldi, the physician Ratazzi, the engineer Appiani, the advocate Dossena, the advocate Luzzi, Captain Baronis, Count Bianco, Colonel Regis, Major Santa-Rosa, Captain Lesio, Colonel Casaglio, Major Collegno, Captain Radice, Colonel Morezzo, Prince della Cisterna, Captain Ferraso, Captain Pachiarotti, the advocate Marochetti, sub-lieutenant Anzzana, the advocate Ravina, and others. In all, there were six superior officers, thirty secondary officers, five physicians, ten advocates, and one prince; all remarkable for the gifts of intelligence, integrity, and social virtue.

Two had been arrested and executed; these were a lieutenant of carabineers, John Baptist Lanari, and Captain Giacomo Garelli. The execution of the one

took place on the 2nd of July; of the other, on the 25th of August.

One of the most guilty of all was unquestionably Charles-Albert. He had proclaimed the constitution in plain out-spoken terms, certainly not qualified with the reservation that the measure was conditional on the king's approval, as his partisans have chosen to represent. What can be plainer than these words, which we give in the original?

Nella fiducia che sua maesta il re mosso d'al istesse considerazioni, SARA PER RIVESTIRE *questa deliberazione della sua sovrana approvizaone; la constituzione di Spagna* SARA PROMULGATA E OSSERVATA COME LEGGE DELLO STATO.*

On receiving the letter which informed him of the return of King Charles-Felix, the Prince de Carignan hastened to Modena; but the King refused to receive him, and the Duke sent him an order to quit his States. The Prince then retired to the court of the Grand-duke of Tuscany at Florence. It was now no longer the question whether Charles-Albert should be simply an exile, or in temporary disgrace: nothing less than the loss of the throne of Piedmont was involved. So at least it then appeared; for a report was spread about that Charles-Felix intended to bequeath the crown after his death to the Duke of Modena; and that the latter, who had missed the throne through the disgrace incurred by the Italian Princes in conspiring against Austria, would at length gain the object of his anxious desires.

The Prince de Carignan now confided the serious nature of his position to the Count de la Maisonfort, French Minister at Florence, and the latter immediately wrote

* "In full reliance that his Majesty the King, actuated by considerations similar to our own, will crown our deliberations with his sovereign approval, we have decided that the Constitution of Spain shall be promulgated and observed as the law of the State."

to Louis XVIII. in the following terms:—"In order to dispossess the Prince de Carignan of his inheritance, it is contemplated to call to the throne the Duchess of Modena, the eldest daughter of King Victor. This off-hand proceeding of driving the House of Savoy from a throne it had founded—this ingratitude, so characteristic of the age in which we live,—cannot be shared or encouraged by the head of a house that has been no less than eighteen times allied to it. Such a policy cannot be that of the French Government, which has, moreover, the right of insisting on the complete independence of the sovereign who holds the key of Italy."

Louis XVIII. was of the same opinion as his Minister; he wrote to the Prince de Carignan, offering him a refuge at the Court of France. This was tantamount to assuring him: "You have nothing to fear. I take your interests into my hands; I will not permit any one but yourself to be King of Piedmont." In fact, Louis, who had granted a charter to his own people, could hardly deem it a crime in a Prince to have promised a constitution to his future subjects, although the act was disavowed by the then reigning sovereign.

But it was highly necessary that the Prince de Carignan should make the *amende honorable* towards the Holy Alliance for the offence he had committed.

Of the three Constitutions—the issue, as we have seen, of Carbonarism—one, that of Piedmont, had been stifled at its birth, by the hands of the new King himself, Charles-Felix; another, that of Naples, had been trodden down by the Austrian invasion; the third, the only surviving one, that of Spain, was about to be annulled through French intervention. The Prince de Carignan, who had proclaimed the Spanish Constitution at Turin, as a fitting *amende* must now obey the summons to go and combat the same Spanish Constitution at Madrid. This draught he must indeed have found bitter to swallow; but if his cordial reception at Paris was worth the endurance of a mass or

two, to secure such a prize as the crown of Piedmont was surely worth a dose of physic. So the Prince de Carignan went out to fight, and contrived to conceal his mortification under the long hair of a grenadier's cap; he served through the Spanish campaign, and was one of the conquerors of the Trocadero.* Eventually, on the death of Charles-Felix, on the 27th of April, 1831, the Prince de Carignan succeeded him with scarcely any impediment, as King Charles-Albert.

Austria would have preferred seeing her Archduke of Modena in his place, and therefore did not conceal her vexation at his elevation, and spitefully characterized the new sovereign to his brother kings as a Carbonaro; while to the Carbonari she caused him to be reviled as a traitor. This was a perversion of truth in both cases. Charles-Albert was not a Carbonaro; and the very terms and style of the proclamation in which he promulgated the Constitution show that he must have issued that proclamation under restraint and compulsion. Neither was Charles-Albert a traitor. He had entered into no personal engagement; he was simply playing the part of a prince ambitious of some day becoming a king. The disgrace of having gone forth to aid in the suppression of the same Constitution in Spain which he had not long before proclaimed at Turin, was considered to have been effaced by the courage he displayed as a simple grenadier; the soldier, in fact, had absolved the prince.

On his accession, Del Pozzo wrote to him from his exile in London in these words:—"Middle terms and incomplete measures are of no use, and make no progress in politics; PIEDMONT NEEDS AND WILL HAVE A CONSTITUTIONAL KING."

Another patriot thus wrote to him anonymously:—"Place yourself at the head of the nation; write

* At an audience the editor of this memoir had with Charles-Albert in 1840, the King took some pleasure in displaying his grenadier's sabre and the epaulettes of red wool which he had worn in the Spanish campaign.

upon your banner, UNION, LIBERTY, INDEPENDENCE. *Declcre yourself to be at once the avenger and interpreter of popular rights. Entitle yourself 'the Regenerator of Italy;' deliver her from the yoke of barbarians; be an architect in constructing the future; give a name to an age, found an era which shall date from yourself. Be the Napoleon of Italian liberty.* Throw down your glove, with the name of Italy attached to it, in the face of Austria; that old name will accomplish prodigies; invoke with it all that is great or generous in our Peninsula. An ardent, high-spirited youth, stimulated by the two passions which go to make heroes—vengeance and glory—has fed for a long time upon one thought, and only sighs for the arrival of the moment for putting it in action. Call it 'to arms;' place the cities and fortresses under the guard of the citizens; and thus freed from all other care but that of conquering, give it the right impulse. Draw around you all those whom fame has proclaimed high in intelligence, brave in spirit, free from self-interest, exempt from paltry ambition. Inspire, in short, confidence in the multitude, by effacing all doubts as to your intentions, and by invoking the aid of all free men. Sire, I must tell you this plain truth; free men are eagerly awaiting your reply in the shape of action; but whatever your course may be, remember that posterity will proclaim you to be either the first of men in Italy, or the last of her tyrants. Take your choice."

That which makes kings truly the favoured of heaven is that it is to them such letters are written; if King Charles-Albert had followed the advice of his anonymous correspondent, he would to a certainty have commenced by striking a blow similar to that of Goito; and had he done so he would probably not have sealed his fate at Novara. But Charles-Albert thought otherwise, and threw the letter into the fire; so instead of taking the broad road to fame lying open before him, he chose to pursue the narrow path of a tortuous and disastrous policy. From that moment it became

evident that the King of Sardinia was divorced from Young Italy.

YOUNG ITALY! it was about this period that these words were first uttered. The party so styled was then composed of Joseph Mazzini, the indefatigable promoter of Italian unity, upon whose head Italy at first placed the laurel crown of triumph, and now ungratefully mocks with a crown of thorns. Joseph Mazzini, scarcely known at that period but by a few patriotic publications, persecuted by the police of Milan, had taken refuge at Marseilles, where he first began to prepare for the herculean labours undertaken by him, by disseminating, amidst innumerable difficulties and obstructions, the numbers of his journal, *Young Italy*, through Piedmont.*

The Piedmontese nobles and priests who had taken possession of Charles-Albert's mind, trembled at hearing the alarm-bell of public opinion. During the two years that they had entrenched themselves at court, they had been able to test the extent of their power; nevertheless, they well knew Charles-Albert's eager thirst for popularity; and that, however well he might ostensibly be in harmony with Austria, they dreaded, he might some day be aroused, if not by the call of freedom, at least by the promptings of ambition.

It was generally believed that Charles-Albert in some of those feverish nights which kings are said to pass, must have dreamt of such a theme as the throne of united Italy. Now, to so glorious a crown it was not possible for him to aspire without giving a helping hand to revolution. The throne of Italy was not in the nomination of kings, but of peoples. It was therefore thought necessary by his priestly advisers to place a barrier between him and the patriots. One day an assassin, wearing a judge's cap, arose, and pronounced these words: "It is time to let him taste blood."

That same day, King Charles-Albert was informed

* Brofferio, *Histoire du Piémont.*

that a great plot was being hatched in the army, the object of which was to dethrone him. The alleged facts were hardly credible, and the perils were exaggerated; every endeavour to excite alarm in his mind was resorted to, in order to implant there implacable resentments which were to be called into action on the pretence of saving the monarchy.

By means of reiterated falsehood, unfounded calumnies, and frequent denunciations of the accused parties, a craving for blood was skilfully awakened in the royal breast. An extraordinary criminal commission was formed at Turin, to put in force all the punishments known to the criminal law of Piedmont.

A violation of the penal code was forthwith resorted to by a decision of the commission: viz., that all parties accused, civil and military, should be amenable to the jurisdiction of a council of war.

With what little scruple this step was determined on the following circumstance will show:—

An officer who was seated on the bench as a judge, in the council of inquiry, was about to interrogate a lawyer upon some principles of criminal jurisprudence, when the lawyer replied that the first basis of all law, the first rule of every code was, that "a military council of inquiry, if challenged to show its authority, must admit its incompetency to try citizens."

"It is impossible for us to do that," rejoined the officer, "for the general has issued an order authorizing us to assert that we are competent."

So the general's order was allowed for once to serve as the basis of the law—the authoritative rule of the code.

The first victim whose blood stained the purple robe of the new king was Corporal Tamburelli, who was condemned to be shot in the back, for having committed the crime of reading the columns of *Young Italy* to his soldiers.

The second was Lieutenant Tolla, declared guilty of having seditious books in his possession, and for not

having denounced the plot while aware of its existence. Like Tamburelli, he was shot from behind. This was an ingenious invention of the Piedmontese magistracy to assimilate in some degree the punishment of being shot with that of death by the gallows. It was not sufficient to kill, it was thought desirable to couple death with dishonour. On the 15th of June were also shot in this manner, Serjeant Miglio, Giuseppe Biglia, and Antonio Gavolli.

All these men died with exemplary courage. Jacopo Ruffini was confined in the tower of Genoa. Every means was resorted to to subdue his spirit: want of food, want of sleep. He felt that he was growing weaker, not only physically but morally, and resolved not to wait till death should overtake him in a dishonouring shape. Fearing he should not retain strength to inflict self-destruction on the day fixed for his execution, he unfastened a blade of iron from the door of his prison, sharpened it, and with this cut his throat. But in his dying throes, he contrived to write with the tip of his finger, moistened with his blood, on the wall—"I leave by this my last testament my vengeance to Italy."

When his gaoler entered his cell on the following morning, he found him dead.

Other victims soon followed: Luciano, Piacenza, and Louis Turffs, at Genoa; Domenico Ferrari, Giuseppe Menardi, Giuseppe Bigano, Amandi Costa, Giovanni Marini, at Alessandria—were all shot like the others.

Then came the turn of Andrea Vochieri. One of those condemned at Alessandria who survived the long tortures of Fenestrelle has, in his memoirs, left an account of the last days of this patriot.

"They began," said he, speaking of himself, "by taking away my books, a Bible, a collection of Christian prayers, and another religious book; they then placed irons on my feet, and led me to another dungeon, more loathsome than the first, with double-barred windows

and double-locked doors; this dungeon adjoined that of poor Vochieri, and some ill-stopped chinks allowed me to get a glimpse of his prison by the aid of a faint light, which filtered through some small opening in his cell. He was lying upon a miserable bench with his feet manacled, while two guards stood beside him, sabre in hand; a functionary, armed with a gun, also guarded the door. An awful silence prevailed in this dismal dungeon; the soldiers seemed more under the dominion of terror than the prisoner himself. From time to time, two Capuchins came to see him and exhort him. I had him thus before my eyes for a whole week, without being able to refrain from looking at him, in spite of the pain it gave me. At length, one day, they carried him away, and led him to death."

But something remains to be told which his neighbouring prisoner was not enabled to relate, for he could not know it. Vochieri was led to death by the longest road; this passed before his own house, in which were then residing his sister, his wife, and his two children, and it was expected that the sight of all he loved in the world would shake his resolution, and that he would then be got to make some important revelations. But these attempts were unavailing: smiling sadly, he exclaimed—

"They have forgotten there is something in the world I love better than sister, wife, or children: that is Italy, 'Viva l'Italia!'"

Then turning towards the galley-slave guards, who instead of soldiers were ordered to shoot him, he pronounced the single word "March!"

A quarter of an hour after, he fell pierced by six balls.

Charles-Albert had now become one of the family of sovereigns in the Holy Alliance; and, like the Pope, like the King of Naples, like Francis IV., and like Ferdinand VII., his hands too were stained with the blood of his people.

There was, at that time living at Nice, his native place, a young man, who, after seeing all this blood flow, resolved to take an oath to consecrate his life to the worship of that liberty for which so many martyrs had fallen. This young man, then twenty-six years of age, was Joseph-Garibaldi.

But we must now let him speak for himself, and relate the marvellous events of his adventurous existence.

ALEX. DUMAS.

THE MEMOIRS

OF

JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

CHAPTER I.

MY PARENTS.

I WAS born at Nice, on the 22nd of July, 1807, not only in the same house, but in the same chamber in which Masséna was born. As is well known, the illustrious marshal was the son of a baker. The ground-floor of the house is to this day a bakehouse.

But before speaking of myself, let me be permitted to say a few words about my excellent parents, whose honourable character and deep tenderness had such an influence on my education and the development of my physical powers.

My father, Dominique Garibaldi, born at Chiavari, was the son of a sailor, and a sailor himself; his eyes on opening beheld the sea, upon which nearly the whole of his life was to pass. Certes, he was far from possessing the knowledge which is the appanage of some men of his condition, particularly the men of our time. He had obtained his maritime education, not in a special school, but in the vessels of my grandfather. Later he had commanded a vessel of his own, and had always borne an honourable character. His fortunes had experienced many vicissitudes, some good, some bad, and I have often heard it said that he might have left us richer than he did.

But as to that, it is of little consequence. He was

quite at liberty, my poor father, to spend as he liked money so laboriously earned, and I am none the less grateful to him for the little he has left me. For the rest, there is one thing of which there is no doubt in my mind, and that is, of all the money he cast to the winds, that which slipped through his hands with the greatest pleasure was that which he employed in my education, although that education was a heavy charge upon his slender means.

Let no one run, however, away with the idea that my education was the least in the world aristocratic. No, my father did not have me taught either gymnastics, or the use of arms, or horsemanship. I learnt gymnastics by climbing among the shrouds, and in stepping along the ropes; the use of the sword I learnt in defending my own head, and in giving my best endeavours to split those of others; and equitation, by following the example of the best horsemen in the world,—that is to say, the *Gauches*.

The only exercise of my youth—and for that, neither, had I any master—was swimming. When and how I learnt to swim I cannot at all remember; it seems to me that I must always have known how, and that I was born amphibious. Therefore, in spite of the little inclination which all who are acquainted with me know I have to sound my own trumpet, I will simply say, without believing I am boasting, that I am one of the strongest swimmers in existence. It must not, then, be thought too much of, considering the confidence I had in myself, if I have never hesitated to throw myself into the water to save the life of a fellow-creature.

Besides, if my father did not have me taught all these exercises, it was less his fault than that of the times. At that sad period, the priests were the absolute masters of Piedmont; and their constant efforts, their assiduous labours, tended rather to make young men useless idle monks, than citizens eager to serve our unhappy country. In addition to this, the deep love which my poor father entertained for us all made

him dread even the shadow of any study which might afterwards prove dangerous to us.

As to my mother, Rosa Raguindô, I declare with pride, she was the very model of a woman. Certes, every son ought to say of his mother what I say of mine; but no one will say it with a more perfect conviction than I do.

One of the bitters of my life, and not the least, has been not to have been able to render her happy; but, on the contrary, to have saddened and made painful the latter days of her existence! God alone can know the anguish which my adventurous career has given her, for God alone can know the immensity of the affection she bore me. If there is any good feeling in my nature, I loudly declare that it is from her I received it. Her angelic character could not do otherwise than have its reflex in me. Is it not to her pity for the unfortunate—to her compassion for the suffering, that I owe that great love, I will say more, that profound charity for my country, which has procured me the affection and sympathy of my unfortunate fellow-citizens? Certes, I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm this, that in the most terrible instances of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my vessel, which it tossed like a cork—when bullets whistled in my ears like the wind of the tempest—when balls showered around me like hail—I constantly saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High, and for me. That which gave me that courage at which people have sometimes been astonished, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so holy a woman, while such an angel, was praying for me.

CHAPTER II.

MY EARLY YEARS.

I PASSED the first years of my youth as all children pass them—amidst smiles and tears, fonder of pleasure than of work, of amusement than study; so that I did not profit as I might have done, if I had been more steady, by the sacrifices my parents made for me. Nothing extraordinary happened to me in my childhood. I had a good heart; that was the gift of God and my mother, and for the emotions of that good heart I have always voluptuously satisfied them. I entertained a profound pity for everything that was little, weak, or suffering. This pity extended even to animals, or rather commenced with animals. I remember, one day, finding a cricket, which I carried to my chamber; and there while playing with it, and touching it with the awkwardness, or rather with the roughness, of childhood, I pulled off one of its feet. My grief was such that I remained several hours shut up, weeping bitterly.

Another time, when hunting with one of my cousins in the Var, I stopped on the banks of a deep ditch, where the washerwomen were accustomed to wash their linen, and where one poor woman was then so employed. I don't know how it happened, but she fell into the water. Young as I was—I was scarcely eight years old—I threw myself into the water, and saved her. I only relate this to prove how natural the feeling is in me which leads me to succour my fellow-creatures, and how little merit there is in my yielding to it.

Among the masters I had at this period, I preserve a particularly grateful remembrance of Father Giovanni and M. Arenà. With the former I profited but little, being much more disposed to play and be idle, as I have said, than to work. I have always, in particular, felt regret at not having studied English, as I might have done—a regret which returned to me on

all occasions—and they have been many—when I have met with Englishmen. Besides, Father Giovanni lived in our house, and was, in a manner, one of the family; and my lessons suffered from the too great familiarity that existed between us. To the second—an excellent master—I owe the little I know; but I owe him, above everything, eternal gratitude for having initiated me in my maternal language, by the constant reading of the Roman history.

The error of not instructing children in the language and things of their own country is frequently committed in Italy, particularly at Nice, where the neighbourhood of France has a great influence upon education. I am indebted, therefore, to this early reading of our history, and to the persistency with which my elder brother, Angelo, recommended to me the study of it, as well as of our beautiful language, the little historical knowledge I have succeeded in acquiring, and the facility of expressing myself when speaking.

I will terminate this first period of my life by the recital of a fact, which, although of little importance, will give an idea of my inclination for a life of adventure.

Tired of school and of my sedentary existence, I, one day, proposed to some of my companions to run away to Genoa. No sooner said than done. We unfastened a fishing-boat, and there we were, sailing away to the eastward. We were already off Monaco, when a corsair, sent by my excellent father, captured us, and conveyed us, covered with shame, to our respective homes. An abbé, who had seen us start, had denounced us; whence, perhaps, arises my little sympathy for abbés. The companions of my adventure were, I remember, Cæsar Parodi, Raffaelo d'Andreis, and Celestino Bumond.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST VOYAGES.

"Oh! spring, youth of the year! Oh! youth, spring of life!" says Metastasio; I will add: How everything is embellished by the sun of youth and of spring!

It is lightened by this magic sun that you appeared to me. Oh! beautiful *Costanza*, the first vessel in which I ploughed the sea. Thy strong sides, thy lofty light masting, thy spacious deck, all, even to the female bust which leant over her prow, will remain for ever engraved in my memory by the ineffaceable burin of my young imagination! How gracefully, beautiful and dear *Costanza*, did your crew—the true type of our intrepid Ligurians—bend to their oars! With what joy did I venture upon the balcony to listen to their popular songs and their harmonious choruses! They sang songs of love; no one taught them any other, then; however insignificant they might be, they affected, they intoxicated me. Oh! if those songs had been for our country, they would have exalted me, they might have made me mad! But who, then, could have told them, at that period, that there was an Italy? Who, then, could have taught them that we had a country to avenge and set free? No, no; we were brought up and grew like Jews in the belief that life had but one aim: to get money.

And at the time, when I was viewing so joyously, from the street, the vessel in which I was going to embark, my mother was preparing my travelling equipments, weeping over them.

But it was my vocation to traverse the seas; my father had opposed it as strongly as he could. The wish of that excellent man was that I should follow a less dangerous and more peaceable career; he would have had me become a priest, advocate, or physician; but my persistence prevailed; his love gave way before my juvenile obstinacy, and I embarked on board the

brigantine, *la Costanza*, Captain Angelo Pesante—the boldest sea commander I have ever known. If our marine had made the increase that was expected, Captain Pesante would have had a right to the command of one of our first vessels of war, and there would have been no firmer or braver captain than he. Pesante has never commanded a fleet; but if it were left to him, he would soon create one, from barks to three-decked vessels. Should the thing ever happen, and he should attain this mission, there will be, I will answer for it, both glory and profit for our country.

I made my first voyage to Odessa; these voyages have since become so frequent and so easy, that it is useless to describe it.

My second voyage was to Rome, but this time with my father; he had had so much uneasiness during my first absence, that he had resolved, as I would absolutely travel, it should be with him.

We went on board his own *tartane*, the *Sancta Reparata*.

To Rome! what joy to go to Rome! I have said how, by the advice of my brother, and the cares of my worthy professor, my studies had turned in that direction. What else was Rome to me, a fervent adept of antiquity, but the capital of the world? A dethroned queen! but her immense, gigantic, sublime ruins, from which issues, a luminous spectre, the memory of all that is great in the past.

Not only the capital of the world, but the cradle of that holy religion which has broken the chains of slaves, which has ennobled humanity, before her trampled under foot; of that religion, whose first, whose true apostles have been the institutors of nations, the emancipators of peoples, but whose degenerated, bastardized, trafficking successors—the true scourges of Italy—have sold their mother, better than that, our common mother, to the foreigner. No! no! the Rome I saw in my youth was not only the Rome of the past, it was also the Rome of the future, bearing

in its bosom the regenerating idea of a people pursued by the jealousy of the powers, because it was born great, because it has marched at the head of nations guided by it to civilization.

Rome! oh! when I thought of her misfortunes, of her degradation, of her martyrdom, she became to me holy and dear above all things. I loved her with all the fervours of my soul, not only in the superb combats of her greatness during so many ages, but still in the more recent events, which I gathered into my heart like a precious deposit.

Far from being diminished, my love for Rome has increased by distance and exile. Often, very often, from the other side of the world, at three thousand leagues from her, have I implored the All-Powerful to allow me to see her again. In short, Rome was for me Italy, because I can only view Italy in the re-union of her scattered members, and that Rome is for me the single and unique symbol of Italian unity.

CHAPTER IV.

MY INITIATION.

For some time I made coasting voyages with my father; then I went to Cagliari, on board the brigantine *l'Enea*, Captain Joseph Gervino.

During this voyage I was witness of a frightful occurrence, which made an eternal impression upon my mind. On our return from Cagliari, when off Cape Nolé, we were sailing in company with several other vessels, among which was a beautiful Catalan felucca. After two or three days of fine weather, we felt a few puffs of that wind which our sailors call the *Lybieno*, because, before arriving at the Mediterranean, it has passed over the Libyan deserts. Under its breath the sea was not long in rising, and it itself soon began to blow so furiously, that it drove us, in

spite of ourselves, upon Vado. The Catalan felucca of which I have spoken, began by behaving admirably, and I do not hesitate to say that there was not one among us who, judging what the weather would be by what it already was, would not have preferred being on board the felucca than in his own vessel. But the poor craft was doomed soon to present us with a painful spectacle; a terrible wave struck her, and in an instant we saw nothing but a few miserable wretches upon her sloping deck, holding out their hands imploringly to us; but who were speedily swept away by a wave still more terrible than the first. The catastrophe took place, and it was materially impossible for us to succour the unfortunate castaways. The other barks which followed us were equally unable to assist them. Nine individuals of the same family perished thus miserably before our eyes. A few tears fell from the eyes of the most hardened, but were soon dried by the feeling of our own danger. But, as if the evil divinities were appeased by this human sacrifice, the other vessels arrived safely at Vado.

From Vado, I sailed for Genoa, and from Genoa I returned to Nice.

Then I commenced a series of voyages in the Levant, during which we were three times taken and plundered by the same pirates. The thing happened twice in the same voyage, which made them furious on the second capture, as they found nothing to take. It was in these attacks that I began to be familiarized with danger, and to perceive that without being a Nelson, thank God! I could, as he did, ask—"What is fear?"*

During one of these voyages in the brigantine *la Cortese*, Captain Barlasemeria, I was left sick at Constantinople. The vessel was forced to set sail, and my malady lasting longer than I expected, I found myself much straitened with respect to money. In whatever disastrous situation I have encountered, with

* This "Thank God!" has more in it than at first appears. Italians never forget Nelson's conduct at Naples.

whatever loss I have been threatened, I have cared but little for my apparent distress; for I have always had the good fortune to meet with some charitable soul who took an interest in my fate.

Among these charitable souls, there was one whom I shall never forget; and that is the kind Madame Louise Sauviazo, of Nice, a good creature, who has convinced me that the two most perfect women in the world were she and my mother. She constituted the happiness of her husband, a worthy man, and, with admirable intelligence, superintended the education of all her little family.

On what account have I spoken of her here? I don't know. Yes, I do know—it is that writing to satisfy a want of my heart, my heart has dictated to me what I have just written.

The war then declared between the Porte and Russia contributed to prolong my sojourn in the Turkish capital. During this period, and at the moment when I knew not how I should find subsistence for the morrow, I entered, as preceptor, into the house of the widow Tenioni. This employment had been procured me by the recommendation of M. Diego, a physician, whom I take this opportunity of thanking for the service he rendered me. I remained there several months, after which I resumed my sea life, embarking on board the brigantine *Notre Dame*, Captain Carabona. This was the first vessel in which I commanded as captain.

I will not dwell on my other voyages, I will only say that, for ever tormented by a profound instinct of patriotism, in no circumstance of my life did I cease to demand, whether of men, whether of events, or whether even of books which could initiate me in the mysteries of the resurrection of Italy; but up to the age of twenty-four years this search was in vain, I fatigued myself uselessly.

At length, in a voyage to Taganrog, I met, on board my vessel, with an Italian patriot, who was the first

to give me some notion of the manner in which things were going on in Italy. There was a glimmer of light for our unhappy country.

I declare aloud, that Christopher Columbus was not less happy when, lost in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, threatened by his companions, of whom he had demanded three days more, he heard, towards the end of the third day, the cry of "Land!" than I was on hearing the word *Country* pronounced, and on seeing in the horizon the first pharos lit by the French Revolution of 1830. There were really men then, engaged in the redemption of Italy!

In another voyage which I made on board the *Clarinda*, that vessel transported to Constantinople a section of the Saint Simonians, led by Emile Barrault. I had heard very little of the Saint Simonians; I only knew that these men were the persecuted apostles of a new religion. I made advances to their leader, and opened my bosom to him as an Italian patriot.

Then, during these transparent nights of the East, which, as Chateaubriand says, are not darkness, but only the absence of day, under that sky constellated with stars, upon that sea whose sharp breeze seems full of generous aspirations, we discussed, not only the narrow questions of nationality to which my patriotism had to that time been confined—questions restricted to Italy, to discussions from province to province—but further, the grand question of humanity.

In the first place the apostle proved to me that the man who defends his own country or who attacks the country of others, is but a soldier, pious on the first hypothesis—unjust on the second;—but that the man who, making himself a cosmopolite, adopts the second as his country, and goes to offer his sword and his blood to every people struggling against tyranny, is more than a soldier: he is a hero.

There arose then in my mind strange glimmerings, by the light of which I saw in a ship no longer a vehicle charged with the exchange of the products of

one country for those of another, but a winged messenger bearing the word of the Lord and the sword of the Archangel. I became greedy for emotions, curious for new things, asking myself if this irresistible vocation, which I had at first believed simply to be that of a captain of the long voyage, had not for me horizons still unperceived. Of these horizons I fancied I had a glimpse through the vague and distant mists of the future.

CHAPTER V.

THE EVENTS OF ST. JULIAN.

THE destination of the bark on board which I returned this time from the East was Marseilles.

On arriving at that port I heard of the abortive revolution of Piedmont, and of the *fusillades* of Chambery, Alexandria, and Genoa.

At Marseilles I became acquainted with a man named Civé—Civé introduced me to Mazzini.

I was then far from anticipating the long community of principles which would one day unite me with the latter. No one was yet acquainted with the persistent, obstinate thinker to whom new Italy owes its laborious regeneration, and whom nothing discourages in the holy work he has undertaken, not even ingratitude.

It is not for me to formulate an opinion upon Mazzini, but I must be allowed to say that, after having had placed upon his head a crown of laurel which he merited, there has been crushed down upon his head a crown of thorns which he does not deserve.

At the fall of Vacchieri, Mazzini had uttered a true war-cry. He had written in the *Young Italy*: "Italians! the day is come, if we would remain worthy of our name, to mingle our blood with that of the Piedmontese martyrs!"

Such cries as these were not uttered with impunity

in France in 1833. Shortly after I had been introduced to him, and I had told him he could depend upon me, Mazzini, the eternally proscribed, had been obliged to quit France, and retire to Geneva.

In fact, at that moment, the republican party seemed completely annihilated in France. It was scarcely a year since the 5th of June, and a few months after the trial of the combatants of the Cloître St. Merri.

Mazzini, that man of conviction, for whom obstacles do not exist, had chosen this moment to risk a fresh attempt.

The patriots had replied that they were ready, but they demanded a leader.

The man thought of was Ramerino, still resplendent from his struggles in Poland. Mazzini did not approve of this choice; his mind, at once active and profound, placed him on his guard against the prestige of great names; but the majority wished for Ramerino, and Mazzini yielded.

Summoned to Geneva, Ramerino accepted the command of the expedition. In the first conference with Mazzini, it was resolved that two republican columns should march upon Piedmont, one by way of Savoy, the other of Geneva.

Ramerino received forty thousand francs to defray the expenses of the expedition, and set out with a secretary of Mazzini's, who was charged with the mission of watching the general.* All this passed in September, 1833; the expedition was to take place in October. But Ramerino dragged on the affair so languidly, that it was not ready before January, 1834.

Mazzini, in spite of all the tergiversations of the Polish general, had remained firm.

* These events, which passed in a point where Garibaldi was not engaged, and which are only repeated here as historical explanations, are borrowed from the works of Angelo Broffero upon Piedmont.

At length, on the 31st of January, Ramerino, brought to the point by Mazzini, joined him at Geneva, with two other generals and an aide-de-camp.

The conference was sad, and disturbed by sombre auguries,—Mazzini proposed that they should take military occupation of the village of St. Juliano, in which were assembled the patriot Savoyards, and the French republicans who remained faithful to the movement. It was there the standard of insurrection was to be raised.

Ramerino agreed to the proposition of Mazzini. The two columns were to march on the same day; one was to set out from Carange, the other from Nyon; the latter was to cross the lake to join the former on the route to St. Juliano. Ramerino kept the command of the first column; the second was given to the Pole, Grabsky.

The Genevese government, fearing to embroil itself, on the one side with France, and on the other with Piedmont, viewed the movement with an evil eye. It wished to oppose the departure of the column from Carange, commanded by Ramerino; but the people rose, and the government was forced to allow the column to set forward.

It was not the same with that which set out from Nyon. Two barks sailed, one conveying the men, the other the arms. A government steam-boat, sent in pursuit of them, sequestrated the arms and arrested the men.

Ramerino, finding the column that was to join him did not arrive, instead of pursuing his march upon St. Juliano, began to march round the coast of the lake. For a long time they proceeded without knowing whither they were going: no one was acquainted with the designs of the general; the cold was intense, the roads were deplorable.

With the exception of some Poles, the column was composed of Italian volunteers, impatient to fight, but easily fatigued by the length and difficulties of the road.

The Italian flag passed through several poor villages; but no friendly voice saluted it; the patriots encountered none on their route but the curious and the indifferent.

Fatigued with his long labours, Mazzini, who had relinquished the pen for the musket, followed the column; consumed by a burning fever, half dead, he dragged himself along the sharp road, anguish written upon his brow.

He had already several times asked Ramorino what his intentions were, and what route he was following. And every time the general's replies had been unsatisfactory.

They arrived at Carra, and there halted to pass the night. Mazzini and Ramorino were both in the same chamber. Ramorino was near the fire, enveloped in his cloak; Mazzini fixed upon him a dark and suspicious glance. All at once, with his sonorous voice rendered still more vibrating by fever, "It is not by following this road that we can hope to meet the enemy," said he. "We ought to go where we can be put to the test. If victory be impossible, let us at least prove that, like Italians, we know how to die."

"Neither time nor opportunity will ever be wanting to encounter useless risks," replied the General; "and I should consider it a crime to needlessly expose the flower of the Italian youth."

"There is no religion without its martyrs," replied Mazzini; "let us found ours, even if it be by our blood."

Mazzini had scarcely ceased speaking, when the sound of firing was heard. Ramorino sprang upon his feet, Mazzini seized a carbine, thanking God for having at length made them meet the enemy. But it was the last effort of his energy: fever devoured him; his companions, flitting about in the darkness, appeared to him to be phantoms; the earth turned round beneath his feet; he fell senseless.

When he recovered his senses, he was in Switzer-

land, whither with great trouble his companions had carried him back. The firing at Carra was a false alarm.

Ramerino then declaring that all was lost, refused to go further, and ordered a retreat.

During this time, a column of a hundred men, of whom a certain number of French republicans formed a part, set out from Grenoble, and traversed the frontiers of Savoy. But the French prefect warned the Sardinian authorities; the republicans were attacked by night unexpectedly, near the grottoes of the Echelles, and dispersed, after the combat of an hour. In this combat the Sardinian soldiers made two prisoners: Angelo Voluntieri and Joseph Borrel. Conducted voluntarily to Chambéry and condemned to death, they were shot upon the same sod which still smoked with the blood of Effico Tolla.

Thus terminated that unfortunate expedition which was called in France the rash enterprise of St. Juliano.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOD OF GOOD PEOPLE.

I HAD received my appointed task in the movement which was to have taken place, and had accepted it without hesitation.

I had entered myself, in the service of the State, as a sailor of the first-class on board the frigate *l'Eurydice*. My mission was to make proselytes there for the Revolution; and I acquitted myself in the best manner I was able. In the event of the movement succeeding, I and my companions were to seize the frigate and place it at the disposal of the republicans.

But in my ardour I was not satisfied with performing this part. I had heard that a movement was to be effected at Genoa, and that in this movement the barracks of the gendarmes, situated on the Place de Sar-

zana, were to be seized. I left to my companions the charge of carrying the ship, and, at the hour when the movement was expected to break out in Genoa, I dropped a boat into the sea, and descended to the douane. From thence, in two bounds, I was on the Place Sarzana, where, as I have said, the barracks were situated.

There I waited for nearly an hour; but no meeting was formed. It soon was said that the affair had got wind, and that the republicans had fled; to which it was added that arrests had been made.

As I had only engaged myself in the Sardinian marine to serve the republican movement which was preparing, I deemed it useless to return on board the *Eurydice*, and began to think of escape. At the moment I was making these reflections, some troops, doubtless informed of the project of the republicans to gain possession of the barracks of the gendarmerie, began to surround the place.

I perceived I had no time to lose. I took refuge in the house of a fruiterer, and confessed to her the situation in which I was placed.

The excellent woman did not hesitate a moment; she concealed me in her back shop, procured me the disguise of a countryman, and in the evening, about eight o'clock, with the pace of one who walked for pleasure, I left Genoa, thus commencing that life of exile, struggle, and persecution which I have not, according to all probability, entirely seen the end of.

It was the 5th of February, 1834. Without following any route, I directed my course towards the mountain. I had many gardens to cross, many walls to climb over. By good luck, I was familiar with this sort of exercise, and after an hour's gymnastics I was clear of the last garden, outside of the last wall.

Making Cassiopea my guiding star, I gained the mountains of Sestre. At the end of ten days, or rather of ten nights, I arrived at Nice, and went straight to the house of my aunt, in the Place de la Victoria, de-

siring to avoid alarming my mother by my sudden appearance.

There I rested for a day, and on the following night set off again, accompanied by two friends, Joseph Janu and Angè Gustavini. When we arrived on the banks of the Var we found it swelled by rains; but for a swimmer like myself this was no obstacle. I crossed it, half wading half swimming. My two friends remained on the other side of the river, and I waved my hand to them as a signal of farewell.

I was safe, or nearly so, as will be seen.

So confident was I of this, that I went straight to a *corps de garde* of douaniers, told them who I was, and why I had quitted Genoa. The douaniers told me they must consider me their prisoner till fresh orders, and that these orders must be sent for to Paris. Not doubting that I should soon find an opportunity to escape, I made no resistance. I allowed myself to be taken to Grasse and from Grasse to Draguignan.

At Draguignan I was placed in a chamber on the first story, the open window of which looked into the garden. I approached the window, as if to look at the landscape; from the window to the ground it was but about fifteen feet. I sprang out, and the douaniers, less nimble, or having more regard for their legs than I had, made the grand tour by the staircase. I gained the road, and from the road I threw myself into the mountain.

I did not at all know the route: but I was a sailor. If the land failed me, the heavens were left, that vast book in which I was accustomed to read my way. I found my position by means of the stars, and directed my course towards Marseilles.

On the evening of the next day I arrived at a village the name of which I have never known, having had something else to do than to ask it.

I entered an auberge. A young man and a young woman were warming themselves near the table, which was prepared for supper. I asked for something to eat,

having taken nothing since the preceding night. The supper was good, the *vin du pays* pleasant, the fire cheering. I experienced one of those moments of happiness which are felt after a past danger, when we think there is nothing else to be feared.

My host complimented me upon my good appetite and my cheerful countenance. I told him there was nothing extraordinary in my appetite, for I had eaten nothing for eighteen hours. As to my cheerful countenance, the explanation was not less simple; in my own country I had probably just escaped death,—in France, imprisonment.

Having advanced so far, I could not well make a secret of the rest. My host appeared so frank, his wife appeared so good, that I related all to them. Then, to my great astonishment, the brow of my host darkened.

"Well," asked I, "what is the matter with you?"

"This," replied he; "after having heard the confession you have made, I conceive it is my duty to arrest you."

I laughed aloud, not wishing to appear to think him in earnest. Besides, one against one, there was not the man in the world I feared.

"Very well," said I; "arrest me, then; it will be time enough for that when we come to the dessert. Let me finish my supper, if I pay you double. I am still hungry." And I continued to eat without appearing at all uneasy. But I soon perceived that if my host stood in need of assistance to accomplish the project he had named, it would not be wanting.

His auberge was the rendezvous of the young fellows of the village, who came there every evening to drink, smoke, learn the news, and talk politics. The customary society assembled by degrees, and there were soon about half a score young men in the auberge, who commenced playing at cards.

The host said nothing more about arresting me, but nevertheless he kept his eye on me. To be sure, as I had neither luggage nor parcel, my wardrobe was no

guarantee for my reckoning. I had a few crowns in my pocket, so I chinked them, and the sound appeared to tranquillize him.

I chose the moment when one of the drinkers had just finished, amidst loud bravos, a song which had had the greatest success, and, glass in hand—

"It is my turn," said I; and I began *le Dieu des bonnes gens*. If I had had no other vocation, I could have been a good singer. I have a tenor voice which, if it had been cultivated, might have acquired great power. The verses of Béranger, the freedom with which they were sung, the fraternity of the chorus, the popularity of the poet, carried away all my auditors. They made me repeat two or three couplets, and embraced me at the last, crying, "Vive Béranger! Vive la France! Vive l'Italie!"

After such a success, there could be no more question about arresting me; my host did not breathe another word of it, so that I have never known whether he spoke seriously or was joking.

The night was spent in drinking, singing, and playing; and at daybreak the whole joyous band offered to be my escort—an honour which I accepted, upon condition that we did not separate till the end of six miles.

Certes, Béranger died without knowing the service he had rendered me.

CHAPTER VII.

I ENTER INTO THE SERVICE OF THE REPUBLIC OF RIO-GRANDE.

I ARRIVED at Marseilles without accident, twenty days after quitting Genoa.—No, I am mistaken; one accident happened to me, which I read in the *Peuple Souverain*. I was condemned to death.

That was the first time I had the honour of seeing my name printed in a journal; and as it had become

dangerous to keep it, I changed it for that of Pane. I remained some months unoccupied at Marseilles, availing myself of the hospitality offered me by one of my friends, named Joseph Paris. At length I succeeded in finding employment as second on board the *Union*, Captain Gazar.

On the following Sunday, about five o'clock, standing near a back window, with the captain, I followed with my eyes, on the quay St. Ann, a collegian out on holiday, who was amusing himself with jumping from bark to bark, when all at once his foot slipped, he uttered a loud cry, and fell into the water.

I was dressed quite in my best; but at the sight of the accident, hearing the cry of the boy, and seeing him disappear, I sprang out, dressed and booted as I was, into the basin of the port. I dived twice in vain; the third time I was fortunate enough to seize my collegian under the arm, and bring him to the surface of the water. When once there, I had not much trouble in pushing him to the quay; an immense crowd was already assembled there, and hailed me with applauses and bravos. He was a youth of about fourteen, named Joseph Rambaud. The tears of joy and the benedictions of his mother paid me amply for the bath I had taken. As I saved his life under the name of Joseph Pane, it is probable, if he still lives, he has never known the true name of his preserver.

I made my third voyage to Odessa, on board the *Union;* then, on my return, I embarked on board a frigate of the bey of Tunis. I left it in the port of the Gouletta, and came back in a Turkish brig. On my return, I found Marseilles in nearly the same state as M. de Belzunee saw it in during the black plague of 1720. The cholera was just breaking out fearfully. Everybody except the physicians and the Sisters of Charity had deserted Marseilles. Every one was at his bastide (a small country house); the city bore the aspect of a vast cemetery.

The physicians demanded *bénévoles*—it is known

that that is the name given in hospitals to voluntary assistants. I offered myself, at the same time with a young Triestain who came from Tunis with me. We took our places in the hospital, and watched by turns. This service lasted a fortnight.

At the end of that period, as the intensity of the cholera began to diminish, finding I had an opportunity for placing myself, and by placing myself of seeing fresh countries, I engaged as second on board the brig *Nautonnier* of Nantes, Captain Beauregard, just setting sail for Rio Janeiro.

Many of my friends have told me that I was more a poet than anything else. If one can only be a poet upon the condition of having written the *Iliad*, *la Divinà Comedia*, the *Meditations* of de Lamartine, or the *Orientales* of Victor Hugo, I am no poet; but if it be a poet to pass hours in seeking in the azure depths of the waters the mysteries of submarine vegetations; if it be a poet to remain in an ecstasy before the bay of Rio Janeiro, of Naples, or of Constantinople; if it be a poet to dream of filial tenderness, childish remembrances, or early love, amidst balls and bullets, without thinking that your dream may terminate by having your head broken or an arm carried away—then, I am a poet.

I remember perfectly well that one day in the last war, worn out with fatigue, not having slept for two nights, having scarcely been off my horse's back for two days, watching Urban and his twelve thousand men with my forty Bersaglieri, my forty horse, and a thousand men, armed in all ways, following a little path on the other side of Mont Orfano, with Colonel Turr and five or six men, I stopped all on a sudden, forgetting fear and danger, to listen to the song of a nightingale. It was night, moonlight, and splendid weather. The bird shook out upon the wind his chaplet of harmonious notes, and it appeared to me as I listened to this little friend of my early days, that I felt a beneficent and regenerative dew shower down upon me. They who surrounded me believed that I hesitated as to the road

we should follow, that I was listening if there were not the grumbling noise of distant cannon, or thought I heard the steps of horses resounding on the high road. No, I was listening to the song of the nightingale, which I had not heard for perhaps ten years, and the ecstasy lasted not only till those who were with me had repeated—"General, there is the enemy!" but until the enemy himself having said:—"Here am I," by firing upon us, had put the nocturnal charmer to flight.

And then, again, when, after having passed along the granite rocks which so well conceal the port from all eyes that the Indians in their expressive language have called it *Nelhuo hy*, that is to say, hidden water—when, after having cleared the pass which leads into its bay, calm as a lake—when, upon the western shore of this bay, I saw the city rise, dominated by the *Pao d'Anucar*, an immense conic rock which serves not as a pharos, but as a signal-shaft for the navigator—when I saw springing around me that luxuriant vegetation of which neither Africa nor Asia had given me but a weak idea, I remained truly astonished at the spectacle which unfolded itself before me.

On entering the port of Rio Janeiro, it was my good fortune soon to meet with the rarest thing in the world, a friend. And I had not the trouble to seek him; we stood in no need of studying each other to become acquainted; we passed accidentally, we exchanged a look, and all was said; after one smile, after one pressure of the hand, Rossetti and I were brothers for life.

Hereafter I shall have occasion to show what this noble spirit was; and yet I his friend, I his brother, I, for so long his inseparable companion, shall die perhaps without having the joy of planting a cross upon the unknown spot of American earth where the bones of this generous and valiant man repose.

After Rossetti and I had passed a few months in idleness—for I call it idleness to carry on a commerce for which neither of us was born—chance led us to place ourselves in relation with Zambecani, the secre-

tary of Bento-Gonzales, president of the republic of Rio-Grande, at war with Brazil. Both were prisoners of war at St. Creag, a fortress which rises on the right of the entrance to the port, and from which ships are hailed. Zambecani, who, it may be told in passing, was son of the famous aeronaut lost in a voyage to Syria, and of whom nothing has since been heard, introduced me to the President, who gave letters of marque to cruise against Brazil. Some time after, Bento-Gonzales and Zambecani escaped by swimming, and fortunately regained Rio-Grande.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CORSAIR.

We armed for war the *Mazzini*, a small vessel of about thirty tons, in which we commenced coasting; we launched our boat into the sea with sixteen companions in adventure. We were at length free, we were navigating beneath a republican flag, and were consequently corsairs. With a crew of sixteen men, and a barque of thirty tons, we declared war against an empire.

On leaving the port, I steered straight for the isles Marica, situated about five or six miles from the mouth of the road, bearing to our left; our arms and ammunitions were concealed under meat cured with manióí, the sole food of negroes. I advanced towards the largest of these islands, which possessed an anchorage; I there cast anchor, jumped ashore, and scrambled up to the most elevated point. Then I stretched forth my arms with a feeling of happiness and pride, and I uttered a cry similar to that of an eagle hovering at his highest flight. The ocean was mine, and I took possession of my empire. I had not to wait long for an opportunity of exercising my power.

Whilst I was, like a sea-bird, perched on the top of my observatory, I perceived a goëlette sailing under

Brazilian colours. I made a signal for putting again to sea, and descended to the beach. We steered straight towards the goëlette, which could have no idea of being in such danger within two or three miles of the Channel of Rio Janeiro. On hailing her, we made ourselves known, and summoned her to surrender. I must do her the justice to say she made no resistance. We boarded and took possession of her.

A poor devil of a Portuguese passenger came crouching towards me with a casket in his hand. He opened it; it was full of diamonds; and he offered it to me as a ransom for his life. I closed the box, and returned it to him, assuring him that his life was in no danger; therefore he might keep his diamonds for a more urgent occasion.

We, however, had no time to lose; we were, in a manner, under the fire of the batteries of the port. We transported the arms and provisions of the *Mazzini* on board the goëlette, and scuttled the *Mazzini*, which, my readers may see, as a corsair's, had had a glorious but short existence.

The goëlette belonged to a rich Austrian, an inhabitant of the Island Grande, situated on the right, leaving the port about fifteen miles from the mainland. She was laden with coffee, and bound for Europe. This ship, then, was for me doubly a good prize, since it belonged to an Austrian, against whom I had made war in Europe, and to a merchant domiciled in Brazil, against which I was making war in America.

I gave the goëlette the name of *Scano pilla*, derived from Fanapas, *people in rags*—a name which the Empire of Brazil gave to the inhabitants of the young Republics of South America, as Philip II. gave that of *beggars of land and sea* to the revolted people of the Netherlands. Till then the goëlette had been called *La Louisa*. This name, moreover, suited us very well. All my companions were not Rossettis; and I must confess that the appearance of many among them was not very encouraging, which explains the

prompt surrender of the goëlette, and the terror of the Portuguese who offered me his diamonds.

Moreover, during all the time that I followed the trade of a corsair, my men had orders to respect the life, honour, and fortune of passengers—I was going to say, under pain of death; but I should have been wrong to have said that, since no one having infringed my orders, I never had any one to punish.

As soon as the first arrangements were made on board, we put the head towards Rio de la Plata; and to give an example of the respect in which I wished the life, liberty, and property of our prisoners to be held for the future, on arriving off the Isle of St. Catherine, a little above Cape Itapocoroya, I caused the yawl of the captured vessel to be lowered into the sea, and the passengers, with all that they possessed, to be lowered into it. I gave them provisions, and, making them a present of the yawl, I left them at liberty to go where they liked.

Five negroes, slaves on board the goëlette, and to whom I gave liberty, engaged themselves with me as sailors; after which we continued our route for Rio de la Plata.

We cast anchor at Maldonato, a state of the Eastern Republic of the Uruguay. We were extremely well received by the people, and even by the authorities of Maldonato, which appeared of excellent augury to us. Rossetti consequently set out tranquilly for Montevideo, in order to regulate our little affairs there—that is to say, sell part of our cargo, and make some money of it.

We remained at Maldonato—that is to say, at the entrance of that magnificent river, which at its mouth measures thirty leagues across—for eight days, which were passed in continual *fêtes*, but were near terminating in a tragical manner. Oribe, who, in his quality of chief of the Republic of Montevideo, did not recognise the other Republics, gave orders to the political chief of Maldonata to arrest me, and take possession of my goëlette. Fortunately the political chief of Mal-

donato was a brave man, who instead of executing the order he had received, and which would not have been difficult, considering the little mistrust I entertained, caused me to be warned to quit my anchorage as quickly as possible, and to set out for my destination, if I had one.

I engaged to set out that same evening; but, in the first place, I had, on my part, a small account to settle. I had sold a merchant of Montevideo some bales of coffee, taken from our cargo, and some *bijouteries* belonging to my Austrian, to purchase provisions. Now, whether my purchaser was bad pay, or whether he had heard I was likely to be arrested, I don't know; but till that time I had found it impossible to get my money. As I was forced to leave before evening, I had no time to lose; and it was urgent for me to be paid before I quitted Maldonato, seeing that it would be much more difficult absent than present.

Consequently, towards nine o'clock in the evening, I ordered preparations to be made for sailing, and placing my pistols in my belt, I threw my cloak over my shoulders, and walked quietly towards the residence of my merchant. It was a magnificent moonlight night, so that I saw my man from a distance, enjoying the air at the door of his house. He also saw me, recognised me, and made me a sign with his hand to go back, indicating by that sign that I was incurring danger.

I pretended not to see his sign, but walking straight up to him, and placing a pistol to his breast—

"My money!" said I.

He wanted to enter into an explanation, but at the third repetition of the two words, "My money!" he desired me to come in, and counted down the two thousand palagons he owed me.

I replaced my pistol in my belt, took my bag on my back, and returned to the goëlette without having been the least in the world concerned. At eleven o'clock we raised our anchor to ascend the Plata.

CHAPTER IX.

LA PLATA.

At daybreak, to my great astonishment, I found myself in the midst of the breakers of the Prédras-Negras! How could I have placed myself in such a situation? I who had not slept a minute; I who had not ceased to keep my eyes fixed upon the coast; I who, during the night which had become dark after the setting of the sun, had not for an instant failed to consult the compass, and to direct our course according to its inspirations!

This was not the time to ask myself questions; the danger was immense. We had breakers both larboard and starboard, ahead and astern; the deck was literally covered with foam. I sprang upon the main-yard, ordering the men to luff on the larboard; whilst they were accomplishing this manœuvre, the wind carried away our fore-top-sail.

From the spot, however, upon which I stood, I dominated both ship and breakers, so that I could point out the direction the goëlette ought to take; she, on her part, as if she been animated and had known the danger she was in, became as docile to the helm as a horse is to the bridle; at length, after an hour, during which we were between life and death, and when I saw old sailors become pale, and the most incredulous pray, we found ourselves out of danger.

From the moment I could breathe freely, I was anxious to account for the causes which had driven me amongst these terrible rocks, so well known to navigators, so clearly marked upon the charts, and from which I thought myself three miles at the moment I found myself among them.

I consulted the compass; it still continued to diverge; if I had attended to it, I should have run the ship aground. But at length all was explained. At the moment I quitted the goëlette to go and demand my two thou-

sand palagons of my coffee-dealer, I had given orders to bring up all the guns and sabres upon deck in case of attack. This order had been attended to, and the arms had been deposited in a cabin close to the binnacle. This mass of iron had attracted the needle. The arms were removed, and the compass resumed its normal direction.

We continued our course, and arrived at Jesus-Maria, which, from the other side of Montevideo, is nearly at the same distance as Maldonato. There, nothing fresh, if I except that provisions were short; we had not had time to lay them in before our departure. Now, according to orders given, there was no means of landing, and yet the hunger of a dozen fellows with good appetites must be satisfied.

I gave orders to luff, but without drawing off the coast. In the morning I discovered, at the distance of about four miles inland, a house which had the appearance of a farm. I ordered the anchor to be dropped as near the shore as possible, and as we had no boat, having given away mine, as I have said, to the people I had landed at the Isle of St. Catherine, I improvised a raft with a table and some casks, and armed with a gaff, I risked myself upon this newly-invented crate with a single sailor, bearing, like me, the name of Garibaldi, though no relation; his Christian name was Maurice.

The ship was moored across by two anchors, on account of the violence of the wind which blew from the pampas. There we were, then, launched amidst the breakers, not steering, but turning and dancing upon our table, at the risk of being overset every minute. At length, after performing miracles of *balancing*, we succeeded in reaching the beach; I left Maurice to guard our raft, and boldly ventured inland.

CHAPTER X.

ORIENTAL PLAINS.

THE spectacle which presented itself to my sight, and upon which my eyes fell for the first time, would require, to describe it worthily and completely, both the pen of a poet and the pencil of an artist. I saw undulating before me the waves of a solidified sea, the immense horizons of the *Oriental plains*, so named because they are situated upon the eastern side of the river Uruguay, which throws itself into Rio de la Plata, in front of Buenos Ayres and beneath the Colonia. It was, I swear to you, a spectacle truly new for a man coming from the other side of the Atlantic, and particularly for an Italian, who is born and grows up in a land where it is rare to see an acre of ground without a house or some sort of work that has issued from the hand of man.

There, on the contrary, is nothing but the work of God; as it came from the hands of the Lord on the day of creation, such is it now. It is a vast, an immense, boundless prairie; and its aspect, which presents that of a carpet of verdure and flowers, embossed here and there, only changes upon the banks of the river Anoga, where charming tufts of trees, of luxuriant foliage, rise, waving their graceful branches to the wind.

Horses, oxen, antelopes, ostriches are, for want of human creatures, the inhabitants of these immense solitudes, traversed only by the Gaucho, that centaur of the New World, as if to let all the troop of wild animals be reminded that God has given them a master. But this master, with what eye do horses, bulls, ostriches, and antelopes see him pass! By rivalling each other in protesting against his pretended domination: the horse by his neighings, the bull by his roarings, the ostrich and the antelope by their flight.

And this sight threw back my thoughts to the land where I was born; miserable land! where, when the Austrian who oppresses passes, men, those creatures

made in the image of God, bow and bend, not daring to give the same signs of independence that the wild animals of the pampas give at the sight of the Gaucho.

Powerful God! holy God! how long will you permit such a profound degradation of your creatures? But let us leave the Old World, so sad and so forlorn, and return to the New World, so young, so full of the future and of hope.

How beautiful is the horse of the oriental plains, with his curved haunches, his smoking nostrils, his quivering lips which have never felt the cold contact of the bit! How freely his flanks, which have never been pressed by knees or galled with spurs, breathe beneath the beatings of his mane and tail! How proud he is when he assembles by his neighings his herd of scattered mares, and when, true sultan of the desert, he flies—leading them away in his course, rapid as a whirlwind—the dominating presence of man.

Oh! marvel of nature! miracle of creation! how can I express the emotion experienced at sight of you, that corsair of twenty-five, who, for the first time, stretched out his arms towards immensity!

But, as this corsair was on foot, neither bull or horse recognised him as a man. In the deserts of America, man is completed by the horse, and without him becomes the lowest of animals. In the first place they stopped, stupified at the sight of me; then soon, doubtless despising my weakness, they approached me so near as to moisten my face with their breath. Never mistrust the horse—a noble and generous animal; but always beware of the bull—a sulky, vicious beast. As to the gazelles and the ostriches, after having, as the horse and bull had done, but in a more circumspect fashion, made their *reconnaissance*, they fled away, rapid as arrows; and then, when arrived at the summit of a slight elevation, they would turn round to see if they were pursued.

At that period, that is to say, towards the end of 1834 and the commencement of 1836, that portion

of the oriental soil was still virgin with regard to war: and this accounts for so great a number of wild animals being to be met with there.

CHAPTER XI.

THE POETESS.

AMIDST these feelings and observations, I continued to advance towards the *estancja*, as the farms of South America are called. I there found a young woman alone; she was wife of the *capataz* (master of the establishment). She could not take upon herself to sell or give me a bullock without the consent of her husband, therefore it was necessary to await his return. Besides, it was late, and there were no means of driving it to the sea before the morrow.

There are moments in life the remembrance of which, even while becoming more distant, continue to live and to heap up, so to say, in the memory, so that whatever the other events of our life may be, this remembrance firmly holds the place it has taken. It was my fate to meet in the midst of this desert with the wife of a half-savage man, a young woman of cultivated education, a poetess, knowing by heart Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso.

After having spoken the few words I then knew of Spanish, I was agreeably surprised to hear her reply in Italian. She kindly invited me to be seated while waiting the return of her husband. In the course of our chat, my kind hostess asked me if I was acquainted with the poetry of Quintana; and on my reply in the negative, she made me a present of a volume of his verses, saying that she gave it to me in order that I might learn Spanish for her sake. I then asked her if she herself did not make verses.

"How," replied she, "is it possible to avoid being a poet in the face of such a nature as this?"

And then, without staying to be asked, she recited to me several pieces, which I found full of feeling and of surprising harmony. I could have passed not only the evening but the night in listening to her, without thinking of my poor Maurice, who was waiting for me, and guarding the table-raft; but her husband came in, and put an end to the poetical part of the evening by bringing me back to the material object of my visit. I explained my wants to him, and it was agreed that, on the morrow, he would drive a bullock down to the beach and sell it to me.

At daybreak I took leave of my fair hostess, and hastened to go and seek Maurice; he had passed the night, sheltering himself as well as he was able between his four casks, very uneasy at not seeing me return, and fearing I was eaten by the tigers, very common in this part of America, and by no means so inoffensive as the horses and bulls.

At the expiration of a few minutes the capitaz appeared, dragging a bullock by a lasso. In a very short time the animal was stuck, skinned, and cut into long strips, so great is the address of the men of the south in the accomplishment of this work of blood. The question then was, how this bullock, cut into pieces, was to be transported from the beach to the vessel, a distance of a thousand paces at least, and that through breakers when a furious sea was roaring.

Maurice and I, however, set to work.

The reader knows how the vessel which was to convey us on board was constructed; a table with a cask fastened to each leg, and a kind of pole in the middle. Coming, this pole had served to hang our clothes upon; returning, it must bear our provisions, keeping them out of the water. We launched our vessel, and then sprung into it; and Maurice, with a pole in hand, and I with my gaff, began to manœuvre with the water up to our knees, the weight of the cargo being too heavy for the canoe; but, never mind! *vogue la galère!*

Our manœuvre was accomplished amid the applauses

of the American and the crew of the goëlette, who put up vows, perhaps, more for the safety of the meat than for us; and at first the navigation went on well; but when arrived at a line of breakers which it was necessary for us to cross, we were twice upon the point of being completely submerged. Good fortune willed that we should cross it successfully, in spite of every difficulty. But, when we were once beyond the double line of breakers, the danger, instead of being past, had become greater. We could not touch the bottom with our gaffs, consequently it became impossible to direct the raft. In addition to this, the current, becoming stronger as we advanced in the river, carried us away from the corvette. I thought we were about to cross the Atlantic, and only stop at St. Helena or the Cape of Good Hope.

There was but one resource for my companions, if they wished to catch us, and that was to set sail. This they did, and as the wind blew off the shore, the goëlette soon came up to us and passed us. But in passing she threw us a rope, and we made fast the raft to the ship. We first put the provisions on board; then Maurice and I hoisted ourselves up; and then, after us came the table, which was restored to its place in the eating room, and was not long in being put to its proper use. We were recompensed for the trouble we had had in procuring our provisions, by seeing with what a glorious appetite our companions attacked them.

A few days after, I purchased a canoe for thirty crowns of a balandre which crossed us. We passed that day again in sight of the point of Jesus-Maria.

CHAPTER XII

THE FIGHT.

We had passed the night at anchor, at about six miles to the south of the Point of Jesus-Maria, directly in face of the Barranncar of San Gregorio. It was blowing a slight breeze from the north, when we perceived from the side of Montevideo two barks which we thought friendly; but, as they had not the signal agreed of the red flag, I thought it prudent to set sail while waiting for them; I ordered, in addition, the muskets and sabres to be brought on deck. This precaution, as will be seen, was not useless. The first bark continued to advance upon us with only three persons to be seen; when arrived within a few paces of us, he who appeared the leader, in a loud voice ordered us to surrender. At the same moment, the deck of the bark was covered with armed men, who instead of giving us time to reply to the summons, commenced firing. I cried, "To arms!" and sprang towards my gun; then, as we were lying by, while replying as best I could, I commanded, "Brace the foresails!" But not feeling the goelette obey the command with the accustomed promptitude, I turned towards the helm, and found that the first discharge had killed the steersman, who was one of my best sailors. His name was Fiorentino, and he was born in one of our islands.

There was no time to lose. The fight raged furiously; the lanciene—that is the name of the sort of bark we were engaged with—the lanciene had fastened itself to our side, and some of her men had already mounted to our net-works. By good luck, a few shots and sabre cuts cleared us of them. After aiding my men in repulsing this boarding party, I sprang to the sheet of the foremast on the starboard, where Fiorentino had been struck, and seized the abandoned helm. But at the moment I laid my

hand upon it to make it obey me, an enemy's ball struck me between the ear and the carotid arteries, passed through my neck, and laid me senseless on the deck.

The remainder of the fight, which lasted an hour, was sustained manfully by Louis Carniglia, the pilot, by Pasquale Lodola, Giovanni Lamberti, Maurizio Garibaldi, and two Maltese. The Italians, therefore, fought well; but the strangers and our blacks hid themselves in the hold of the vessel. At length, fatigued by our resistance, and having a dozen men placed *hors de combat*, the enemy sheered off, whilst, the wind rising, our men continued to ascend the river.

Although my feeling was restored and I had recovered my senses, I remained completely inert and useless during the rest of the affair. I confess that my first sensations, on opening my eyes and beginning again to live, were delightful. I may say that I had been dead and was resuscitated; so profound and deprived of every glimmer of existence was my insensibility. But let me hasten to add that this feeling of physical happiness was quickly stifled by the feeling of the situation in which we found ourselves. Mortally wounded, or nearly so, having on board no one the least acquainted with navigation or geography, I ordered the chart to be brought to me, and consulted it with my eyes covered with a veil which I believed to be that of death, and pointed with my finger to Santa Fé, on the river Parana. Except Maurice, who had been once up the Uruguay, not one of us had ever navigated in La Plata. The sailors, terrified—the Italians, I ought to say, did not share their terror, or knew how to conceal it;—the sailors, terrified at my state and at the sight of the body of Fiorentino, fearing to be taken and considered as pirates, had consternation depicted upon their countenances, and deserted on the first occasion that presented itself. In the meanwhile, in every bark, in every canoe, in

every floating trunk of a tree, they beheld an enemy's lanciene sent in pursuit of them.

The body of our unfortunate comrade was thrown into the river with the ceremonies customary on such occasions; for, during several days, we were not able to land anywhere. I must say that this kind of inhumation was not much to my taste, and that I felt the greater repugnance to it from the probability that I was very near partaking it. I revealed this repugnance to my dear friend Carniglia. In the midst of this communication, the verses of Foscolo recurred vividly to my mind: "A stone, a stone which may distinguish my bones from those which death sows upon the earth or in the ocean." And my poor friend wept as he promised me he would not allow me to be thrown into the water, but that he would dig me a grave, and lay me in it tenderly. But who knows, however strong might have been his inclination, that he could have kept his promise. My body would then have satisfied the voracity of some sea-wolf or some cayman of the immense Plata. I should not then have revisited Italy. I should not have fought for her! for her, the only hope of my life!—but then, likewise, I should not have seen her fall back again into shame and prostitution!

Who then could have told my beloved Louis that within a year, it was I who should see him, rolled over by the breakers, disappearing in the sea, and who should search in vain for his body, in order to keep towards him the promise he had made me, to bury him in a foreign land, and to place over his grave a stone which should recommend him to the prayers of the traveller? Poor Louis! he tended me with the care of a mother during my long and painful illness, which had no other consolation than the sight of him, and the attentions which that heart of gold lavished upon me.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS CARNIGLIA.

I MUST say a word about Louis. And why? because he was a simple sailor, may I not speak of him? Because he was not? Oh! I can avouch that his soul was so noble, for sustaining in all places, in all circumstances the honour of Italy; noble for facing tempests of all kinds; noble, above all, for protecting me, watching over me, and nursing me, as if I had been his child. When I lay, in my long struggle, upon my bed of pain; when, abandoned by all, I raved in the delirium of death, he was seated close to my pillow with the devotedness and patience of an angel, never leaving me for an instant but to go and weep where he could conceal his tears. O, Luigi! thy bones scattered in the abysses of the Atlantic, merited a monument upon which the grateful proscribed exile might one day present you as an example to his fellow-citizens, and repay you these pious tears you shed over him!

Luigi Carniglia was from Deiva, a little country of the Levant. He had received no literary instruction, but he supplied this deficiency by a marvellous intelligence. Destitute of all the nautical science which forms the pilot, he conducted the vessels as far as Gualegay, with the skill and good fortune of a consummate pilot. In the fight I have just described, it was due to him in particular that we escaped falling into the hands of the enemy. Armed with a tramblen, placed in the post of danger, he was the terror of the assailants. Lofty in stature, robust in body, he united agility with strength. Mild even to tenderness in the habitual intercourse of life, he had the rare gift of making himself beloved by all. Alas! the best sons of our unhappy land thus end their days among strangers, without having the consolation of a tear; and . . . are forgotten.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PRISONER.

I REMAINED nineteen days without any other assistance than that which was given me by Luigi Carniglia. At the end of the nineteenth day we arrived at Gualegay. We had met, at the mouth of the Ibiqui, with a ship commanded by a Mahonais, named Don Lucas Zartaulo, a brave man, who showed me all sorts of kindnesses, giving me whatever he thought would be useful to me in my condition. All that he offered was accepted, for we literally wanted everything on board the goëlette except coffee; so that coffee was put into all I received, without inquiring whether coffee was to me a wholesome drink or an effective drug. I had begun by having a terrible fever, accompanied by a difficulty of swallowing, almost amounting to an impossibility. This was not astonishing, the ball, in going from one side of the neck to the other, having passed between the cervical vertebræ and the pharynx; after a week or ten days, the fever abated, I began to swallow, and my situation became tolerable.

Don Lucas had done more than this; on quitting us he had—as had one of his passengers, named d'Anagadia, a Biscayan established in America—given me letters of recommendation for Gualegay, particularly for the governor of the province of Entra-Rios, Don Pascal Echague, who, being about to make a voyage, left behind his own physician, Don Raymon Delarca, a young Argentine of great merit, who, having examined my wound, and having felt, on the opposite side to that at which it had entered, the ball roll beneath his finger, extracted it carefully by cutting the skin, and for several weeks, that is to say, till my perfect re-establishment, continued to give me the most affectionate attentions, and, let me not forget, the most disinterested.

I sojourned six months at Gualegay, and during

these six months I lodged in the house of Don Jacinto Andreas, who, as well as his family, paid me the politest civilities; but I was a prisoner, or nearly so. In spite of all the good-will of the governor, Don Pascal Echague, and the interest the brave people of Gualegay evinced for me, I was obliged to await the decision of the dictator of Buenos Ayres, who decided nothing. The dictator of Buenos Ayres was, at that time, Rosas, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter on account of Montevideo.

Cured of my wound, I began to go out a little; but by order of the authorities, my rides were very limited in extent. In exchange for my confiscated goëlette, I was paid a crown a-day, which was pretty well in a country where everything can be had for nothing, and where no opportunity can be found for expense; but all that did not compensate for the loss of liberty.

But probably this expense of a crown a-day was burdensome to the government, for overtures for flight were made to me; but the people who made me these overtures in good faith, were, without knowing it, provoking agents. They told me that the governor would not view my escape with great concern. It did not require much persuasion to make me adopt a resolution which I had already formed in my own mind. The governor of Gualegay, since the departure of Don Pascal Echague, was a certain Leonardo Milan; he had, to that time, been of neither good nor harm to me; and till the day at which we are now arrived, I had had no further reason to complain of him than that he took very little interest in me.

I made up my mind, then, to fly, and with that view I commenced my preparations, in order to be ready at the first opportunity that might present itself. One stormy evening I consequently directed my course towards the house of an old, brave man whom I was accustomed to visit, and who lived about three miles from Gualegay; this time I imparted my resolution to him, and begged him to find me a guide and horses

with which I might gain an estancia, kept by an Englishman, situated on the left bank of the Parana. There I should find, without doubt, vessels which would transport me incognito to Buenos Ayres or Montevideo. He found me a guide and horses, and we set out across the country to avoid discovery. We had nearly fifty miles to go, which could be performed, by keeping at a gallop, in the half of one night. When the day broke we were in sight of the Ibiqui, at the distance of about half-a-mile from the river; the guide told me to stop there, in a sort of maquis in which we were, whilst he went to see how the land lay. I consented; he quitted me, and I was left alone. I dismounted, hooked the bridle of my horse to the branch of a tree, laid myself down at the foot of it, and waited quietly two or three hours. After this, finding that my guide did not reappear, I got up and resolved to gain the outskirts of the maquis, which was not far off; but at the moment I reached the outskirts, I heard a gun fired from behind me, and the hissing of a ball in the grass. I turned sharp round, and saw a detachment of horsemen, who were pursuing me sabre in hand; this detachment was already between me and my horse —it was impossible to fly, useless to defend myself— I surrendered.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRAPPADO.

They bound my hands behind me, and placed me on horseback; they then tied my feet as they had done my hands, fastening them to the girths of the saddle. It was in this style I was taken back to Gualegay, where, as will be seen, worse treatment awaited me.

No one will accuse me of being too tender to myself; and yet I confess that I shudder every time that circumstance of my life is recalled to my mind. Being led into the presence of Don Leonardo Milan, I was

required by him to denounce those who had furnished me with means of escape. It may be concluded that I declared I had alone prepared, and alone carried my flight into execution; then, as I was bound, and Don Leonardo Milan had nothing to fear, he came up angrily to me, and began to strike me with his whip; after which he renewed his demands, and I repeated my denials. He then ordered me to be taken to prison, adding a few words in a whisper to my conductors. These words were an order to put me to the torture.

On arriving at the chamber destined for me, my guards, in consequence of the whispered order, leaving my hands tied behind my back, passed a fresh cord round my wrists, turned the other end of it round a joist, and pulling it towards them, they suspended me at about four or five feet from the ground. Don Leonardo Milan then entered my prison, and asked me if I would confess. I could do nothing but spit in his face, and I gave myself that satisfaction.

"It is very well!" said he, leaving the chamber. "When the prisoner shall please to confess, you will call me, and when he has confessed, he shall be let down to the ground again." After which he went out. I remained two hours suspended in this manner. All the weight of my body hung by my bleeding wrists and my dislocated shoulders. My whole body burned like a furnace; at every instant I begged for water, and my guards, more humane than my executioner, gave me some; but the water, on entering my stomach, dried up, as if it had been thrown upon a bar of red hot iron. No idea can be formed of what I suffered but by reading the tortures inflicted upon prisoners in the Middle Ages. At the end of the two hours, my guards took pity on me, or believed me dead, for they let me down. I fell flat, at full length. I was nothing but an inert mass, without any feeling but heavy, severe pain—a dead body, or nearly so.

In this situation, and without my being conscious of what they were doing to me, they put me in fetters.

I had travelled fifty miles across the marshes with my hands and feet bound. The mosquitos, numerous and enraged at this season, had made my hands and face one single sore. I had undergone two hours of frightful torture, and when I came to myself, I was bound, side by side, with an assassin. Although in the midst of the most atrocious torments I had not said a single word, and that, besides, he had not been concerned in my flight, Don Jacinto Andreas was imprisoned; the inhabitants of the country were quite in a state of alarm.

As for myself, but for the cares of a woman, who was to me an angel of charity, I should have died. She scorned fear, and came to the succour of the poor tortured prisoner. Her name was Madame Alleman. Thanks to this heavenly benefactress, I wanted for nothing in my imprisonment.

A few days after, the governor, finding it was useless to endeavour to make me speak, and convinced that I would die rather than denounce one of my friends, did not probably dare to take upon himself the responsibility of that death, and caused me to be conveyed to the capital of the province, Bajada. I remained there two months in prison, after which the governor desired me to be informed I was at liberty to leave the province. Although I profess opinions opposed to those of Echague, and that I have, more than once since that day, fought against him, I do not wish to conceal the obligations I owe him; and I should wish, even now, that I had it in my power to prove my gratitude for all he has done for me, particularly for my restoration to liberty. At a later period fortune threw into my hands all the military leaders of the province of Gualegay, and all were set at liberty without the least injury to their persons or their property.

As for Don Leonardo Milan, I would not even see him, for fear his presence, by recalling to me what I had suffered, should make me commit some action unworthy of myself.

CHAPTER XVI.

A JOURNEY IN THE PROVINCE OF RIO-GRANDE.

From Bajada I took passage in an Italian brigantine, Captain Ventura. He was a worthy, commendable man in all respects; he treated me with chivalric generosity, and conveyed me to the mouth of the Ignann, an affluent of the Parana, where I embarked for Montevideo in a balandre commanded by Pascal Carbone. I was in the way of good fortune; he also treated me admirably.

Instances of good fortune, like misfortunes, came in troops; for the present I had done with the latter, and the former succeeded each other without interruption. At Montevideo I found a crowd of friends, at the head of whom I must reckon Jean Baptiste Cuneo and Napoléon Castellini. Soon after Rossetti, whom it may be remembered I had left at Montevideo, came to rejoin me; he arrived from Rio-Grande, where he had been admirably received by the proud republicans.

At Montevideo my proscription still held good. My resistance against the lanceines, the numbers we had killed of them, formed a pretext that was at least specious. I was forced, therefore, to remain concealed in the house of my friend, Pazante, where I resided a month. My seclusion, besides, was rendered endurable by the visits of so many compatriots, who, at this period of prosperity and peace, had established themselves in the country, and exercised a generous hospitality towards their friends of the Old World. War, particularly the siege of Montevideo, changed the condition of most of them, and from good, as it was, made it bad and even worse. Poor people! I have pitied them many times; unfortunately I could do nothing better than pity them.

At the end of a month, the time for our journey being come, Rossetti and I set out for Rio-Grande. Our journey was to be performed on horseback, to my great delight and pleasure. We travelled, as it is

called, *à escotero*. Let me explain what that manner of travelling is, which, for rapidity, leaves the post far behind, however fast it may be in civilized countries.

Suppose there are two, three, or four of the party, they travel with a score of horses accustomed to follow those that are mounted; when the traveller feels his nag is fatigued, he dismounts, passes his saddle on to the back of another free horse, mounts, gallops three or four leagues, then quits it for another, and so on till the time they have fixed upon for halting; the fatigued horses get rest whilst continuing the journey, by being delivered from their saddles and riders.

During the short halt horsemen make for the purpose of changing their horses, the whole herd snap a few bunches of grass, and drink, if there is any water; the real repasts are made only twice a day, morning and evening.

We arrived thus at Pirantinino, the seat of the government of Rio-Grande; the capital was really Porto-Allegre; but as the capital was in the hands of the imperials, the seat of the republic was at Pirantinino. Pirantinino is certainly one of the most beautiful countries in the world, with its two regions—its region of plains and its region of mountains. The region of the plains is completely tropical; there grow the banana, the sugar-cane, and the orange. Among the branches of these trees climb the bell-serpent, the black serpent, the coral-serpent; there, as in the jungles of India, bound the tiger, the jaguar, and the puma, an inoffensive lion of the size of a large dog of the St. Bernard breed.

The region of the mountains is temperate, and like the beautiful climate of Nice; there they cultivate the peach, the pear, and the plum—all the fruits of Europe; there rise those magnificent forests, of which no pen can give an exact description, with their pines, straight as the masts of ships, two hundred feet high, and whose stems five or six men can scarcely embrace. In the shade of these pines grow the laquares, gigantic reeds

which, like the ferns of the antediluvian world, reach eighty feet in height, and which at their base are scarcely of the thickness of a man's body; there grow the *barba de pao*, literally, the beard of trees, which are used as towels, and those climbing plants which, by their multiplied interlacements, render the forests inextricable; there are those clearings, named *campestres*, in which rise up entire cities: Lima de Serra, Vaccaria, Lages;—not only three cities, but three departments,—of Caucasian population, Portuguese origin, and of Homeric hospitality.

There the traveller has no need to say anything or ask for anything. He enters the house, goes straight to the chamber of his hosts; the servants, without being called, come to take off his shoes or boots, and wash his feet. He remains as long as he likes, goes away when it suits him, takes no farewell, returns no thanks, if it be his good pleasure, and, in spite of that forgetfulness, he who comes after him will be no worse received than he has been.

This is the youth of nature, this is the morning of humanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAGUNE OF LOS PATES.

When I arrived at Pirantinino, I was received in the most amicable manner by the government of the republic. Bento Gonzales—a true knight-errant of the age of Charlemagne, brother in heart of the Oliviers and the Rolands, vigorous, active, loyal as they were, a real centaur, managing his horse as I have seen no one manage one but General Notto, the accomplished model of a horseman—was absent on a march, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, to fight Sylva Tanaris, an imperial leader, who, having passed the canal of San-Gonzales, was infesting that part of the province, then the seat of the Republican Government, and a little

village charming from its Alp-like position, the chief place of the department of the same name, and entirely surrounded by a warlike population, perfectly devoted to the cause of liberty.

In his absence, it was the minister of finance, Almeida, who did the honours of the city to me.

One word about Rio Grande, situated, as may be supposed from its name, upon some great river, or else a great river itself. Rio Grande is the lagune of Los Pates—the lake of the ducks; it may be about thirty leagues long. With the exception of some shallows, of which we shall have to speak presently, it is deep, and peopled with caymans; it is formed by five rivers, which throw themselves into it at its northern extremity, and which have the appearance of the five fingers of a hand, the palm of which is the end of the lagune. There is one spot from which all the five rivers may be seen at once and which on that account, is called *Viamao*. I have seen the hand. Viamao had then changed its name, and was called *Settembrina*, in commemoration of the republic proclaimed in September.

Finding myself unoccupied at Pirantinino, I asked to be allowed to join the column of operations directed upon San-Gonzales, under the President. It was there I saw that valiant man for the first time, and passed several days in intimate intercourse with him. He was truly the spoilt child of nature; she had given him everything which constitutes the true hero. Bento Gonzales had attained his sixtieth year when I knew him. Tall and slim, as I have said, he rode with admirable grace and ease. When on horseback, he might have been taken for five-and-twenty. Brave and fortunate, like one of Ariosto's knights, he would not have hesitated an instant to fight with a giant, though he had the stature of Polyphemus, and the armour of Ferragus. He had been one of the first to shout the cry of war, not with any view of personal ambition, but like every other child of this warlike people. His

camp living was that of the lowest inhabitant of the prairies—roasted flesh, and pure water.

The first day we saw each other, he invited me to his frugal meal, and we chatted away with as much familiarity as if we had been companions and equals from childhood. With so many natural and acquired gifts, Bento Gonzales was the idol of his fellow-citizens; and with so many gifts, strange to say, he was almost always unfortunate in his military enterprizes, which has always made me believe that chance goes for much more than genius in the events of war and the fortune of heroes.

I followed the column as far as Camodos—a pass of the canal of San-Gonzales, which joins the lagune of *los Pates*—to Meun. Sylva Tanaris had retired precipitately thither, on hearing that a column of the republican army was approaching. Not being able to come up with him, the President fell back. I naturally did as he did, and eventually took, with him, the route to Pirantinino. About this time we received the news of the battle of Rio-Pardo, in which the imperial army was completely beaten by the republicans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARMING OF THE LANCIENS AT CAMACUA.

I WAS then charged with the arming of two lanciens which were upon the Camacua, a river nearly like that of the canal of San-Gonzales, and which, as it did, debouched into the lagune of Los Pates. I had got, together with sailors from Montevideo and others I found at Pirantinino, thirty men of all nations. It must be admitted that, unfortunately for him, my dear Louis Carniglia was among them. I had besides, as a new recruit, a colossal Frenchman, a Breton by birth, whom we called Gros-Jean, and another named Français, a true filibuster, a worthy *frère de la côte*.

We arrived at Camacua: there we found an American, named John Griggs, who, from a farm belonging to Bento Gonzales, where he lived, was in the way of completing the equipment of two sloops. I was appointed chief of this little fleet, still in construction, with the grade of *capitano tenente.*

This construction was a curious affair, and did honour to the well-known American persistence. The wood was fetched from one side, and the iron from another; two or three carpenters cut the wood, a mulatto forged the iron. It was thus that the two sloops had been built, from the nails to the iron rings of the masts.

At the end of two months the fleet was ready. Each vessel was armed with two small bronze pieces; forty blacks or mulattos were added to the thirty Europeans, and made the number of the two crews amount to seventy men. One of the lanciens might be of about eighteen tons, the other from eleven to twelve. I took the command of the larger, which we christened Le Rio-Pardo. John Griggs received the command of the other, which was called the Republican.

Rossetti had remained at Pirantinino, charged with the editorship of the journal *Le Peuple.*

We began, as soon as the construction was finished, to emerge upon the lagune of los Pates. A few days were passed in making insignificant prizes. The Imperialists had to oppose to our two sloops of twenty-eight tons the two, thirty ships of war and a steam-vessel. But we had on our part the shallows. The lagune was only navigable for large vessels in a kind of canal running along the eastern shore of the lagune. On the opposite side, on the contrary, the land was cut into a declivity, and we ourselves, notwithstanding we drew so little water, were obliged to run aground more than thirty paces before we reached the shore.

The sand-banks advanced into the lagune nearly like the teeth of a comb, only these teeth were very wide apart. When we were obliged to run aground, and the

guns of a ship of war or a steam-boat incommoded us, I used to cry—

"Now, my ducks, to the water!"

And my ducks jumped into the water, and by strength of back and arms, lifted the lancien, and carried it to the other side of the sand-bank. In the midst of all this, we captured a boat richly laden; we took it to the western coast of the lakes, near Camacua, and there we burned it, after having taken from it all it was possible to find.

This was the first prize we had taken that was worth the trouble; it afforded great delight to our little fleet. In the first place, every one had his share of the booty, and with a reserved fund I had a uniform made for my men. The Imperialists, who had quite despised us, and never missed an opportunity of laughing at us, began to perceive our importance on the lake, and employed numbers of boats to protect their commerce. The life we led was active, and full of danger, on account of the numerical superiority of our enemies, but at the same time attractive, picturesque, and in harmony with my character. We were not only sailors; in case of need we were horsemen; we always found in the moment of danger as many horses as we wanted, indeed more, and we were able to form within two hours a squadron, not very elegant, it is true, but formidable. All along the lagunes were *estancias* which the neighbourhood of the war had caused their inhabitants to desert. We there found cattle of all kinds, horses and food; besides which, in every one of these farms there were portions of cultivated land from which we reaped wheat in abundance, sweet potatoes, and often excellent oranges, this country producing the best in all South America. The horde who accompanied me, a truly cosmopolite troop, was composed of men of all colours and all nations. I treated them with a kindness perhaps a little out of season with such men; but there is one thing which I can affirm, and that is, that I never had to repent of that kindness,

every one obeying me at my first command, and never making it necessary for me to put them on hard duty, or to punish them.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ESTANCIA DELLA BANA.

Upon the Camacua, where we had our little arsenal, and from which the republican flotilla had issued, dwelt, extending over an immense superficies, all the families of the brothers of Bento Gonzales, as well as his more distant relations; numberless flocks pastured in its magnificent plains, which war had respected, seeing it was out of the reach of its destructive hands. Agricultural produce was there amassed in an abundance of which Europeans can form no idea. I have already said that in no country on earth was a more frank and cordial hospitality to be met with; now, this hospitality we found in these dwellings, in which existed the most complete sympathy for us.

The estancias of which, on account of their proximity to the river, and thanks to the welcome we were sure to meet with there, we were most frequently the guests, were those of Donna Anna and Donna Antonia, sisters of the President. The first of these was situated on the shores of the Camacua, the other on those of the Anayo-Grande. I do not know whether it was the effect of my imagination or simply one of the privileges of my twenty-six years, but everything was embellished in my eyes; and I can affirm that no period of my life is more present to my thoughts, and above all, is present with greater charms, than that period I am about to describe. The house of Donna Anna was individually for me a true paradise; although no longer young, this charming woman was of a most cheerful character. She had residing with her a whole family of emigrants from Pelotas, a provincial city, the chief of which was Doctor Paolo Ferrara; these young girls,

each more beautiful than the others, constituted the ornaments of this delightful abode. One of them, named Manoela, was the absolute mistress of my soul; although without hopes of ever possessing her, I could not help loving her. She was affianced to a son of Bento Gonzales.

An occasion, however, presented itself, in which, being in danger, I had reason to suspect that I was not indifferent to the lady of my heart; and this consciousness which I had of her sympathy sufficed to console me for the reflection that she could not be mine. In general, the women of Rio Grande are very handsome; our men had made themselves gallantly their slaves; but it must be confessed they did not entertain for their idols so divine and disinterested a worship as mine for Manoela. Every time, therefore, that a contrary wind, a sudden storm, or an expedition drove us towards l'Anayo-Grande or Camacua, it was a holiday for us. The little wood of Firiva, which indicated the entrance to the one, or the forest of orange-trees which masked the mouth of the other, were always saluted by a triple salvo of joyous hurrahs! which proclaimed our amorous enthusiasm.

Now it happened one day that after having drawn our boats on shore we were at the estancia of la Bana, belonging to Donna Anna, sister of the President, before an outhouse which was used for salting and cooking meat, and is thence called in that country *galpon da chargueada*, that we were informed that Colonel Pietro de Abreca, surnamed *Moringue*, that is to say, the polecat, on account of his cunning, had landed within two or three leagues of us with seventy horse and eighty foot. The thing was the more probable from our knowing that since the capture of the felucca which we had burnt and cleared of everything that was valuable in it, Moringue had sworn he would be avenged.

This news filled me with delight. The men commanded by Colonel Moringue were German and Austrian mercenaries, to whom I was not sorry to pay part of

the debt which every good Italian has contracted with their brethren in Europe. We were sixty men in all, but I knew my sixty men, and with them I believed myself able to maintain my ground, not only against a hundred and fifty, but three hundred Austrians.

I consequently sent out scouts in all directions, keeping fifty men with me. The ten or a dozen men I had sent out to reconnoitre, all came back with one uniform answer—"We have seen nothing."

There was a thick fog, and with the help of this fog, the enemy had escaped their researches. I resolved not to trust absolutely to the intelligence of man, but to interrogate the instinct of animals. Generally, when an expedition of this nature is accomplished, and the men of another country surround an estancia for the purpose of forming an ambuscade, the animals who smell the stranger betray signs of uneasiness in which those who interrogate them are never deceived. The cattle, driven by my men, spread themselves all round the estancia, without manifesting that anything extraordinary was going on in the neighbourhood.

From that I concluded I had no surprise to fear; I ordered my men to place their guns, loaded as they were, together with their ammunition, in racks which I had had made in the galpon, and I set them the example of feeling safe by commencing my breakfast, advising them to do the same. This was a recommendation they were accustomed to adopt without much entreaty. Thank Heaven! provisions were not wanting. Breakfast over, I left every one to do as he liked.

My men worked as they ate—that is to say, with all their hearts. They did not require twice telling: some went to the lanciens, which were drawn up upon the beach to be repaired—others, to the forge—those, to the woods to cut firing—those, fishing. I remained alone with the master cook, who had established his kitchen in the open air before the door of the galpon, and was watching the cauldron or skimming the saucepan. As for me, I was voluptuously sipping my maté, a sort of tea from Paraguay, which is taken in a gourd

by means of a glass or wooden pipe. I did not in the least suspect that Colonel the Polecat, who was of the country, had by some manœuvre escaped the watchfulness of my men, given confidence to the animals, and, with his hundred and fifty Austrians, was couched upon the ground in a wood within five hundred paces of us.

All at once, to my great astonishment, I heard the charge sounded behind me. I turned sharply round. Infantry and cavalry were charging at full gallop, every horseman having a man behind him; they for whom there were no horses, were running on foot, holding by the horses' manes.

I made but one bound from my bench into the galpon, the cook following me; but the enemy were so close to us, that at the moment I passed through the doorway my puncho was pierced by a lance thrust. I have said the guns were placed loaded in a rack. There were sixty of them. I seized one and discharged it; then a second, then a third, and this so rapidly, that it was not possible they should believe I was alone; and with such good fortune, that three men fell. A fourth, a fifth, a sixth shot succeeded to the three first; as I fired into the mass, every shot told. If that mass had formed the idea of penetrating into the galpon, there would have been an end of the corsair and his course at once; but the cook having joined me, and fired from his side, Colonel Polecat, cunning as he was, was deceived, and thought we were all in the galpon.

Consequently, he and his men placed themselves at about a hundred paces from the shed, and kept up a steady fire. It was this that saved me.

As the cook was not an expert shot, and as in our situation every ball that missed was a loss, I ordered him to content himself with reloading the discharged guns and passing them to me. I was certain of one thing, and that was that my men, having already a suspicion that the enemy had landed, on hearing the firing would comprehend all, and would hasten to my assistance. I was not deceived. My brave Louis

Carneglia appeared first in the cloud of smoke which extended from the galpon to the enemy, who on their side kept up an infernal fire. Immediately after him appeared the brave Biscayan, Ignace Bilboa, and a not less brave Italian, named Lorenzo. In a moment they were by my side, and began imitating me with a hearty good-will. Then Edouard Mutru, Nacemonto Raphael, and Procope—the last two, one a mulatto, the other a black—Francesco da Sylva. I wish that instead of writing them here on paper, I could engrave in brass the names of all those valiant Spaniards who, to the number of thirteen, joined me, and fought for five hours against a hundred and fifty enemies.

These enemies had taken possession of all the outhouses and buildings that surrounded us, and from thence poured a terrible fire upon us. Others hoisted themselves up upon the roof, tore off the covering, and fired at us and threw in burning fascines through the holes. But whilst some of us extinguished the fascines, others replied to the firing, and two or three of the enemy fell in dead among us through the holes themselves had made.

On our side we had formed loopholes in the walls of the galpon with our bayonets, by which we were enabled to fire almost under cover. At the end of about three hours, the negro Procope made a lucky shot; he broke the arm of Colonel Moringue; upon which the Colonel immediately sounded a retreat, carrying away his wounded, but leaving fifteen dead behind him. On our side, out of thirty men, I had five killed and five wounded. Three subsequently died of their wounds, so that I lost eight men by this affair, one of the hottest in which I ever took part.

These combats were the more murderous to us from our having neither physician nor surgeon. Slight wounds are healed with fresh water, renewed as often as possible. But with serious wounds it was quite another thing. In general, the wounded man was sensible of his own condition; if he was hopeless of recovery,

he sent for his most intimate friend, indicated to him his short testamentary dispositions, and begged him to end his sufferings by a musket ball. The friend carefully examined the wounded man; then if he was of the same opinion, they embraced, shook hands, and a musket or a pistol shot brought quickly about the dénouement of the drama. This was sad; it may be pronounced barbarous; but what is to be said? There were no means of doing otherwise.

Rossetti, who by chance was at Camacua with the rest of our companions, to his great regret was not able to join us. Some were obliged, being pursued and without arms, to swim across the river; others plunged into the forests; one only was discovered and killed.

This fight, so dangerous, but which had such a happy issue, gave enormous confidence to our men and to the inhabitants of that coast, so long exposed to the depredations of an adventurous, enterprising enemy. Moringue was, besides, the best leader of the Imperialist expeditions. He was particularly skilful at these sorts of surprises, and I must say he had conducted this with so much art as would certainly have obtained for him the name of the Polecat, if he had not already received it. Born in the country, of which he had, as I have said, a perfect knowledge, endowed with cunning and intrepidity enough to bear him through all trials, he did great injury to the Republican cause, and the Empire of Brazil owes to him beyond doubt the better part in the submission of that courageous province.

We, however, celebrated our victory. Donna Antonia gave us a fête at her estancia, situated at a distance of about twelve miles from the galpon in which we had sustained the fight. It was at this fête that I learnt that a beautiful young girl, on hearing of my danger, had turned pale and anxiously inquired after my life and health; a victory more sweet to my heart than the sanguinary triumph we had obtained. Oh! beautiful daughter of the American Continent! I was proud and happy to belong to thee, in whatever manner

it might be, even in thought. Thou wast destined, and thou wast forced to belong to another; and fate reserved for me that other Brazilian flower which I still weep for, and for which I shall weep while I live. Sweet mother of my sons! I knew her not in the midst of victory, but in adversity and shipwreck, and —much more than my youth, my face, or my merit— my misfortunes bound me to her for life. Anita! beloved Anita!

CHAPTER XX.

THE EXPEDITION TO ST. CATHERINE.

VERY little—nothing, indeed, of importance—happened upon the lagune of los Patos after this adventure. We set about building two new lanciens. The first elements were found in our previous capture; as to putting them together, that was not only our affair, but also that of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who assisted us bravely. The two new vessels being finished and armed, we were summoned to join the Republican army, which was then besieging Porto-Allegro, the capital of the province. The army did nothing, neither could we do anything, during the time we passed upon that part of the lake.

This siege was, nevertheless, directed by Bento Manoel, to whom everybody by good right accorded great credit as a soldier, a general, and an organizer. He was the same man who afterwards betrayed the Republicans, and passed over to the Imperialists.

The expedition of St. Catherine was resolved upon; I was summoned to form a part of it, and placed under the orders of General Canavairo. Only there was one difficulty, which was, that we could not leave the lake, the mouth of it being guarded by the Imperialists. In fact, upon the southern shore was the fortified city of Rio-Grande of the south, and upon the northern shore San Jose of the north, a smaller city, but fortified also

Now these two places, as well as Porto-Allegro, were still in the hands of the Imperialists, and made them masters of the entrance and issue of the lake. It is true they only possessed these three places, but that was quite enough.

With such men as I commanded, however, nothing was impossible. I proposed to leave the two smaller lancienes in the lake, under the command of a very good sailor, named Zefferino d'Ulra; whilst I, with the two others, having under my orders Griggs, and the most daring of our adventurers, would accompany the expedition, operating by sea whilst General Canavairo would operate by land.

It was a capital plan, only the question was to put it in execution. I proposed to construct two carriages, large enough and strong enough to have each placed upon it one of our lancienes, and to harness to these carriages a sufficient number of horses and oxen to draw them. My proposal was adopted, and I was charged with the carrying of it out. After mature consideration I introduced the following modifications: I caused to be made by a skilful wheelwright, named Abren, eight enormous wheels, of strength equal to all that could be required, particularly in their naves. At one of the extremities of the lake—that opposite to Rio-Grande of the south, which is to say, to the north-east—there is, at the bottom of a ravine, a little rivulet which flows from the lagune of los Patos into the lake Tramandai, upon which our object was to transport our two lancienes. I caused one of our carriages to be drawn down into this ravine, immerging it as much as possible. Then in the same manner that we transported our lancienes over the sand-banks, we raised one of the lancienes till it lay upon the double axletree. A hundred domestic oxen, harnessed to the beams by the strongest ropes, were urged to start with a grand pull at once, and I saw with a satisfaction I cannot describe, our largest vessel carried off like an ordinary bale of goods. The second carriage was

brought down as the first had been, and, like the first, moved off as we wished.

Then the inhabitants enjoyed a curious and uncommon spectacle, that of two vessels traversing in carriages, and drawn by two hundred oxen, a space of fifty-four miles; that is to say, eighteen leagues, and that without the least difficulty or the smallest accident. When arrived on the shore of the lake Tramandaï, the lanciènes were again placed in the water in the same manner as they had been embarked; there the little repairs necessitated by the journey were effected, but they were so trifling that at the end of three days they were fit for navigating.

Lake Tramandaï is formed by flowing waters, taking their source from the eastern declivity of the chain of the mountains *do Espinasso;* it opens into the Atlantic, but it is so shallow that in the greatest tides only is it four or five feet deep. Let me add, that upon this coast, open on all sides, the sea is scarcely ever calm, but on the contrary is generally stormy. The noise of the breakers which border the coast, and which sailors call *horses*, on account of the foam which they make fly around them, is heard for several miles inland, and is often taken for the roaring of thunder.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEPARTURE AND SHIPWRECK.

PREPARED at length for setting out, we waited for the hour of high tide, and then ventured forth, about four o'clock in the afternoon. In this circumstance, we have to congratulate ourselves upon the long practice we had had of navigating amidst breakers; and notwithstanding this practice, I cannot at this day tell by what audacious, rather than skilful manœuvres, we succeeded in getting our two vessels out, although we had, as I have just said, chosen the moment of the height of the tide;

we wanted depth everywhere, and it was not till night-fall that our efforts succeeded, and we cast anchor in the ocean outside of these furious breakers, whose rage seemed to augment at seeing we had escaped them.

Let me note it here, that never before ours had any vessel been known to go out of the lake of Tramandaï.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, we weighed anchor and commenced our course. The next day, at three in the afternoon, we were wrecked at the mouth of the Ascungua, a river which takes it rise in the Sierra do Espinasso, and which falls into the sea in the province of St. Catherine, between the Torevas and Santa-Maria.

Out of a crew of thirty men, sixteen were drowned.

Let me describe how this terrible catastrophe was accomplished.

From the evening, indeed from the moment of our departure, the wind from the south already threatened, heaping up clouds, and blowing with violence. We ran along parallel with the coast, the *Rio Pardo* having, as I have said, thirty men on board, a twelve-pounder piece upon her pivot, a number of chests, with a multitude of objects of all kinds, taken by way of precaution, not knowing how long we should keep the sea, what shore we should touch on, and what condition we should be in when we did touch that shore when directing our course towards an enemy's country.

The vessel, then, was overladen, so that it was often entirely covered by the waves, which every minute increased with the wind, and sometimes threatened to engulf us. I determined, therefore, to approach the shore, and, if possible, to land upon a part of the beach which appeared to me accessible; but the sea, which continued to run higher, did not allow us to choose the position which suited us; we were struck by a terrible wave, which threw us over completely on one side. I was at the moment at the top of the foremast, whence I

hoped to discover a passage through the breakers; the cancier was thrown over on her larboard, and I was launched at least thirty paces from her.

Although I was in a dangerous position, the confidence I had in my strength as a swimmer did not allow me to think for an instant of death; but having with me some companions who were not sailors, and whom I had seen a minute before lying upon the decks overcome by sea-sickness, instead of swimming towards the coast I set to work to get together a part of the objects which, from their lightness, promised to remain upon the surface of the water, and pushed them towards the vessel, crying out to my men to throw themselves into the sea, to lay hold of anything they could, and try to gain the shore, which was about a mile from us. The vessel had been overset, but the masts kept her starboard side above water.

The first I saw was clinging to the shrouds; this was Edouard Mutru, one of my best friends. I pushed towards him a portion of the hatches, advising him not to leave hold of it. He being put in a way of safety, I cast my eyes upon the vessel. The first thing I saw, or rather the only thing I saw, was my dear and courageous Louis Carniglia; he was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, and he had clung to the vessel at the part of the poop; unfortunately, he was dressed in an enormous cloth jacket, which he had not had time to take off, and which confined his arms so that it was impossible for him to swim. He cried out to me, seeing me coming towards him.

"Try to hold on," replied I; "I will come and help you."

In fact, climbing up the side of the bark like a cat, I did reach him; and clinging with one hand to a projection, and taking with my other a small knife, which unfortunately cut very badly, from my pocket, I set to work to slit the collar and back of the jacket; one more effort and I should have delivered poor Carniglia from his embarrassment, when a terrible wave enveloped us

both, dashed the vessel to pieces, and threw into the sea all the men who had been able to remain on board; Carniglia was dashed out with the rest and appeared no more.

As for myself, launched to the bottom of the sea like a projectile, I mounted again to the surface quite stupified; but in the midst of that stupefaction having but one idea—to succour my dear Luigi, I swam round the carcase of the ship, calling loud upon him amidst the howling of the tempest and the roaring of the sea; but he did not reply to me; he was swallowed up for ever!—that good, that kind companion, who had saved my life at la Plata, and to whom, in spite of all my efforts, I was unable to repay the debt.

As soon as I was forced to abandon the hope of succouring Carniglia, I again cast my eyes round me. It was a grace from God, no doubt, but at that moment of agony for others, I never had an instant doubt for my own safety, so as to disturb my exertions for theirs.

My companions appeared scattered in all directions, separated, and swimming towards the shore with the skill and strength of which each was master. I gained them in an instant, and giving them a cry of encouragement, passed them, and was one of the first, if not the first, among the breakers, cutting enormous waves of the height of mountains.

But I gained the shore; my grief for the loss of my poor Carniglia, whilst making me indifferent to my own fate, gave me invincible strength. I had scarcely got footing before I turned round, moved by a last hope. Perhaps I might see Luigi again. I made eager inquiries of every desolate looking figure as it emerged from the waves; but none had seen Carniglia; he must be drowned; the abysses of the ocean had not restored him to me.

Then I again saw Edouard Mutru, he who, after Carniglia, was the most dear, he to whom I had pushed the fragment of the hatches, recommending him to cling to it with all his strength. No doubt the violence of the sea had torn the fragment from his hands. He

was still swimming, but exhausted, and indicating by the convulsion of his motions the extremity to which he was reduced. I have said how much I loved him; he was the second brother of my heart whom I was about to lose in one day. I could not submit to be made in one instant a widower of all I held dear in the world. I pushed into the sea the piece of the ship which had aided me in gaining the shore, and sprang again into the waves, returning with profound indifference to seek again the peril I had just escaped. At the end of a minute I was within a few strokes of Edouard, and I cried out "Hold fast! courage! here I am! I bring you life!" Vain hopes! useless efforts! At the moment I was pushing the protecting piece of timber towards him, he sunk, and disappeared. I uttered a piercing cry, let go my hold, and dived. Then, not finding him, I thought he had perhaps returned to the surface. I rose, but there was nothing! I dived again, again I rose. I uttered the same cries as for Carniglia, but all was useless—he also was engulfed in the depths of that ocean which he had never feared to cross in order to regain me, and to serve the cause of peoples. Another martyr to Italian liberty who will have no tomb, no cross!

The bodies of my sixteen companions, drowned in this disaster, faithful companions of my adventures, engulfed in the sea, were dashed by waves, carried away by currents to more than thirty miles distance towards the north. I then looked round among the fourteen who had survived, and who had all gained the shore, for one Italian face, for one Italian figure. Not one! The six Italians who had accompanied me were dead:—Carniglia, Mutru, Straderini, Navone, Giovanni—I cannot recollect the name of the sixth.

I ask pardon of my country for having forgotten it. I know that I write this at a distance of twelve years; I know that during that time many events otherwise terrible than that I have just related have passed in my life; I know that I have seen a nation fall, and

that I have vainly endeavoured to defend a city; I know that pursued, exiled, tracked like a wild beast, I have deposited in the tomb the wife who has become the heart of my heart; I know that scarcely was the grave closed, when I was obliged to fly like the damned of Dante, who walk straight forward, but whose twisted heads look behind them; I know that I have no longer an asylum; that from the extreme point of Africa I look at that Europe which casts me out like a bandit, me, who have never had but one thought, one love, one despair—my country!—I know perfectly well all this, but it is not less true that I ought to remember that name. Alas! I do not remember it!

Tangier, March—April, 1859.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN GRIGGS.

It was a strange thing that with the exception of myself, it was the good and strong swimmers who had disappeared. Trusting, doubtless, to their skill, they had neglected to avail themselves of parts of the floating wreck, and had hoped to sustain themselves upon the water without that help, whilst, on the contrary, among those whom I found safe and sound around me, there were several young Americans whom I had seen embarrassed in crossing the arm of a river ten feet broad. This seemed unaccountable, nevertheless it was the truth. The world appeared a desert to me. I seated myself on the beach, allowed my head to sink into my hands—and I believe I wept.

In the midst of my grief, I was roused by the sound of a moaning complaint. I then recollected that although these men were comparatively unknown to me—as I was their leader, whether in fight or shipwreck—I ought to be their father in distress. I raised my head.

"What is the matter?" asked I; "who is moaning so?"

"I am so cold!"

Then I, who till then had been sensible to no physical sensation, I also felt I was cold. I arose, and shook myself; some of my companions were already stiffened, and seated or lying down never to rise again. I pulled them by the arms. Three or four were in that period of stupor which makes men prefer the languor of death to the suffering of motion. I called the most vigorous to my assistance, I forced those who were stiffened to rise up; I took one by the hand, and told those who had not yet lost their strength to do the same by the others, and I cried, "run!" at the same time setting them the example.

It was at first a difficulty, I will say more, it was a great pain to be obliged to make our stiffened joints play; but by degrees our members recovered their elasticity. We kept up this exercise for nearly an hour; at the end of that hour our warmed blood had resumed its circulation in our veins. We had gone through these gymnastics near to the river Asterigua, which runs parallel to the sea, to fall into it at a distance of half a mile from the spot where we were. We kept along the right bank of the river, and, at about four miles from our point of danger, we found an estancia, and in that estancia the hospitality which for ever sits at the door of an American house.

Our second vessel, commanded by Griggs, and named the *Seival*, though scarcely so large as the *Rio-Pardo*, but of a different build, was able to face the tempest, brave it, and pursue its course victoriously. It must be admitted, likewise, that Griggs was an excellent sailor.

I write from day to day, obliged, perhaps, to quit to-morrow the asylum in which I repose to-day. I do not know that I may have, hereafter, the time to tell of this excellent and valiant young man all the good I think; I will, then, since his name is under my pen, pay the tribute I owe to his memory.

Poor Griggs! I have scarcely said a word about him, and yet where have I met with a man of more admirable courage and of a more charming character? Born of a rich family, he had come to offer his gold, his genius, and his blood to the nascent republic—and he gave it all he had offered.

One day a letter arrived from his relations in North America, inviting him to return to the enjoyment of a colossal inheritance, but he had already gathered the most splendid inheritance reserved for a man of conviction and good faith—the palm of martyrdom; he had died for an unfortunate, but a generous and valiant people. And I, who had witnessed so many glorious deaths, I had seen the body of my poor friend separated in two, as the trunk of an oak is by the axe of the woodman; the bust remained standing upon the deck of the *Cassapara*, with his intrepid countenance, still purple with the flame of fight, but the members, broken and detached from the body, were scattered around him. A cannon-shot had struck him at the distance of twenty paces, and he presented himself to me thus mutilated the day when I and a companion, setting fire to the flotilla by the order of General Canavano, got on board Griggs' ship, which had just been literally battered to pieces by the enemy's squadron.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. CATHERINE.

THE part of the province of St. Catherine at which we were wrecked, fortunately, had risen against the emperor at the news of the approach of the republican forces; instead, therefore, of enemies, we found allies; instead of being fought with we were feasted; we had, at the very instant, all the means of transport at our disposal that the poor inhabitants of whom we had asked hospitality could offer.

Captain Baldonino presented me with a horse, and we immediately set forward on our march to join the advanced guard of General Canavano, commanded by Colonel Texeira, who was proceeding as fast as possible towards the lagune of St. Catherine, in the hope of surprising it.*

I must admit that we had not much trouble in gaining possession of the little city which commands the lagune, and which has borrowed its name from it. The garrison beat a retreat pretty promptly, and three small ships of war surrendered after a feeble resistance; I passed with my shipwrecked companions on board the goëlette *Itaparika*, armed with seven pieces of cannon.

During the early days of this occupation, fortune seemed, to have entered into a compact with the republicans: not at all expecting so sudden an invasion, of which they had but vague intelligence, the imperialists had ordered the lagune to be furnished with arms, ammunition, and soldiers; now, arms, ammunition, and soldiers arrived when we were already masters of the city, and consequently all fell into our hands, without any trouble on our part. As to the inhabitants, they received us like brothers and liberators—a title we did not justify during our sojourn among this friendly people.

Canavano established his head-quarters in the city of the lagune, named by the republicans Guiliana, because they had entered it during the month of July. He promised the creation of a provisional government, of which a venerable priest, who exercised great influence over all this people, was the first president. Rossetti, with the title of Secretary of the Government, was really the soul of it: it is true that Rossetti was cut out for all kinds of employments.

Everything, then, was going on wonderfully well:

* This province of St. Catherine is that which was given, as a dowry, by the Emperor of Brazil to his sister on her marriage with the Prince de Joinville.

Colonel Texeira, with his brave advanced guard column, had pursued the enemy till he had forced them to shut themselves up in the capital of the province, and had gained possession of the greater part of the country. On all sides we were received with open arms, and gathered into our ranks a good number of imperialist deserters.

Magnificent projects were formed by General Canavano, a loyal soldier if ever there was one; rough in appearance, excellent at bottom, he was accustomed to say that from this lagune of St. Catherine should issue the hydra which should devour the empire; and he might have told truth, if more foresight and judgment had been exercised in this expedition; but our haughty behaviour towards the inhabitants, and the inadequacy of means caused the fruit of this brilliant campaign to be lost.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WIFE.

I HAD never thought of marriage, and considered myself perfectly incapable of becoming a husband, from my great independence of character and my irresistible vocation for a life of adventure; to have a wife and children appeared to me a sovereign impossibility for a man who had consecrated his life to a principle, the success of which, however complete it might be, could never leave him the quietude necessary for the father of a family. Destiny had decided otherwise; after the death of Luigi, Edouard, and my other companions, I found myself in a state of complete isolation; it appeared to me that I was alone in the world.

I had not left a single one of those friends of whom the heart stands as much in need as life does of aliment. Those who had survived, as I have already said, were strangers to me; they were, doubtless, valiant, good-hearted men, but I had known them too short a time

to have become intimate with any of them. In the immense void made around me by the terrible catastrophe, I felt the want of some heart that would love me; without this heart, existence was to me insupportable—almost impossible. It is true, I have recovered Rossetti, that is to say, a brother; but Rossetti, confined by the duties of his post, could not live with me, and I scarcely saw him once a-week. I then wanted, as I have said, some one who would love me, who would love me without delay. Now, friendship is the fruit of time; it requires years to ripen, whilst love is sometimes lightning, the son of the storm. But of what importance is that? I am one of those who prefer the storms, whatever they may be, to the calms of life, to the quiet slumbers of the heart. It was, then, a wife I wanted; a wife alone could cure me; a wife, that is to say, the only refuge, the only consoling angel, the star of the tempest; a wife, that is the divinity who is never implored in vain when implored by the heart, and, above all, when implored in misfortune.

It was in this mood of thought that from my cabin in the *Itaparika* I turned my eyes towards the land. The manse of Le Bana was not far distant, and from my ship I could discover pretty young girls occupied in various domestic employments. One of them attracted my particular attention. I was ordered on shore, and immediately directed my steps towards the house upon which my looks had been so long fixed. My heart beat, but it contained, however agitated it might be, one of those resolutions which never knew diminution. A man invited me to enter. I should have entered even if I had been forbidden. I had seen that man once. I saw the young girl, and said to her: "Maiden, thou shalt be mine!" I had by these words created a tie which death alone could break. I had found a forbidden treasure, but a treasure of such a price! If a fault was committed, the fault was entirely mine. It was a fault if, in uniting, two hearts rent the heart of an innocent man. But she is dead,

and he is avenged. When did I become acquainted with the greatness of this fault? There, at the mouth of the Eridan, on the day when hoping to dispute with death I pressed her pulse convulsively, to count its last throbs; I observed her flitting breath, I drew in with my lips her trembling sigh, I kissed, alas! dying lips; alas! I strained a corpse to my breast, and I wept the tears of despair.*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CRUISE.

The general had determined that I should go out with three vessels to attack the imperial flags cruising on the coast of Brazil. I prepared for this rough mission by assembling all the elements necessary for my armament. My three vessels were the *Rio Pardo*, commanded by myself,—the *Cassapara*, commanded by Griggs, both goëlettes,—and the *Seival*, commanded by the Italian Lorenzo. The mouth of the lagune was blockaded by imperial ships of war; but we stole out by night, without being observed. Anita, henceforth companion of my whole life, and consequently of all my dangers, had insisted upon embarking with me.

When off Santes, we fell in with an imperial corvette, which uselessly gave us chase for two days. In the second day we approached the Isle d'Abrigo, where we captured two sumaques, laden with rice. We continued our cruise, making some other prizes. Eight days after our departure I turned the head of our vessel towards the lagune. I do not know why, but I had a sinister presentiment of what was going on there—seeing that before our departure a certain dis-

* This part is designedly covered with a veil of obscurity, for, when after reading it I turned towards Garibaldi, saying, "Read this, dear friend, it does not appear clear," he did read; and then, after an instant, "It must be so," said he, with a sigh. Two days after he sent me a MS., entitled "Anita Garibaldi."

content had already manifested itself against us. I was informed, likewise, of the approach of a considerable body of troops, commanded by General Andrea, to whom the pacification *del Para* had given great reputation.

Off the Isle of St. Catherine, and as we were returning, we fell in with a Brazilian war pinnace. We had only the *Rio Pardo* and the *Seival*; several days before the *Cassapara* had been separated from us in a dark night. We discovered the enemy on our prow, and there was no means of avoiding him. We steered down, therefore, straight upon him, and attacked him resolutely. We commenced firing, and the enemy replied; but the fight had but an uncertain result, on account of the roughness of the sea. Its issue was the loss of some of our prizes,—their commanders, terrified by the superiority of the enemy, having lowered their flags. Others had made for the neighbouring coasts. One only of our prizes was saved, it was commanded by Ignazio Bilbao, our brave Biscayan, who landed with it in the port of Imbituba, then in our power. The *Seival*, having had its cannon dismounted, and making water fast, took the same route. I was, therefore, obliged to do as they had done, in my turn, being too weak to keep the sea alone.

We entered into Imbituba, driven by a north-east wind; with such a wind it was impossible for us to re-enter the lagune, and to a certainty, the imperial vessels stationed at St. Catherine's, informed by the *Andurinha*, the vessel of war with which we had an affair, would soon be upon us; we must, therefore, prepare for fight. The dismounted cannon of the *Seival* was hoisted upon a promontory, which formed the bay of the eastern coast; and upon this promontory we constructed a gallioned battery.

As expected, day had scarcely broken, when we perceived three vessels directing their course upon us. The *Rio Pardo* was at double anchor at the bottom of

the bay, and commenced a very unequal contest; the imperialists were incomparably the stronger.

I had wished Anita to land, but she refused to do so, and as at the bottom of my heart I admired her courage, and was proud of it, I did nothing in this circumstance as in others, the first prayers being rejected, to force her will.

The enemy, favoured in the manœuvre by the wind, which was increasing, kept sailing, making short tacks, and cannonading us furiously. He was able in this fashion, to open, at his will, all the angles of diversion of his fire, and to direct the whole of it upon our goëlette. In the meantime, we, on our side, fought with the most obstinate resolution, and as we attacked so closely that we could make use of carbines, the fire, on both sides, was most murderous; from our numerical weakness, the losses were greater with us than with the imperialists; and our deck was already covered with dead and wounded; but, though the side of our vessel was riddled with bullets, though our rigging had suffered severely, we were resolved not to yield, and to sink rather than surrender. It is true that we were animated to this generous resolution by the sight of the Brazilian amazon we had on board. Not only, as I said, had Anita refused to land, but, still further, carbine in hand, she insisted upon taking part in the fight. We were likewise, it must be allowed, valiantly supported by the brave Manoel Rodriguez, commanding our land battery; as long as the engagement lasted, his shots were skilfully and vigorously directed.

The enemy was furious, particularly in his efforts against the goëlette. Several times, during the fight, he pressed us so closely that I thought he aimed at boarding us. He would have received a welcome; we were prepared for that. At length, after an obstinate contest of five hours, the enemy, to our great astonishment, sheered off. We afterwards learnt that this was owing to the death of the commander of the *Belle Américaine;* this death put an end to the battle.

I experienced, during this fight, one of the most lively and cruel emotions of my life. Whilst Anita, on the deck of the goëlette, was encouraging our men, sabre in hand, a cannon-ball knocked down her and two men, close to her. I sprang towards her, expecting to find nothing but a dead body; but she rose again, safe and sound; the two men were killed. I then implored her to go below deck. "Yes, I will," replied she; "but only to turn out the cowards who have concealed themselves there."

As she said, she did go down, but soon returned driving before her three sailors, heartily ashamed of being less brave than a woman.

We employed the rest of the day in burying our dead and repairing the damages done to our goëlette by the enemy's fire, and these damages were not trifling. The next day, the Imperialists not appearing, we had reason to conclude they were preparing some new attack upon us; therefore, we embarked our cannon, weighed anchor towards night-fall, and, once more directed our course towards the lagune.

We had gained some distance before the enemy were aware of our departure; they then immediately sailed in pursuit of us, but it was not till the next day that they were able to favour us with a few cannon shot, and that at such a distance as to prove harmless. We reached the lagune without any further accident, and were heartily welcomed by our friends, who were astonished at our having escaped an enemy so superior in numbers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAKE D'IMBRUI.

Other events awaited us in the lagune; as our enemies contined to advance upon us in such superior numbers that there was no chance of resisting them, and as, on the other side, our bad policy and our brutalities had

alienated from us all the inhabitants of the province of St. Catherine, which was quite ready to revolt against us and join the Imperialists; and as the population of the city of Imbrui, situated at the extremity of the lake, had already revolted; I received orders from General Canavano to go and chastise that unfortunate country with fire and sword. I was compelled to obey the command.

The inhabitants and the garrison had made preparations for defence on the side towards the sea; I, therefore, landed at a distance of three miles, and attacked them at the moment they least expected it, from the mountain side. Surprised and beaten, the garrison was put to flight, and we found ourselves masters of Imbrui.

I pray for myself, as for every other creature who has not ceased to be a man, never to receive such an order as I had received, and which was so positive, that there was no means of my evading it. Although there exist long and prolix relations of similar facts, I believe it to be impossible for the most terrible relation to approach the reality. May God look with pity on me, and pardon me, but I have never had in my life a day which left in my soul so bitter a remembrance as that. No one can form an idea, in giving freedom to pillage, of what I had to undergo to prevent violence against persons, and to confine destruction within the limit of inanimate things; and yet, I believe I did succeed beyond my hopes; but, with regard to property, I could not possibly avoid disorder. Nothing could prevail, neither the authority of command, punishment, or even blows. I went even so far as to menace a return of the enemy. I spread a report that having received reinforcements, they were coming back upon us; but all was useless. If they had come, disbanded as we were, they might literally have made one slaughter of us. Unfortunately the city, though small, contained a number of magazines, full of wines and spirituous liquors, so that, excepting myself, who

never drink anything but water, and a few officers whom I succeeded in keeping with me, the drunkenness was almost general. Add to this, my men were for the major part people I scarcely knew, fresh recruits, consequently undisciplined. Fifty determined men, falling upon us unexpectedly, might have had a severe revenge. At length, by means of threats and vigorous efforts, I succeeded in getting these unchained wild beasts on board again.

We brought on board the vessel some provisions, the effects saved from the plunder that were to be divided, and then returned to the lagune.

In the meantime, the advanced guard, commanded by Colonel Texeira, was retiring before the enemy, who was advancing rapidly and in great numbers. When we reached the lagune, the baggage was beginning to be passed to the right shore, and the troops were soon to follow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRESH FIGHTS.

I HAD plenty to do during the day in which the passage of the division to the northern shore was effected, for if the army was not numerous, the baggage and embarrassments of all kinds seemed to have no end. Towards the narrowest point of the *embouchure* the current redoubled in violence. It was the labour then of all the hours between sun-rise and mid-day, to get over the division with the aid of all the barks we could procure.

About twelve o'clock, the enemy's flotilla, composed of twenty-two sail, began to appear; it combined its movements with the land troops, and the vessels themselves carried in addition to their crews, a great number of soldiers. I climbed the nearest mountain to observe the enemy, and I at once perceived that their plan was to unite their forces at the entrance of the lagune. I

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immediately informed General Canavano, and orders were quickly given by him in consequence; but, notwithstanding these orders, our men did not arrive in time to defend the entrance of the lagune. A battery raised by us at the point of the mole, and directed by the brave Capetto, was only able to offer a feeble resistance, having nothing but guns of small calibre,—badly served, besides, by unskilful artillerymen. There then only remained our three little republican vessels, reduced to half their crews, the rest of the men having been sent on shore, to assist in the passage of the troops. Some, from impossibility, and others because they were quite as well pleased to keep out of the terrible fight that was preparing, in spite of all the orders I sent, did not join us, but left us the whole burden of the contest.

In the mean time, the enemy came down upon us full sail, favoured by both wind and tide. I on my part, hastened therefore to my post on board the *Rio-Pardo*, where already my courageous Anita had commenced the cannonade, pointing and setting fire herself to the piece she had taken upon her to direct, and animating her somewhat intimidated men with her voice.

The fight was terrible, and more sanguinary than might have been expected. We did not lose many men, because more than half the crews were on shore; but, of the six officers distributed among the three vessels, I alone survived.

All our pieces were dismounted—but, when they were so, the fight was maintained with the carbine, and we never ceased firing till the whole of the enemy had passed. During all this time Anita remained close to me, in the post of danger, unwilling to go on shore, taking advantage of no shelter, disdaining even to stoop, as the bravest man will, when he sees the match approach the enemy's cannon. At length, I thought I had found a means of getting her out of the danger. I ordered her—and it required a positive order from

me, accompanied by a hint that if a man were sent he would find a pretext not to return—I ordered her to go and demand a reinforcement of the General, promising that if he would send me that reinforcement I would re-enter the lagune in pursuit of the Imperialists, and would occupy them in such a fashion that they should not think of landing, were I, torch in hand, to set fire to their fleet. I likewise obtained a promise from Anita that she would remain on shore, and would send me the answer by a man she could depend upon; but, to my great regret, she returned herself. The General had no men to send me; he ordered me not to burn the enemy's fleet, which he considered a desperate, useless effort, but to return, saving the hand-arms and the ammunition.

I obeyed. Then, under a fire which was never relaxed for a minute, we succeeded in transporting to land, by the survivors, the arms and ammunition, an operation which, for want of an officer, was directed by Anita, whilst I, passing from one bark to the other, deposited in the most inflammable parts the fire which was to devour them. This was a terrible mission, as it forced me to pass, in a triple review, both the dead and the wounded. It was a veritable *abattoir* of human flesh. I walked over busts separated from bodies, and trampled at every step upon scattered limbs. The commander of the *Itaparilla*, Juan Enriquez de la Saguna, was lying amidst the two-thirds of his crew, with a bullet-hole in his breast big enough to pass an arm through. Poor John Griggs had had, as I have said elsewhere, his body cut in two by a *mitraillade*, fired almost close to him. I asked myself, at the sight of such a spectacle, how it was that, having taken no more care of myself than others had done, I had remained unhurt.

In an instant a cloud of smoke enveloped our vessels, and our brave dead had at least, on the decks of their own barks, a funeral pile lighted that was worthy of them.

Whilst I had accomplished my work of destruction, Anita had accomplished her work of preservation. But after what a fashion,—good God!—in a manner to make me tremble. Perhaps, in transporting the arms to the coast and in her return to the vessels, she made twenty journeys, passing constantly under the enemy's fire. She was in a small boat with two rowers, and the poor devils bent as much as possible to avoid balls and bullets; but she—standing on the poop, amidst the *mitraille*—she appeared erect, calm and proud as a statue of Pallas; and God, who extended his hand over me, at the same time covered her with the shadow of that hand.

It was almost dark night when, having got together the survivors, I regained the rear of our division, in retreat towards Rio-Grande, and following the same route we had followed some months before, with hearts full of hope, and preceded by victory.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON HORSEBACK.

AMIDST the changes of my adventurous existence, I have frequently had pleasant hours, good moments; and although that in which I found myself may not appear at first sight to form part of those which have left me an agreeable remembrance, I recall it, nevertheless, as, if not full of happiness, at least full of emotions. At the head of a few men left of so many combatants who had justly merited the name of brave men, I rode on horseback, proud of the living, proud of the dead, proud, almost, of myself. By my side rode the queen of my soul, the wife worthy of all admiration. I was launched into a career more attractive than that of the navy. Of what consequence was it to me that, like the Greek philosopher, I carried all I had about me, to save a poor republic, which paid nobody, and by which, if she had been rich I would not have been paid? Had I

not a sabre beating against my thigh, a carbine lying across my holsters? Had I not close to me my Anita, my treasure, with a heart burning as warmly as my own in the cause of peoples? Did she not mingle in fights as an amusement, as a simple distraction in camp life? The future smiled serenely and fortunately upon me; and the more wild that these American deserts and solitudes presented themselves to me, the more beautiful, the more delicious they appeared.

We continued our march of retreat as far as Tares, the limit of the two provinces, where we fixed our camp. The enemy was satisfied with having recovered the lagune, and had ceased to pursue us. Combining with the division Andrea, the division Acunah, coming from the province of San-Paolo, directed its course towards Cama-da-Serra, a department of the mountain belonging to the province of Rio-Grande.

The mountaineers, our friends, attacked by superior forces, demanded assistance of General Canavano, and he placed, for their service, an expedition under the command of Colonel Texeira. We formed part of that expedition. Received by the Senameris, commanded by Colonel Aranah, we completely beat the enemy's division at Santa-Vittoria. Acunah was drowned in the river Pelatas, and the major part of his troops remained prisoners. This victory replaced under the commands of the Republic the two departments of Vaccaria and Lages, and we entered the chief place of the latter triumphantly.

The news of the Imperial invasion had roused the Brazilian party, and Mello, its chief enemy, had collected in that province his body of about five hundred horse. General Bento-Manoel, charged with combating him, had not been able to do so on account of his retreat, and had satisfied himself with sending Colonel Portinko in pursuit of Mello, who was directing his course upon St. Paul.

Our position and our forces placed it in our power not only to oppose the passage of Mello, but even to

annihilate him. Fortune forbade it. Colonel Texeira, uncertain whether the enemy was coming by Vaccaria, or by Coritibani, divided his troops into two bodies, sending Colonel Aranah to Vaccaria with his best cavalry, whilst we, with the infantry, and only a few horsemen, taken almost all from among our prisoners, marched towards Coritibani. That was the route the enemy took.

This division of our forces was fatal to us: our recent victory, the ardent character of our leader, and the news we received of the enemy, led us to despise him too much. A march of three days brought us to Coritibani, and we encamped at a small distance from Marcinba, where it was supposed the Imperialists would pass. A post was placed upon the shore, sentinels were planted in spots judged most necessary, and all went comfortably to sleep.

As for me, the experience I had had in these sorts of wars made me sleep with one eye open. Towards midnight, the post on the river was attacked with so much fury as to leave time only to exchange a few shots with the enemy before flying. At the first report I was on foot, crying, "To arms!" At this cry, all were soon on the alert, and ready for action. Shortly after the appearance of day, the enemy appeared, and having passed the river, halted at some distance from us in battle array. Any other but Texeira, on seeing the superiority of the enemy in numbers, would have sent off couriers to call in the aid of the second corps, and, till the junction of Acunah, would have amused his adversary; but the valiant republican feared he would retire, and by his flight deprive him of an opportunity of fighting. He dashed, therefore, into the contest, heeding but little the advantageous position occupied by the enemy.

The Imperialists, profiting by the inequality of the ground, had established their line of battle upon a tolerably elevated hill, in front of which was a deep valley, obstructed by a quantity of bushes; they had,

besides, some platoons of infantry in ambush on their flanks. Texeira commanded the assault, and it was vigorously made. The enemy then pretended to fly. Our men started off eagerly in pursuit without ceasing to fire; but they were all at once attacked by the ambushed platoons, which they had not perceived, and which, taking them in flank, obliged them to repass the valley in disorder. We lost, in this rash skirmish, one of our best officers, Manoel N——, who was much esteemed by our leader. But our line was soon formed again, and returned to the contest with fresh impetuosity; the enemy fell back, and retreated. There were not many killed or wounded on either side, few troops having been engaged.

In the mean time the enemy retired with precipitation, and we pursued them with equal eagerness; but their two lines of cavalry continuing to fly for the space of nine miles, we could not overtake them without infantry. On approaching the *Passa-du Maremba*, the leader of our advanced guard, Major Gracinta, informed the colonel that the enemy were passing their horses and oxen over the river in the greatest confusion, which in his opinion proved that they meant to continue their retreat. Texeira did not hesitate an instant; he ordered our little troop of horse to set off at a gallop, and commanded me to follow them as quickly as I could with my infantry. But this retreat was nothing but a feint on the part of our astute enemy, and unfortunately this feint only succeeded too well. From the inequalities of the ground, and the precipitation with which they had crossed it, the enemy were out of sight, and when arrived at the river, they had, as Major Gracinta had informed us, pushed their horses and oxen across, but the troops had concealed themselves behind the wooded hills, which entirely hid them from our sight.

These measures being taken, and having left a platoon to support their line of tirailleurs, the Imperialists, informed of the imprudence we had committed

in leaving our infantry behind us, made a countermarch, and their squadrons soon appeared ascending the slight acclivity from a valley. Our platoon, which was pursuing the enemy in their feigned retreat, was the first to perceive the snare, without having time to avoid it. Taken in flank, it was completely routed; our three other squadrons of cavalry shared the same fate, and that in spite of the courage and resolution of Texeira and some of our officers from Rio-Grande; in a few minutes our horsemen were broken and scattered about in all directions.

It was, as I have said, upon troops almost all prisoners from the battle of Santa-Vittoria, that we had, perhaps too hastily, reckoned; in fact, they could scarcely be well affected towards our cause; then raw soldiers just come from the province, little accustomed to horse-exercise, they were thrown into confusion at the first charge, and with the exception of a few killed, allowed themselves almost all to be made prisoners. I lost none of the incidents of the catastrophe. Mounted upon a good horse, after having excited my men to march as quickly as possible, I had galloped forward, and from the summit of a hill followed with my eyes the sad results of the fight.

My infantry did all they could to arrive in time, but it was in vain. From the top of my eminence, I judged that it was too late to recover the victory, but still soon enough to prevent all being lost.

I called to me a dozen of the most active and brave of my old companions; they accepted the challengebravely. I left Major Perchetto in command of the rest, and, with this handful of valiant fellows, I took, at the summit of the hill, a position fortified by trees. From thence we made head against the enemy, who perceived they were not yet quite conquerors, and we served as a rallying-point to all such of our men as had not completely lost courage. After performing miracles of courage, the Colonel fell back upon us with a small number of horse; the rest of

the infantry joined us upon that point, and then the defence became terrible and sanguinary.

Strong in our position, and united, to the number of seventy-three, we fought with advantage; the enemy wanting infantry, and unaccustomed to fight with that arm, kept charging us in vain; five hundred excellent cavalry, all boiling with the pride of victory, exhausted themselves before a few resolute men, without being able for an instant to break them. And yet, in spite of this temporary advantage, it would not do to give the enemy time to re-unite their forces, of whom more than half were still employed in pursuing our fugitives; and above all, it was necessary to find a more substantial refuge than that which had hitherto protected us. A belt of trees presented itself at about the distance of a mile. We commenced our retreat, directing our course towards it. In vain the enemy endeavoured to break us; in vain they charged us as often as they found any advantage in the ground—all was of no use.

It was, moreover, in this circumstance a great advantage to us that the officers were armed with carbines; and as we were all disciplined men, all keeping close order, facing the enemy on whichever side they presented themselves, falling back in good order, with a terrible, well-directed fire, we gained our place of refuge, into which the enemy did not dare to penetrate. When once in our thicket, we soon found a clearing, and still in close order, still gun in hand, we awaited the night.

On all sides the enemy kept crying, "Surrender! Surrender!" but we only answered with our silence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RETREAT.

NIGHT being come, we prepared for our departure: our intention was to resume the route to Lages. The greatest difficulty arose from the transporting of the wounded; particularly as Major Perchetto could not assist us in the least, he having been struck by a ball in the foot. Towards ten o'clock in the evening, having made the wounded as comfortable as we could, we began our march, abandoning our belt of trees, and endeavouring to follow the line of the forest. This forest, the largest perhaps in the world, extends from the alluvians of La Plata to those of the Amazon, those two queens of rivers, crowning the crests of the Serra de Espenaso to an extent of thirty-five degrees of latitude. I do not know its extent of longitude, but it must be immense.

The three departments of Cima-da-Serra, of Vaccaria, and Lages are, as I believe I have already said, situated in the clearings of this forest. Caritibani, a kind of colony established by the inhabitants of the city of Caritiba, situated in the district of Lages, a province of St. Catherine, was the theatre of the event I am relating. We kept along the sides, then, of our isolated wood, approaching as near to the forest as possible, and endeavouring to rejoin, in the direction of Lages, the corps of Aranha, which had left us at so ill a time.

On leaving the wood, there happened to us one of those events which prove how much man is the child of circumstances, and what a panic terror can effect even upon the most courageous. We were marching in silence, as our situation required, but prepared to meet our enemies if they opposed our retreat. A horse which happened to be on the skirts of the wood took fright at the little noise we made, and galloped away. A voice was then heard crying, "That is the

enemy!" In an instant, the seventy-three men who had resisted five hundred with so much courage, that it might be said they had conquered them, became terrified and took to flight, dispersing themselves in such a manner that it was a miracle some one of the fugitives did not run against an enemy and give the alarm.

I at length succeeded in getting together a little knot of men, round which by degrees the rest returned, so that at daybreak we were on the verge of the forest, directing our course towards Lages. The enemy, who had no idea of our flight, sought for us in vain on the following day.

On the day of battle the danger had been great, the fatigue enormous, the hunger imperious, the thirst burning; but it was necessary to fight, to fight for our lives, and this idea overpowered all others. But when once in the forest, it was not the same; we were in want of everything, and distress, no longer having the distraction of peril, made itself felt terribly, cruelly, insupportably. The absence of food, the weakness of all, the wounds of some, the want of means to dress them—altogether, were enough to make us despond. We were four days without finding anything but roots; and I renounce the task of painting the fatigue we had in tracing a road through a forest where there does not exist even a footpath, and where nature, with pitiless fecundity, causes, beneath gigantic pines, to spring up and thicken a second forest of reeds, the remains of which in certain parts form insuperable ramparts.

Some of our men deserted in despair; it was an absolute labour to rally them and keep them in order. There was, perhaps, only one resource against this discouragement, and it was I who discovered it. I assembled them and told them that I gave them all liberty to depart, and each to go wherever he pleased, or to continue to march united and in a body, protecting the wounded, and defending each other. The

remedy was efficacious; from that moment, every one being at liberty to depart, no one dreamt of deserting, and the confidence of safety was restored to all. Five days after the battle we found a *pecada*, a path of the width of a man, rarely of two, traced in the forest. This path conducted us to a house, where we appeased our hunger by slaughtering two oxen.

From thence we pursued our route towards Lages, at which place we arrived in a frightful day of rain.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOJOURN AT LAGES, AND IN ITS ENVIRONS.

THAT good country of Lages, which had made so much of us when we were victorious, at the news of our defeat changed its flag, and some of the most resolute had re-established the Imperial system. These took flight on our arrival, and as they were traders, most part of them had left their magazines, furnished with all sorts of things. This was providential for us, for we thought ourselves entitled, without remorse, to appropriate to ourselves the goods of our enemies, and thanks to the variety of trades they exercised, our condition was very much ameliorated.

In the meantime, Texeira wrote to Aranha, ordering him to join us, and he had about that period news of the arrival of Colonel Portinko, who had been sent by Bento-Manoel to follow that same corps of Mello so unfortunately met with by us at Caritibani.

I have served in America the cause of peoples, and I have sincerely served it; I was therefore the adversary of absolutism there as in Europe. A lover of the system in harmony with my opinion, and consequently an enemy of the opposite system, I have sometimes admired men—I have often pitied them—I have never hated them. When I have found them selfish and wicked, I have placed their wickedness and

their selfishness to the account of our unfortunate nature. As I have left the theatre where the events passed which I am relating; as I am, at the moment I write, two thousand leagues from it, my impartiality may be believed. Well, I speak for my friends as for my enemies; these children of the American Continent against whom I fought were intrepid men, but they in whose ranks I had taken my place were not less intrepid.

It was, then, a bold enterprise for us to stop and defend Lages against an enemy ten times our superior in numbers, and whose confidence was doubled by recent victory. Separated from him by the river Canoas, which we could not sufficiently fortify to defend it, we waited long and tedious days for the junction of Aranha and Portinko, and during all that time the enemy were held in check by a handful of men. As soon as reinforcements arrived, we marched resolutely towards them; but this time it was they who declined the combat, and who fell back upon the neighbouring province of San-Paolo, where they hoped to find powerful assistance.

It was in this circumstance that I verified the defects and vices with which the republican armies are generally reproached. These armies are composed of men for the most part full of patriotism and courage, who only choose to remain under their colours whilst the enemy threatens, and depart and abandon them when he disappears. This vice was almost our ruin; this defect was near causing our destruction; in the circumstance, an enemy better informed might have annihilated us by profiting by it.

The Seiranians gave the example of abandoning their ranks; Portinko's men followed them. Be it observed, that the deserters not only took away their own horses, but those of the division, so that our strength melted away from day to day with such rapidity that we were soon obliged to abandon Lages, and retire towards the province of Rio-Grande, dread-

ing the presence of that enemy who had been forced to fly before us, and whose flight had conquered us.

Let this serve as an example to people who wish to be free; let them learn that it is not with flowers, fêtes, and illuminations that the warlike, disciplined soldiers of a despotism are fought, but with soldiers still more warlike and more disciplined than they are. Let them not, then, undertake this rude task who are not capable of rendering a people warlike and disciplined, after having roused them. There are also peoples who are not worth the trouble of rousing—the gangrene is not curable.

The rest of our forces, thus diminished, when we were short of everything most necessary, particularly clothes—a terrible privation at the approach of the dark and rough winter of these elevated regions,—the rest of our forces, I said, began to be demoralized, and to demand in a loud voice to be permitted to go to their homes. Texeira was therefore obliged to yield to this exigence, and ordered me to descend from the mountains and join the army, preparing on his part to do the same. This retreat was painful, both on account of the difficulties of the roads and of the concealed hostilities of the inhabitants of the forest, bitter enemies of the Republic.

To the number, then, of seventy or thereabouts, we descended the *Picadà di Peloffo*. I have already said what a picadà was, and we had to encounter unforeseen and reiterated ambuscades, which we got through with astonishing good fortune, thanks to the resolution of the men I led, and a little to the boundless confidence which I in general inspire in those I command. The path we followed was scarcely wide enough to allow two men to pass abreast, and was on all sides surrounded by maquis. The enemy, born in that country, acquainted with all the localities, formed their ambuscades in the most favourable places; then they surrounded us, rising up suddenly with furious cries, whilst a circle of flame was lighted and crackled

around us, without our being able to see the men who fired, fortunately more noisily than skilfully. But the admirable firmness of my men and their union in danger were such, that only a few were slightly wounded, and we had but one horse killed.

These events truly recall to my mind the enchanted forests of Tasso, where every tree was a living being, and had a voice and blood.

We joined the head-quarters at Mala Cosa, where Bento-Gonzales then was, uniting in his own person the functions of president and general-in-chief.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BATTLE OF TAQUARE.

The republican army was preparing to march. As to the enemy, since the last battle of Rio-Pardo they had recruited at Porto-Allegro, left that place under the orders of the old General Georgio, and established their camp on the banks of the Cahé, awaiting the junction of General Calderon, who, with an imposing body of cavalry had set out from Rio Grande, and was to join him by crossing the country.

The great inconvenience I have before noticed of the dispersion of the Republican troops when no longer face to face with the enemy, gave the latter a facility in all they wished to undertake; so that at the moment when General Netto, who commanded the forces of the campaign, had got together a sufficient number of men to fight Calderon's, the latter had already joined the Imperial army on the Cahé.

It was indispensable that the President should unite with the division of Netto, if he wished to be in a condition to fight the enemy: and it was for this reason he raised the siege. This manœuvre and the junction which followed had a happy result, and did great honour to the military capacity of Bento-Gonzales. We set out with the army of Mala-Casa, taking the

direction of San Leopoldo, passing within two miles of the enemy's army. After a continual march of two days and two nights, during which we were almost without food or drink, we arrived in the neighbourhood of Taqnarè, where we fell in with General Netto, who was coming to meet us.

When I said almost without food or drink, I spoke the truth. As soon as the enemy learnt our movements, they marched resolutely upon us, and often came up with and attacked us whilst we were reposing for an instant, or were occupied in roasting the meat which was our only nourishment. Now, at least ten times, when our meat was done to a turn, the sentinels cried "To arms!" and we were obliged to fight instead of breakfasting or dining. At length we halted at Pinhurinho, six miles from Taquarè, and all made preparations for battle.

The republican army, of a thousand infantry and five hundred horse, occupied the heights of Pinhurinho, a mountain covered with pines, as its name indicates; not very lofty, but yet dominating the neighbouring mountains. The infantry was in the centre, commanded by the old colonel Crezunzio. The right wing obeyed General Netto, and the left wing General Canavano. The two wings, then, were composed entirely of cavalry, beyond contradiction the best in the world. The infantry also was excellent. The eagerness to come to blows was general. Colonel San-Antonio formed the reserve with a body of cavalry.

The enemy on their side had four thousand foot, and, it was said, three thousand horse and some pieces of cannon; their position was taken on the other side of a little torrent which separated us, and their aspect was far from being contemptible. Their army was composed of the best troops of the empire, commanded by an old and experienced general.

Up to this point the enemy had marched warmly in pursuit of us, and had taken all the dispositions for a regular attack. Two pieces of cannon, planted upon

their side of the torrent, poured their fire upon our line of cavalry. Already the valiant first brigade, under the orders of Netto, had drawn their sabres from their sheaths, and only awaited the sound of the trumpet to dash at the two battalions which had crossed the torrent. These brave Continentals were confident of victory, they and Netto having never been beaten. The infantry, échelonned in divisions at the summit of the hill, and covered by a rise in the ground, trembled with anxiety to engage. Already the terrible lancers of Canavano had made a movement forward, enveloping the right flank of the enemy, forced by them to change their front, which change was made in disorder.

A true forest of lances was that incomparable corps, almost totally composed of slaves liberated by the Republic, and chosen from amongst the best horse-tamers of the province; all were black, except the superior officers. Never had an enemy seen the shoulders of these children of liberty. Their lances exceeding the ordinary measure of that arm; their swarthy faces, their robust limbs rendered still stronger by their sharp and fatiguing exercises; their perfect discipline—altogether made them the terror of the enemy.

Already the animating voice of our leader had vibrated in every breast: "Let every man fight to-day as if he had four bodies to defend his country and four hearts to love her!" said the valiant man who had all the qualities of a great captain—except good fortune.

As for me, my heart, so to say, felt the palpitations of battle, and was inundated with the confidence of victory. Never was a day more beautiful, never had a more magnificent spectacle presented itself to my eyes. Placed in the centre of our infantry, at the extreme summit of the hill, I could see all—field of battle and double army. The plains upon which the murderous game of war was being played were strewed

with low and few plants, offering no obstacle to strategic movements or to the eye that followed them; and I could say that at my feet, beneath me, in a few minutes, would be decided the destinies of the greater part of the American continent, perhaps even of the greatest empire in the world.

Will there be a people or not? That corps so compact, so well soldered to one another, are they about to be defeated and dispersed? In an instant, are not all these about to become carcases and mangled members detached from the bodies, floating in blood? Is all this beautiful and living youth about to fatten with its fragments these magnificent plains? On, then! sound trumpets, thunder cannon, roar battle! and let all be decided, as at Zama, as at Pharsalia, as at Actium!

But no; it was not to be thus: this plain was not to be one of carnage. The enemy's general, intimidated by our strong position and our firm aspect, hesitated, made his two battalions repass the torrent, and, from the offensive, which he had taken, fell back upon the defensive. General Calderon had been killed at the commencement of the attack, and thence perhaps arose the hesitation of Georgio. From the moment when he ceased to attack us, ought we not to attack him? Such was the opinion of the majority. Should we have done rightly? The fight commencing in the primitive conditions, and with our admirable position, all the chances were in our favour. But by abandoning this position, to follow an enemy more than four times as strong as ourselves in infantry, the fight must be carried to the other side of the torrent. That was perilous, though tempting. In fact, we did not fight, or we fought but little, and we passed the whole day in face of each other, satisfying ourselves with skirmishes.

In our army meat was short, and the foot soldiers were particularly hungry; perhaps thirst was still more insupportable than hunger; there was no water to be found anywhere but in the torrent, and that was in possession of the enemy. But our troops were broken

in to all sorts of privations, and one complaint alone issued from the mouths of men dying with hunger and thirst—that of not fighting. Oh, Italians! Italians! on the day when you shall be united, sober and patient under fatigue as these men of the American continent, the foreigner, be assured, will no longer trample your soil under foot, or degrade your hearth by his presence! On that day, oh Italians! Italy will have resumed its place, not only among nations, but at head of the nations of the universe.

During the night old General Georgio had disappeared, and when daylight came we sought in vain for the enemy; when the fog, however, had cleared off, we saw them again in the strong positions of Taquarè. We were shortly after informed that their cavalry was crossing the river. The Imperialists, then, were in full retreat; they must be attacked, and our general did not hesitate.

The enemy's cavalry had crossed the river, assisted by some boats; but their infantry remained entirely on the left side, protected by those same boats and by the forest. Their position was one of the most advantageous possible. Our second brigade of infantry, composed of the third and the twentieth battalions, were ordered to commence the attack. They effected it with all the bravery they were capable of. But the enemy were numerically so superior to these brave fellows, that after having performed prodigies of valour, they were forced to retreat, supported by the first brigade, the first battalion of artillery—without cannon—and the marine. The fight was terrible, particularly in the forest, where the noise of the shots and the breaking of trees seemed, amidst the cloud of smoke, like an infernal tempest.

There were not less than five hundred killed and wounded on each side. The bodies of our brave republicans were found on the very edge of the river, whither they had repulsed and almost precipitated their enemies into the current. Unfortunately these losses produced

no results proportioned to their importance ; since, the second brigade being in retreat, the fight was suspended. In this state of things night came on, and the enemy were enabled to cross the river.

Amongst his brilliant qualities, to which I believe I have done justice, I must notice some of the defects of General Bento-Gonzales : the most deplorable among them was a degree of hesitation, the probable cause of the disastrous issues of his operations. It would have been better if, instead of risking these five hundred men, so inferior in numbers to the body they had to attack, he had led against the enemy, not only all our foot, but even our cavalry dismounted ; as from the nature of the ground they were unable to fight in their usual manner. Such a manœuvre would no doubt have procured us a splendid victory, if, making the enemy lose ground, we could have driven them into the river ; but unfortunately the general was afraid to risk all his infantry—all he could have—all the Republic could have.

As it was, the result to us was an irreparable loss, not knowing how to replace our brave foot-soldiers, whereas, on the contrary, the infantry constituted the principal strength of the enemy, and numerous recruits immediately filled up the vacancies in their ranks.

The enemy, in conclusion, remained upon the right bank of the river Taquarè, and consequently masters of all the country. As for us, we resumed the route to Mala-Casa.

All these false manœuvres rendered the situation of the Republic worse. We came back to San Leopoldo and Settembrina, and at length to our old camp of Mala-Casa, abandoned, at the end of a few days, for that of Bella-Vista.

An operation conceived about this time by the General might have replaced us in an excellent position, if fortune had, as she ought to have done, seconded the efforts of this man, who was as unfortunate as he was superior.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ASSAULT OF SAN JOSÉ OF THE NORTH.

The enemy, to be in a state to make their incursions into the country, had been forced to draw their infantry from their fortified places. San José of the North had been particularly weakened.

This place, situated on the northern shore of the mouth of the lake Los Pates, was one of the keys of the province, commercially as well as politically. The possession of it might have changed the face of things for the Republicans, at this moment so gloomy. The capture of it became more than useful—it was necessary. The city contained objects of all kinds indispensable for the clothing of soldiers, and of which ours were at that time deplorably in want. Now, not only on this account, and its dominating importance as being the only port in the province, San José of the North deserved any sacrifices to be made for obtaining it, but still further from its being on that side alone that the *atalaga*—that is to say, the signal-mast of vessels, which indicates to them the depth of the waters at the mouth—were found.

The same thing, unfortunately, happened in this expedition as had happened at Taquari. Conducted with admirable skill and profound secrecy, the fruit of all was lost by hesitating to strike the last blow.

A persevering march of eight days, twenty-five miles per day, brought us beneath the walls of the place. It was one of those winter nights in which shelter and fire are blessings of Providence, and our poor soldiers of liberty, hungry, clothed in rags, their limbs stiffened by cold, their bodies chilled by the rain of a frightful tempest—our companion during the greater part of the march—advanced in silence against forts and trenches filled with sentinels.

The horses of the leaders were left, at a short distance from the walls, under the guard of a squadron of

cavalry, commanded by Colonel Amaral; and every one, collecting his remaining strength, prepared himself for the fight. The "Who goes there?" of the sentinel was the signal for assault. The resistance was weak and of short duration upon the walls, the guns of the fort scarcely firing at all. At half-past one in the morning we gave the assault; at two, we had won the trenches and the three or four forts which defended them, and which were taken at the point of the bayonet.

Masters of all the trenches, masters of the forts, entered in the city, it appeared impossible it should escape us. Well, again that which seemed impossible was reserved for us. When once within the walls, when once in the streets of San José, our soldiers fancied all was done. The greater part of them dispersed, attracted by the bait of plunder. In the meantime, the Imperialists, recovered from their surprise, got together again in a fortified quarter of the city. We attacked them there, but they repulsed us. Our leaders sought everywhere for the soldiers to renew the attack, but they sought in vain; or, if they did fall in with a few of them, they were loaded with booty, or drunk, or with their guns broken or injured by driving in the doors of houses.

The enemy, on their side, lost no time. Several vessels of war that were in the port took a position, raking with their guns the streets in which we were. They applied for succour to Rio-Grande of the South, a city situated on the opposite shore of the mouth of Los Patos, whilst a single fort, which we had neglected to occupy, served them as a place of refuge. The principal of all the forts—that of the Emperor—which had cost us a glorious and murderous assault, was rendered useless by a terrible explosion of the powder-magazine, which killed a considerable number of our men. In fine, the most glorious triumph was changed, towards mid-day, into a most shameful retreat, the bravest

weeping with rage and despair. Comparatively with our situation and our efforts, our loss was immense.

From that moment our infantry was but a skeleton. As for the small body of cavalry which had come with the expedition, it was of some service in protecting our retreat. The division returned to their quarters at Bella Vesta, and I remained at St. Simon with the marino. My troop was reduced to forty, officers and soldiers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANITA.

THE motive of my departure for St. Simon had for its object, if not for its result, to superintend the building of some of those canoes, made of a single tree, by means of which I wished to open communications with another part of the lake. But during several months that I remained there no trees appeared, and consequently no part of our project could be accomplished. The result was that, holding idleness in horror, as I could not occupy myself in boat-building, I busied myself with horses. There were at St. Simon a large number of colts, and with these I made horsemen of my sailors.

St. Simon was a beautiful and very spacious farm, although then abandoned and partly destroyed. It belonged to a Count de St. Simon, formerly an exile, I believe, whose heirs were likewise exiled as enemies to the Republic. I do not know whether he was in any way connected with the famous Count de St. Simon, the founder of that religion whose adepts had initiated me in cosmopolitanism and universal fraternity.

But, for the moment, as these St. Simons were our enemies, we treated their farm as fair conquest; that is to say, we took possession of the buildings to make quarters of them, and of the cattle for food. As

to our recreations, they consisted in breaking our colts, or rather the colts of Messieurs de St. Simon.

It was there my dear Anita presented me with our first-born. Instead of giving him the name of a saint, I gave him that of a martyr; he was called Menotti. He was born on the 16th of September, 1840. His coming into the world without accident was a real miracle, after the privations and dangers suffered by his mother. These privations and sufferings, of which I have not spoken, to avoid interrupting my narrative, must find a place at the point at which we have arrived; and it is for me an act of piety to make known—if not to the world, at least to the few friends who will read this journal*—the admirable creature I have lost.

Anita, as usual, had insisted upon accompanying me in the campaign we had just made, and which I have described. It may be remembered that, united with Seiranians, commanded by Colonel Oranah, we beat at Santa Vittoria, Brigadier Acunah in such a fashion that the enemy's division was completely destroyed. During this fight Anita remained on horseback amidst the fire, spectatress of our victory and of the defeat of the Imperialists. She was that day a Providence for our wounded, who, as we had neither surgeons nor ambulances, were dressed by ourselves, to the best of our ability. This victory replaced, for a moment at least, the three departments of Lages, Vaccaria, and Cima da Serra under the authority of the Republic; and I have already related how, at the end of a few days, we entered triumphantly into Lages.

But it was not the same with the fight of Caritibani, I have related how, notwithstanding the courage of Taxeira, our cavalry was broken, and how, with my sixty-three foot soldiers, I was surrounded by more than five hundred of the enemy's cavalry. Anita on that day witnessed some of the most melancholy inci-

* It is useless to repeat, that this journal was only written for friends, and that it required the most earnest entreaties to induce Galibaldi to confide it to me.

dents of war. Submitting with regret to the part of a simple spectatress of the fight, she urged on the supply of ammunition, fearing the combatants would want cartridges. The fire we kept up, indeed, gave her reason to fear that if our ammunition were not speedily recruited, it would be exhausted. With this object she was approaching the principal place of the fight, when a score of the enemy's horse, pursuing some of our fugitives, fell upon our soldiers of the train. An excellent horsewoman, and mounted upon a superior horse, Anita might have fled and escaped them; but her woman's breast contained the heart of a hero. Instead of flying, she excited the soldiers to defend themselves, and was suddenly surrounded by the Imperialists. A man would have surrendered; but she, clapping spurs to her horse, and with a vigorous spring, passed through the enemy, receiving only one ball through her hat, which carried away some of her hair without even grazing her skull. She might perhaps have saved herself if her horse had not fallen, struck dead by another ball. She was obliged to surrender, and was presented to the enemy's colonel.

Sublime in courage amidst danger, Anita became still greater, if possible, in adversity, so that in presence of this staff, astonished at her courage, but which had not the good taste to conceal the triumph of victory before a woman, she replied with rough and disdainful haughtiness to some words which appeared to her to express contempt for the conquered Republicans, and fought as vigorously with her tongue as she had with arms.

Anita believed that I was killed. In this belief she requested and obtained permission to seek my body among the slain on the field of battle. For a length of time she wandered like a ghost about the ensanguined plain, seeking for what she dreaded to find, turning over the dead who had fallen with their faces towards the earth, and who, by their clothes or figure, she thought bore any resemblance to me.

The search was useless; it was for me, on the contrary, that fate reserved the anguish of bathing with my tears her icy cheeks; and when I had endured that supreme agony, I was unable to cast a handful of earth or a few flowers upon the grave of the mother of my sons!

As soon as she felt convinced I still lived, Anita had but one thought, and that was to escape. An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Profiting by the intoxication of the victorious enemy, she passed into the house adjoining that in which she was kept prisoner, and where, without knowing her, a woman received and protected her. My cloak, which I had thrown off to give more freedom to my motions, had fallen into the hands of an enemy; she exchanged it for hers, which was handsomer and of greater value. Night came, Anita darted out into the forest, and disappeared. It required the heart at once of the lion and the gazelle, of this noble creature to risk herself thus. Only he who has beheld the immense forests which cover the summits of l'Espenano, with their secular pines, which seem destined to support the heavens, and which are the columns of that splendid temple of nature, the gigantic reeds which people the intervals of them, and which harbour ferocious animals and reptiles whose sting is death—only he can form an idea of the dangers she had to encounter, of the difficulties she had to surmount. Fortunately, the daughter of the American *steppes* knew not what fear was. It was twenty leagues from Caritibani to Lages, and that through impenetrable woods, alone, and without food! How did she do it? God knows!

The few inhabitants of that part of the country that she might meet with were hostile to the Republicans, and as soon as they heard of our defeat, they armed and laid ambushes at several points, particularly in the picadas which the fugitives would take in the direction of Lages from Caritibani. In the *cabaceas*,

that is to say, in the almost impracticable parts of these paths, there was a frightful carnage of our unfortunate companions. Anita traversed these dangerous places by night, and whether it was her good star, or the admirable resolution with which she passed them, her appearance always made these assassins take to flight—they fled, they said, pursued by a mysterious being!

In fact, it was a strange thing to see: this valiant woman mounted upon a fiery courser, which she had asked for and obtained in a house where she had sought hospitality, and that during a tempestuous night, rushing along at full gallop, over rocks, by the flashing of the lightning and amidst the noise of thunder; for such really was that unfortunate night. Four horsemen, placed at the passage of the river Canoas, fled away at the sight of this vision, concealing themselves behind the bushes on the banks. In the meantime, Anita herself arrived on the edge of the torrent; the torrent, swelled by rains, doubled by the rivulets descending from the mountains, had become a flood; and yet she crossed this furious flood, not, as she had done some days before, in a good boat, but swimming, and clinging to the mane of her horse, which she encouraged with her voice.

The stream rushed growling on, not in a narrow space, but over an extent of five hundred paces. Well, she gained the other bank safe and sound! One cup of coffee, swallowed in haste at Lages, was all this intrepid traveller took during the space of four days, which it required to regain the corps of Colonel Aranha, at Vaccaria. There Anita and I met again, after a separation of a week, during which we had thought each other dead. Our joy may be imagined.

Well, a still greater joy awaited me the day on which my Anita, on the peninsula which closes the lagune of Los Pates on the side of the Atlantic, presented me, in a rancho, where she had received the most generous hospitality, with our dearly beloved

Menotti. The child was born with a cicatrice on his head, which had been produced by the fall from her horse which his mother had had.

And let me here once more renew my thanks to the excellent people who afforded us hospitality; I shall preserve for them, they may be assured, an eternal gratitude. In the camp, where we were in want of the most necessary things, and where I should not certainly have found a handkerchief to give to the poor mother, she might not have triumphed at that trying moment, when woman stands in need of all her own strength and the care of others.

I nevertheless determined, to add to the comforts of my darlings, for they still wanted much, to make a little journey to Settembrina, and buy some clothes. I had some good friends there, and among them an excellent one, named Blengini. I set off, then, across inundated fields, where I had the water up to my horse's belly. I passed through a formerly cultivated farm, named the Rossa-Velha, where I met with Massimo, a captain of Lancers, who received me cordially. He was in that excellent winter quarters, charged with the care of the horses.

I arrived there in the evening, amidst a torrent of rain, and the second day proving no better, the good captain did all in his power to detain me. But I had the object I had started for too much at heart to allow me to loiter on my road, and in spite of the remonstrances of my good friend, I resumed my route amidst rains which resembled a lake. At the distance of a few miles I heard a warm firing in the direction I had come; some painful suspicions arose in my breast, but I could not return.

I arrived, then, at Settembrina, where I bought the few necessaries I wanted; after which, still anxious about the firing I had heard, I set off on my return to St. Simon. On repassing the Rossa-Velha, I learnt the cause of the reports I had heard, and the sad event which had happened the very day of my departure.

Moringue—the same who surprised me at Camacua, and whom, with my fourteen men, I had forced to beat a retreat with a broken army—Moringue had surprised Captain Massemo, all his men, and all his quadrupeds, the major part horses; the best of them had been embarked, the rest killed. Moringue had effected this surprise with vessels of war and infantry; after which, having re-embarked his soldiers, he, with his cavalry, directed his course towards Rio-Grande of the north, terrifying in his passage all the little republican parties, which, believing themselves in safety, were scattered about the territory. Among them were my handful of sailors, who were forced to take refuge in the forest. My first cry, it may well be believed, was, "Anita! what is become of Anita?"

Anita, the twelfth day after her confinement, in a frightful tempest, had got on horseback, half naked, with her poor babe across her saddle, and had been obliged to seek refuge in the forest. I did not, therefore, find either Anita or the good people who had given us their hospitality in the rancho; but I joined them on the verge of a wood, where they had stopped, not knowing exactly where the enemy was, or what they had to fear.

We returned to St. Simon, and remained there some time longer; from thence we changed our camp, and established it on the left bank of the Capivari—that is to say, the same river where, a year before, we worked so hard to transport our vessels on cars for the expedition to St. Catherine which had so ill succeeded. Alas! there my heart had beaten, swelled with hopes which had sadly vanished. The Capivari is formed of different rivulets escaped from the numerous lakes which stud the northern part of the province of Rio-Grande on the sea coasts, and on the eastern declivity of the chain of L'Espinano. It takes its name from the Capinara, a species of reeds very common in North America, and which in the colonies are called *capineers*.

From Capivari and Sangrados-do-Abreu, a canal which

serves as a communication between a marsh and a lake, on which we had, with infinite trouble, got together a few canoes, we made several voyages to the western coast of the lake, establishing communications between the two shores, and transporting *della gente.**

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RAISING THE SIEGE—ROSSETTI.

In the meanwhile, the situation of the Republican army was becoming worse daily; its wants grew greater—its resources less. The two fights of Iaquasi and San Jose of the North had decimated the infantry, which, although few in numbers, were the nerve of the operations of the siege. Extreme wants created desertion; the populations, as it happens in wars too prolonged, grew tired; the malady of indifference, the worst of all, seized them, and on all sides it was felt the moment was come to put an end to it.

In this state of things, the Imperialists made proposals of accommodation, which, although relatively advantageous for the Republicans, were refused by them. This refusal augmented the discontent of the most unfortunate party, and consequently the most tired in the army and the people; in short, it was decided that the siege should be abandoned, and that they should retire.

The Canavarro division, of which the sailors formed a part, was chosen to commence the movement, and open the passages of the siera, occupied by General Labattue, a Frenchman in the service of the Emperor. Bento-Gonzales, with the rest of the army, was to

* Let me be permitted to employ the Italian expression, which has no equivalent in French; *della gente* means everything—men, women, children, travellers, merchants, flaneurs, &c. &c.—A. DUMAS.

I have retained the expression for the same reason; we have no equivalent in English.—T.

march after us, and would form the rear-guard. The Republican garrison of Settembrina was to follow and march last; but it could not execute the movement; surprised by the famous Moringue, the city was carried.

And there my dear Rossetti was killed. After performing prodigies of valour, falling from his horse desperately wounded, and summoned to surrender, he had preferred being killed to giving up his sword.

Another sharp pang for my heart. I have often spoken of Rossetti; the reader knows how I loved him; let me be permitted, then, however insufficient may be my pen, to say to Italy what I have already so often said.

"Oh, Italy! my mother, we have just lost, I one of my dearest brothers, and thou one of thy most generous sons!"

He was born at Genoa. He had, by parents little acquainted with his character, been destined for the Church; he was one of the warmest Italian patriots I have ever known. Inclined for a life of adventure, he could not breathe in Italy, but set out for Rio-de-Janeiro, where sometimes he carried on trade, and sometimes acted as a commercial agent for others. But Rossetti was not born to be a merchant; he was an exotic plant, thriving badly on the land of agio and calculation. It was not that Rossetti was not endowed with a keen and penetrating understanding, capable of enriching itself with all kinds of knowledge, (for, certes, in everything he might aspire to the first rank), but Rossetti was the most Italian of all Italians, that is to say, the most generous and the most prodigal of men. Now, with such commercial vices men do not make fortunes, but they march with giant steps towards ruin. And so it was with Rossetti.

Kind to everybody, his house was open to all, particularly unfortunate Italians. He did not wait for the proscribed to find him out, he went to seek them: thus his own resources were soon at an end. Unfortunate himself, his angelic heart could not see an Italian suffer; if he could not aid him with his purse, he made

him wait in his poor cabin whilst he traversed the streets of the city, and never returned without bringing back succour for him or them who awaited him. It is true that his goodness, his frankness, his loyalty, had made him the friend of everybody, and that in these pious errands all assisted him with pleasure.

The battle of Tarifa took place; the Republicans were there beaten by the Imperialists; Bento-Gonzales and his principal officers were made prisoners, and conveyed to Rio-de-Janeiro. Among these was one Captain Zambeccari, and we knew him, as I have related, in the prisons of Santa Cruz. Cruising was then talked of, and we were to have letters of marque; and from that time Rossetti and I were never at rest till we were launched upon the immensity of the ocean under the Republican banner. Rossetti took charge of everything, and succeeded in carrying out our wishes.

The rest is known, for from that moment the reader has not lost sight of us. Alas! there is no corner of the earth in which the bones of a generous Italian do not sleep! And this is why Italy can never rejoice, but, on the contrary, should clothe herself with mourning. Oh, poor Italy! thou wilt truly feel their absence on the day when thou shalt endeavour to tear thy dead body from the ravens which devour thee.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LA PICADA DAS ANTAS.

This retreat, undertaken in the winter season, across a mountainous country and through incessant rain, was the most terrible and disastrous I have ever seen. We took with us, as our only provision, some cows in leash, knowing beforehand that we should find no animal fit for food on the route we were about to take.

Whilst retreating ourselves, we pursued the division of General Labattue, but were never able to come up

with him ; only the Selvagians or inhabitants of the forest, showing their sympathy for us, attacked his vanguard. We saw these children of nature closely, and they were not at all hostile towards us.

Anita during this retreat of three months suffered all that can be humanly suffered without yielding up life. Ah ! all ! yes, she supported all with inexpressible stoicism and courage.

It is necessary to be acquainted with the forests of this part of Brazil to form an idea of the privations endured by a troop without means of transport, whose only resource for provisions is the lasso, a very useful arm in plains covered with cattle or large game, but perfectly useless in thick forests, the abode of tigers and lions.

As a crown to our misfortunes, the rivers, which are very near together in these virgin forests, became swollen beyond measure. The frightful rain which pursued us never ceasing to fall, it resulted that often a part of our troops found themselves imprisoned between two watercourses, and remained there destitute of food. Then hunger performed its work, particularly among the women and children ; it was a more lamentable carnage than could have been made by balls or bayonets.

Our poor infantry were a prey to sufferings and privations that are not to be described ; for they had not, as the cavalry had, the resource of eating their horses. Few of the women, and still fewer of the childen, got through the forest. The few who did escape were saved by the horsemen, who, having had the good fortune to keep their horses, took pity on the poor little creatures left by their dead mothers, or dying with hunger, fatigue, and cold.

Anita shuddered at the idea of losing our Menetti, whom we really saved only by a miracle. At the most dangerous passages of our route and in crossing rivers, I carried the poor child, three months old, suspended from my neck by a handkerchief, and by that means I could warm him with my breath. Of a dozen

animals, either horses or mules, which had entered the forest with me for my own service or that of my people, I had only two mules and two horses left; the rest had either died from hunger or sunk under fatigue. To complete our misfortunes, the guides had lost the road; and this was the principal cause of our sufferings in this terrible forest *das Antas*.*

The further we went the further we seemed from the end of this accursed picada. I remained behind with two terribly tired mules, which I hoped to save, by allowing them to advance step by step, and by feeding them with the leaves of taquara, reeds from which the Taquari has borrowed its name. In the meantime I sent Anita forward with a servant and the child, that they might seek an issue from this interminable forest and endeavour to procure some food.

The two horses which I had left to Anita, ridden alternately by that courageous woman, saved us all. She at length found an end to the forest, and at that end a piquet of my brave soldiers with a lighted fire, a very uncommon thing in such a rain.

My companions, who, fortunately, had saved some woollen vestments, wrapped the child in them, warmed it and restored it to life, when the poor mother had already begun to despair of it. This was not all; these excellent creatures set to work to seek with a tender solicitude, which they could not have felt for themselves, for food of some kind, with which, for the love of me, they nourished and revived the mother and child. He who brought them the first and most efficacious assistance was called Mangio: be his name ever blessed!

I had taken useless pains to save my two mules; I finished by being obliged to abandon both the poor broken-winded, foundered animals, and greatly weakened myself, I traversed the rest of the road out of the forest

* The Anta is an animal of the height of an ass, perfectly inoffensive, whose flesh is delicious. Various elegant works are made with its skin. I have never seen it.—*Note by the Author.*

on foot. The same day I found my wife and child, and learnt all that my companions had done for them.

Nine days after our entrance into the forest, scarcely did the tail of our division issue from it. Few of our officers had succeeded in saving their horses. The enemy who preceded us, in their flight before us, had left two pieces of cannon in the picada; but we scarcely bestowed a look upon them as we passed. We had no means of transporting them, and, I have no doubt, they still remain where I saw them.

The tempests seemed confined to the forest; for scarcely had we left it, than, as we drew near to Amarda-Serra and Vaccaria, we had fine weather, and fell in with some oxen which indemnified us for our long fast, and made us forget hunger, fatigue, and rain.

We remained in the department of Vaccaria for a few days awaiting the division of Bento-Gonzales, which joined us in disorder, and diminished by a third. This was owing to the indefatigable Moringue, who, informed of the retreat of this division, had set out in pursuit of its rear-guard, followed it up without relaxation, attacking it on all occasions, and allying himself, for this work of destruction, with the mountaineers, always hostile to the Republicans. All this gave Labattue time to make his retreat and then his junction with the Imperial army. But when he did effect this junction, he had but a few hundred men left; the same inconveniences which had existed for us had existed for him. The enemy had, besides, an unforeseen obstacle to surmount, and which I note on account of its strangeness.

General Labattue having, in his road, to traverse two woods called *di Mattes*, there fell in with some of those indigenous tribes known under the name of Bugrés, which are the most savage of any in Brazil. These tribes, hearing of the passage of the Imperialists, assailed them in three or four ambuscades, and did them all the ill in their power. As to us, they did not interfere with us the least in the world, and though

there were, in our road, many of those traps which Indians lay beneath the feet of their enemies, instead of being concealed under grass and boughs, all were exposed, and consequently not dangerous.

During the short halt we made upon the edge of one of these gigantic woods, we saw a woman issue from it who, in her youth, had been carried off by the savages, and who had taken advantage of our being there to escape from them. The poor creature was in a deplorable condition.

As we had no longer an enemy to fly from or pursue in these elevated regions, we continued our march, by short stages, it is true, for we were completely destitute of horses, and were obliged to tame colts as we passed along. The corps of Republican lancers being entirely dismounted, were obliged to avail themselves of nothing but colts.

It was really a splendid sight, ever fresh though repeated daily, to see these young and robust blacks, each of whom merited the epithet of "tamer of horses," given by Virgil to Pelops—to see them leaping upon the backs of these wild children of the steppes, ignorant of the bit, the saddle, or the spur, clinging to their manes, and rushing with them across the plain, until the quadruped, yielding to man, was conquered. But the struggle was long, the animal did not give up till after he had exhausted all his efforts to get rid of his tyrant; the man, on his side, admirable in address, strength, and courage, clung to all his movements, clasping him with his legs as with a vice, bounding with him, rolling over with him, rising again with him, never separating himself from him, till, streaming with sweat, white with foam, trembling in his limbs, the horse was tamed: Three days were sufficient for a good horse tamer to make the most rebellious animal submissive to the bit. But colts are seldom thoroughly tamed by soldiers, particularly on the march, when too many other occupations prevent the tamers from giving them all the care necessary.

Having passed the Mattes, we crossed the province of Missiones, directing our course towards Cruz Alta, the chief place of that little province; then, from Cruz Alta, we marched towards St. Gabriel, where the head quarters were established, and where barracks were built for the encampment of the army.

Six years of this life of adventures and dangers had not so much fatigued me whilst I was alone; but now that I had a little family, the separation from all my old acquaintances, the ignorance of what, in so many years, might have become of my parents, gave birth to a desire to draw nearer to a point where news of my father or mother could reach me. I had been able for a time to keep down in my heart all these tender affections; but they had revived, and insisted upon resuming their course. Added to this, I knew nothing, either, of that other mother, called Italy! Family is powerful, but country is irresistible.

I made up my mind, then, to return to Montevideo, at least, for a time, and I asked leave of absence of the president, with permission to collect a little drove of oxen, the sale of which, one at a time, was to provide for my expenses on the road.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A BULLOCK DROVER.

Behold me then a *trappiere*, that is to say, a bullock drover. Consequently in an estancia called *del Cerral di Pedras*, with the authority of the minister of finances, I succeeded in getting together in about twenty days, and with incredible fatigue, nearly nine hundred animals, which animals were completely wild. A still greater fatigue awaited me during the journey, in which I met with obstacles almost insurmountable; the greatest of all being the Rio-Negro, where my capital was near being all swallowed up. From the

passage of the river, from my inexperience in my new trade, and above all, from the brigandage of certain mercenary *capitaz* hired by me as conductors, I only saved about five hundred beasts, which, from want of pasture, the long route, and the fatigue of crossing rivers, were deemed incapable of reaching the place of their destination. I resolved, therefore, to have them killed and skinned and to sell their hides, after which operation, expenses deducted, I had left a hundred crowns, which served to provide for the principal necessities of my family.

It is here I ought to notice a meeting which was given me by one of my dearest, best, and most tender friends. Another, alas! who is gone to a better world to await the deliverance of Italy.

On approaching St. Gabriel, in the retreat we had recently made, I heard speak of an Italian officer of great mind, great heart, and great knowledge, who, exiled as a carbonaro, had fought in France, on the 5th of June, 1832; then at Oporto, during the long siege, which had procured that city the name of the impregnable; and who, forced as I had been to quit Europe, had come to place his courage and his science at the service of the young republics of South America. Traits of courage, coolness, and strength, had been repeated to me till I exclaimed—"When I meet that man he will be my friend." That man was called Anzani. One of those traits in particular had made a great noise.

On arriving in America, Anzani had presented himself, with a letter of recommendation, at the house of two of his compatriots, Messrs. ———, merchants, at St. Gabriel. These gentlemen soon constituted him their factotum. Anzani was at once cashier, book-keeper, and man of confidence; let us say better than that, Anzani was the good genius of their house.

Like all strong and courageous men, Anzani was calm and mild. The house, of which he had become the true director, was one of those houses which are

only found in South America, and which contain everything it is possible to imagine, uniting in one single trade almost all the trades known.

Now, the city in which our compatriots resided was, to its misfortune, close neighbour to the forest, which served as a place of refuge to those tribes of Indian Bugres, of whom I said a few words in the preceding chapter. One of the chiefs of these Indians had made himself the terror of this little city, into which, twice a year, he made a descent with his tribe, and which he taxed at his pleasure, without its being able to make any resistance. Coming down at first with two or three hundred men, then with a hundred, then with fifty, in proportion as he saw the increasing terror of his name establish his power, he had ended by feeling himself so much master as to come alone, and, alone as he was, to issue his orders, and declare his wants, as if he had the whole of his tribe at his back, to plunge the city in fire and blood.

Anzani had heard a great deal said about this bravado, and had listened to all that had been told him, without offering any opinion upon the audacity of the savage chief, or of the terror which his ferocity inspired. This terror was so great, that when the cry, "The chief di Mattes!" was heard, all windows were closed, and all doors were bolted, as at the cry of "a mad dog!"

The Indian was accustomed to these signs of terror, which flattered his pride. He selected the door which it pleased him to have opened, knocked, and the door being opened—which was done with the celerity of terror—he might plunder the whole house without either masters, neighbours, or inhabitants, however numerous they might be, thinking of interrupting his retreat.

Now, for two months, Anzani had directed the house of business in its greatest as well as in its smallest details, to the perfect satisfaction of his two patrons, when the terrible cry was heard of, "The

chief of the Mattes!" As usual, doors and windows were instantly closed. Anzani was alone in the house, occupied in casting up the accounts of the week. He did not think the noisy announcement he had just heard was worth his notice; and consequently, remained behind his counter, door and windows open. The Indian stopped in astonishment before this house, which, amidst the general disturbance caused by his presence, seemed indifferent to his coming. He entered, and saw, on the other side of the counter, a man with a placid countenance casting up his accounts. He stopped in front of him with his arms crossed, looking at him with astonishment.

Anzani raised his head. Anzani was politeness itself.

"What do you please to want, my friend?" asked he.

"What! what do I want?" exclaimed the Indian.

"There is no doubt when a person enters a magazine," said Anzani, "that he wants to purchase something."

The Indian laughed aloud.

"Don't you know me, then?" asked he.

"How should I know you? It is the first time I ever saw you."

"I am chief of the Mattes," replied the Indian, uncrossing his arms, and displaying an arsenal composed of four pistols and a poniard.

"Well, chief of the Mattes, what do you want?" asked Anzani.

"I want something to drink," replied the other.

"And what would you like to drink?"

"A glass of *aqua guardiente*."

"Nothing more easy; pay me first, and I will serve you with a glass."

The Indian laughed more loudly than before.

Anzani frowned slightly.

"That is the second time," said he, "that instead of answering me a question you have laughed in my face. I don't think that polite. I therefore wa-

you that if you repeat it a third time I shall turn you out of the door."

Anzani pronounced these words with an accent of firmness which, to any other but an Indian, might have given the measure of the man he had to deal with. Perhaps the savage comprehended it so; but he had the air of not comprehending it.

"I told you to give me a glass of aqua guardiente," replied he, striking the counter with his fist.

"And I told you to pay for it first," replied Anzani, "or else you will not get it."

The Indian darted a glance of anger at Anzani; but the glance of Anazni met his—lightning had crossed lightning.

Anzani was accustomed to say: "There is no real strength but moral strength. Look boldly, fixedly, and obstinately at the man who looks at you: if he lowers his eyes, you are his master; but do not lower your eyes, for then it would be he who would be yours."

The look of Anzani had an irresistible power. It was the Indian who lowered his eyes. He felt his inferiority, and furious at this unknown domination, he wished to gain heart by drinking.

"Very well," said he, "there is a demi-piastre, serve me."

"It is my duty to serve people who pay me," said Anzani quietly; and he served the Indian with a glass of brandy. The Indian swallowed it.

"Another!" said he.

Anzani served him, and the Indian swallowed it, as he had done the first.

"Another!" said he, again.

As long as there was money enough to cover the libations of the Indian, Anzani made no observation; but when the drinker had swallowed brandy equal to the value of his coin, he stopped:

"Well?" asked the Indian.

Anzani gave him his bill.

"What next?" again said the Indian.

"Next? why no money, no brandy," replied Anzani.

The Indian had calculated rightly. The five or six glasses of brandy he had swallowed had restored the courage which the leonine glance of Anzani had damped.

"Some aqua guardiente!" said he, laying his hand upon one of his pistols, "some aqua guardiente! or I will kill you."

Anzani, who expected the thing would finish so, was ready. He was a man of about five feet nine inches, of prodigious strength and great activity. He laid his right hand upon the counter, sprang over it, and came down with all his weight upon the Indian, seizing before he had time to cock his pistol, the right wrist of his adversary with his left hand. The Indian could not stand against the shock, but fell backwards. Anzani fell upon him, placing his knee upon his breast. Then keeping with his left hand the right of the Indian in a line which rendered his weapon inoffensive, with the other hand Anzani drew from his belt the pistols and poniard, which he threw into the magazine; he then forced the pistol from his hand, took it by the barrel, and beat him about the face with the butt, with all his strength; and when, at length, to use the terms of the art, he thought the Indian had had enough, he got up, and kicking him with all his might out of doors, he rolled him to the kennel, in the middle of which he left him.

In short, the Indian had enough. He got away as well as he could, and never afterwards made his appearance in St. Gabriel.

Anzani had made, under another name than his own —under that of Ferrari—war in Portugal: under that name he had admirably behaved; under that name he had acquired the rank of captain; under that name he had received two serious wounds, one on the head and the other in the chest—so serious, indeed, that at the age of sixty, he died of one of them.

The wound in the head was a sabre-cut, which had opened his skull; that of the breast was a ball, which

remained in his lungs, and which at length ended in a pulmonary phthisis. When any one spoke to Anzani of the marvels of courage he had accomplished under the name of Ferrari, he would smile and maintain that that Ferrari and he were two different men. Unfortunately, poor Anzani, when he put off his exploits upon the imaginary being he had created, could not, at the same time, get rid of his wounds.

Such was the man of whom I had heard, such was the man I was anxious to know, and whom I wished to make my friend. At St. Gabriel, I learnt he had gone upon business to a distance of about sixty miles. I made my enquiries, and mounted on horseback to go and meet him. On my route, upon the bank of a river, I found a man stript and washing his shirt. I understood at once that that was the man I was seeking.

I went up to him, held out my hand, and told him my name. From that moment we were brothers. He was no longer, then, in his commercial house; but like myself, had entered the service of the republic of Rio-Grande. He commanded the infantry of the division Juan Antonio, one of the most renowned republican leaders. Like myself, moreover, he was quitting the service and directing his course *al salto*.

After a day passed together, we exchanged our respective addresses, and agreed that we would undertake nothing important without communicating with each other.

Let me be permitted a detail which will make known our want and our fraternity.

Anzani had but one shirt, but he had two pairs of trowsers.

I was as poor as he with regard to shirts, whilst he was one pair of trowsers richer than I was.

We slept beneath the same roof, but Anzani departed before daybreak, without disturbing me. When I awoke, I found upon my bed the better of his two pairs of trowsers.

I had seen Anzani but once; but Anzani was a man

of whom an opinion could be formed at first sight; therefore when I took service under the republic of Montevideo, and was charged with the organization of the Italian legion, my first care was to write to Anzani to come and share that labour with me. He came, and we never parted till the day when, touching the shores of Italy, he died in my arms.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND COMMERCIAL AGENT.

I ALIGHTED at Montevideo at the house of one of my friends, named Napoleon Castellini. I owe too much to the kindness of himself and his wife to be ever able to acquit myself otherwise than by the expression of my gratitude—and so with my other beloved G. B. Cameo —that friend of my life—and the brothers Antonini and Giovanni Risso.

The few crowns arising from the sale of my hides being spent, in order to prevent my wife and child being a burden to my friends, I undertook two trades, which I must confess together scarcely sufficed for the supply of my wants. The first was that of a commercial agent. I carried samples of all kinds about me, from Italian paste to Rouen stuffs.

The second was that of professor of mathematics in the house of the estimable M. Paolo Semidei. And this kind of life I led till I entered the Oriental Legion.

The question of Rio Grande began to be established and settled. I had no more to look for in that quarter. The Oriental Republic,—for so was the republic of Montevideo called,—learning I was at liberty, immediately offered me pay more in harmony with my means, and still more with my character, than what I could procure by teaching mathematics or hawking patterns.

They offered me and I accepted the command of the

corvette *La Constitution.* The Oriental squadron was under the command of Colonel Cosse; that of Buenos Ayres, was under General Bram. Several rencontres and several fights had taken place between the two squadrons, but without decisive results.

About the same time, a certain Vidal, of sad memory, was charged with the general administration of the Republic. One of the first and the most deplorable acts of this man was to get rid of the squadron, which he said was too burdensome to the State. This squadron, which had cost the Republic immense sums, and which, if kept up, as was then easy, might have constituted a decided pre-eminence upon the Plata, was completely destroyed, and the *matériel* disposed of.

I was destined for an expedition from the results of which many events were to arise. I was sent to Cariontés, with the brigantine of eighteen guns, the *Pereyra,* which had, besides the eighteen pieces of artillery, two guns on pivots. The goëlette *Procida* was to sail in concert with me. Carientes was then opposed to Rosas, and I was to assist him in his movements against the forces of the dictator. Perhaps the expedition had another object, but that was the secret of the minister-general.

* * * * *

Let him who publishes these memoirs be permitted to give readers a few explanations upon the state of the Republic of Montevideo in 1841, which General Garibaldi has not thought it necessary to give in a journal written from day to day.

These explanations will be the more exact from their having been dictated to him, in 1849, by a man who has played a great part in the events of the Oriental Republic: by General Pacheco y Obes, one of our best friends. Then, be at ease, dear readers, we will immediately restore the pen to that other not less good friend, bearing the name of Joseph Garibaldi.

For you see, like Cæsar, the first emancipator of Italy, he can handle a pen as well as a sword.

When the traveller arrives from Europe in one of those vessels which the first inhabitants of the country took for flying houses, what he first perceives, when the sailor on watch cries, "Land!" are two mountains. One is a mountain of bricks, which is the Cathedral, the mother church, the Matrix, as they say there. And then a mountain of granite, marbled with a little verdure, and surmounted by a lighthouse, which is called the *Ceno*.

As he approaches the towers of the cathedral, whose porcelain domes glitter in the sun, the traveller distinguishes the *miradores* out of number, and with various forms, which surmount almost all the houses: next these houses themselves, red or white, with their terraces, airy stations for the evening; then, at the foot of the Ceno, the *Saladores*, a vast edifice where provisions are salted; and at last, at the bottom of the bay, bordering the sea, the charming *quintas*, so much the delight and pride of the inhabitants, that on fête days nothing but these words is heard running through the streets: "Let us go into the Migueléte!" "Let us go into the Arrayo Seco."

Then, if you cast anchor between the Ceno and the city, dominated from whatever point you view it by the gigantic cathedral; if the yawl carries you rapidly under the strokes of its six rowers; if, on that day you see on the road to those beautiful quintas groups of women *en amazone*, of horsemen in riding costume; if, in the evening, through the open windows, pouring into the streets torrents of light and harmony, you hear the notes of the piano or the plaints of the harp, the sparkling trills of quadrilles, or the plaintive air of a romance;—you are at Montevideo, the vice-queen of that river of silver of which Buenos Ayres pretends to be queen, and which falls into the Atlantic by a mouth eighty leagues wide.

It was Juan Dias de Solis who the first, towards the commencement of 1516, discovered the coast and river of La Plata. The first thing perceived by the sentinel on watch was the Ceno. Filled with joy, he exclaimed in the Latin language:

"MONTEM VIDEO!"

Thence the name of the city of whose history we are going to give a rapid sketch.

Solis, already proud of having discovered Rio Janeiro only a year before, did not long enjoy his new discovery. Having sent two of his ships into the bay, and ascended the Plata with the third, he trusted to the friendly signals made by the Indians, fell into an ambush, and was killed, roasted, and eaten on the banks of a rivulet, which, in memory of this terrible event, to the present day bears the name of *Arrayo de Solis.*

This herd of Indian anthropophagi, very brave in addition, belonged to the primitive tribe of the Chanuas; it was mistress of the country, as the Hurons and the Sioux were of the opposite extremity of the great continent.

Thus it remained in the hands of the Spaniards, who were forced to build Montevideo amidst daily fights and nightly assaults; so that, thanks to this resistance on the part of the natives, Montevideo, although discovered, as we have said, in 1516, scarcely reckons a hundred years from its foundation.

At length, towards the end of the last century, a man made a war of extermination against the primitive masters of the coasts, in which they were annihilated. Three last fights—during which, like the ancient Teutons, they placed their wives and children in the middle of them, and fell without yielding a step—saw their last remains disappear; and, monuments of this complete defeat, the traveller of to-day may still see the whitened bones of the last of the Chanuas at the bottom of the mountain Angua.

This other Marius, the conqueror of these other

Teutons, was the *commandant de la campagne*, Jorge Pacheco, father of the General Pacheco y Obes, from whose mouth, as we have said, we received the details we are about to place before the eyes of our readers.

But the Indians bequeathed to the Commandant Pacheco enemies much more tenacious, much more dangerous, and above all, much more inexterminable than the destroyed savages, seeing that they were not sustained by a religious belief which every day grew weaker, but, on the contrary, by a material interest, which went on augmenting every hour;—and these enemies were the contrebandiers of Brazil.

The prohibitive system was the basis of Spanish commerce, so that there was an inveterate war between the commandant and the smugglers, who, sometimes by cunning, at others by force, constantly endeavoured to introduce their stuffs and their tobacco into the territory of Montevideo. The struggle was long, fierce, and mortal. At length, Don Jorge Pacheco, a man of herculean strength, prodigious height, and sleepless watchfulness, arrived. He at least hoped for much—not to annihilate the smugglers as he had done the Chanuas, for that was a thing impossible, but to drive them away from the city—when, all at once, they reappeared, more bold, more active, and better organized than ever—against a single will so powerful, so courageous, and moreover so intelligent, what could that of the commandant Pacheco do?

He sent out his spies into the country, and made strict inquiries as to the causes of these unexpected hostilities. Spies and inquirers all returned with one word in their mouths—"Artigas!"

Who, then, was this Artigas?

A young man between twenty and twenty-five, brave as an old Spaniard, subtle as a Chanua, active as a gaucho: he partook of the three races, if not in his blood, at least in spirit. Then ensued an admirable struggle of cunning and strength between the old commandant and the young contrabandist;

the one was young and increasing in strength, the other was, not to say old, but worn out.

During four or five years Pacheco pursued Artigas, beating him wherever he showed himself; but Artigas, when beaten, was neither killed nor taken—the next day he appeared again. The man of the city was tired of the struggle the first, and like one of the ancient Romans of the time of the republic, who also sacrificed their pride to the good of their country, he proposed to the government to resign his power, upon condition that Artigas should be made commandant in his place; Artigas being in his opinion the only person to put an end to the work which he, Pacheco, could not accomplish; that is to say, the extermination of the smugglers.

The government accepted the offer, and like those Roman bandits who make their submission to the Pope, and who walk about respected in the city of which they have been the terror, Artigas made his entrance into Montevideo, and took up the work of extermination at the point where it had escaped from the hands of his predecessor. At the end of a year smuggling was, if not annihilated, not to be seen.

This took place fifty-eight or sixty years before the events in which Garibaldi bore a part; but we are dramatic authors above everything, and we cannot get into the habit of opening our dramas without a prologue; this prologue besides, is not without interest, and introduces men and localities little known in Europe.

Artigas was then twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; so, at the period when General Pacheco gave me these details, he must have been ninety-three, and lived privately in a little quinta belonging to the President of Paraguay. He has, no doubt, died since that.

He was a young man, handsome, brave and strong, and represented one of the three powers which reigned by turns in Montevideo. Don Jorge Pacheco was the type of the chivalric valour of the Old World, that

chivalric valour which had crossed the seas with Columbus, Pizarro, and Fernando Cortez. Artigas was himself a man of the country; he might, then, be said to represent what was called the national party, placed between the Portuguese and the Spaniards; that is to say, between the strangers remaining Portuguese and Spaniards from residing in cities, where everything reminds them of Portuguese and Spanish manners.

Then there remains a third type, and even a third power, of which we needs must speak, and which is at once the scourge of the man of the city and of the man of the plains. This third type is the Gaucho, whom Garibaldi has described by a characteristic and picturesque word. He has called him the "Centaur of the New World."

In France, every one who lives in those vast plains, those immense steppes, those infinite pampas, which extend from the borders of the sea to the eastern slopes of the Andes, is called a Gaucho. But we are mistaken; Captain Head, of the English navy, was the first to set the fashion of this mania of confounding the Gaucho with the inhabitant of the country, who in his pride rejects not only the similitude, but even the comparison.

The Gaucho is the Bohemian of the New World. Without property, without a dwelling, without family, he is satisfied with his puncho, his horse, his knife, his lasso, and his *bolas*. His knife is his weapon; his lasso and his bolas are his stock in trade.

Artigas remained then *Commandant de la campagne* to the great satisfaction of every body except the smugglers; and he was still charged with the important function when the revolution of 1810 broke out, which revolution had for object, indeed for result, the annihilation of the Spanish dominion in the New World. It began in 1810, at Buenos Ayres, and was completed in Bolivia, at the battle of Ayacunah, in 1824.

The leader of the independent forces was then

General Antonio-José de Suere; he had five thousand men under his command.

The general in chief of the Spanish troops was Don José de Laserna, the last viceroy of Peru: he commanded eleven thousand men. The patriots had but one single cannon; they were one to two, indeed not even one to two, as is evident from the figures we have just quoted. They wanted ammunition, provisions, powder, and bread. If they waited, they must surrender; they attacked, and they conquered.

It was the patriot General, Alejo Cordova, who commanded the battle. He commanded fifteen hundred men. He placed his colours on the end of his sword, and cried:

"Forward!"

"To what step, ordinary or quick?" asked an officer.

"To the step of victory!" replied he.

That evening, the whole Spanish army had capitulated, and were prisoners of those whom they had considered their prisoners.

Artigas, one of the first, had hailed the revolution as a liberator. He had placed himself at the head of the movement in the country, and then went to offer to resign, in his turn, to General Pacheco, the command which formerly Pacheco had asked for him.

This exchange was perhaps about to be effected, when Pacheco was surprised in the house of Casablanca, upon the Uruguay, by some Spanish sailors, in whose hands he remained a prisoner.

Artigas, nevertheless, continued his work of deliverance. In a short time, he drove the Spaniards from all that country of which he made himself king, and reduced them to the single city of Montevideo. But Montevideo was able to offer a serious resistance; it was the second fortified city in America, the first being St. Juan d'Ulloa.

All the partisans of the Spaniards had taken refuge in Montevideo, supported by an army of four thousand men. Artigas, strengthened by the alliance of Buenos

Ayres, laid siege to the city. But a Portuguese army came to the assistance of the Spaniards, and removed the blockade of Montevideo.

In 1812, there was a fresh siege of Montevideo. General Rondeau for Buenos-Ayres, and Artigas for the Montevidean patriots, united their forces, and surrounded the city. The siege lasted twenty-three months, when at length a capitulation delivered up the seat of the future Oriental Republic to the besiegers, commanded by General Alvear.

How came Alvear to be general-in-chief, and not Artigas? We will tell you.

At the end of a siege of twenty months, after three years' contact between the men of Buenos Ayres and those of Montevideo, the dissimilarity in habits and manners, I may almost say in race, which had at first been simple causes of dissension, by degrees became motives of hatred. Artigas, like Achilles, had then retired to his tent, or rather had carried his tent with him. He had disappeared in the depths of the prairies, so well known to him in his youth, at the time he carried on the trade of a smuggler.

He had been replaced by General Alvear, who at the surrender of Montevideo was general-in-chief of the *Portenos.* It is thus the people of the country call the men of Buenos Ayres, whilst they call the Montevideans the orientals. Let me endeavour to make my readers understand the numerous differences which exist between the portenos and the orientals.

The man of Buenos Ayres, settled in the country for three hundred years in the person of his ancestors, has lost, from the end of the first century of the translation into America, all the traditions of the mother country, Spain. His interests are bound in the soil, his life is attached to it. The inhabitants of Buenos Ayres are now almost as American as were formerly the Indians whom they conquered, and in whose place they substituted themselves. The man of Montevideo, on the contrary, settled for scarcely a century in the

country—still, in the person of his ancestors, be it understood—the man of Montevideo has not had time to forget that he is son, grandson, or great-grandson of a Spaniard. He has a feeling of his new nationality, but without having forgotten the traditions of the old Europe to which he is tied by civilization; whilst the man of the country of Buenos Ayres, is every day leaving them to re-enter barbarism.

Neither is the country without its influence upon this movement, retrograde on one side, progressive on the other. The population of Buenos Ayres, spread over immense lands, with habitations at great distances from each other, in countries short of water, wanting wood, and dull in aspect—the population dwelling in ill-constructed huts, draws from that isolation, from those privations, from those distances, a sombre, miserable, querulous character. Its tendencies go back towards the Indian savage of the frontiers of the country, with whom it trades for ostrich feathers, horse-cloths, and wood for lances, all things which he brings from countries where civilization has not penetrated, from centres unknown to Europeans, and which he exchanges for brandy and tobacco, which he carries away towards those vast plains of the pampas whose name he has taken, or to which, perhaps, he has given his own.

The population of Montevideo, quite on the contrary, occupies a beautiful country, watered by rivulets which intersect the valleys. It has no great woods, it possesses no vast forests, as North America does, it is true; but in the depths of each of these valleys it has rivulets shaded by the ubajai and the sænil, with its rich branches. Besides, it is well-lodged, well-fed. The houses, villas, farms or homesteads, are near together; and the character of the people is open and hospitable, and inclined to that civilization the perfume of which the neighbourhood of the sea brings to them incessantly on the wings of the wind which blows from Europe.

As to the population of Buenos Ayres, the type of its perfection is the Indian on horseback.

For the man of the country of Montevideo it is the European, succinct in coat, tight in his cravat, and imprisoned between his straps and his braces.

The Buenos Ayres man has the pretension of being the first in elegance. He is easily affronted, and as easily appeased. He has more imagination than the Montevidean. The first poets known in America were born at Buenos Ayres. Vareta and Lefimer, Demengue and Manual were Porteños poets.

The Montevideo man is less poetical, but more calm and firm in in his resolutions and projects. If his rival pretends to be first in elegance, he pretends to be first in courage. Among his poets we find the names of Hidalgo, Beno, Figuerta, Juan Carlos, and Ganz.

On their part, the women of Buenos Ayres have the pretension of being the most beautiful women in South America, from the Straits of Lemaire to the River of the Amazons.

The faces of the women of Montevideo are, perhaps, less brilliant than those of their neighbours, but their forms are marvellous; their feet, their hands, their shapes, appear to be directly borrowed from Seville or Grenada.

Thus, between the two countries there is rivalry in elegance and courage between the men, rivalry in beauty, grace, and shape between the women; and rivalry of talent between the poets; irritable as men, capricious as women, and with all that, sometimes simple as children.

There were, as is plainly seen, sufficient causes of division between the men of Buenos Ayres and the men of Montevideo, between Artigas and Alvear. This was not only a separation, it was a hatred; not only a hatred but a war. All the elements of antipathy were roused against the men of Buenos Ayres by the ancient leader of the contrabandists. It thenceforward was of little importance to him by what means he

obtained his end, so that he did obtain it; and that end was to drive the Porteños out of the country. It was then that Ortegas, collecting all the resources the country offered him, placed himself at the head of these Bohemians of America called Gauches.

It was a holy war, in some sort, that Artigas was making; therefore nothing could resist him, neither the army of Buenos Ayres nor the Spanish party, which last was quite aware that the return of Artigas to Montevideo would be the substitution of brute force for intelligence.

They who had foreseen this return to barbarism were not mistaken. For the first time, vagabond, uncivilized men, without organization, were seen united in a regular army, and had a general. Thus, with Artigas as dictator, commenced a period which bears some analogy to the sansculottism of 1793 in France. Montevideo saw the reign pass of men with bare feet, flouting *cassondellas*, Scottish kilt, a raged *poncho* covering all that, and a hat placed on one ear, and tied on with a *barbijo*. Then Montevideo became witness of scenes little less than burlesque, but sometimes terrible. The better classes of society were often reduced to impotence of action; Artigas, *minus* the cruelty and *plus* the carnage, then became what Rosas was at a later period.

However disastrous, the dictatorship of Artigas had its brilliant and national side. This side was the contest of Montevideo against Buenos Ayres, which Artigas constantly beat, and whose influence he, in the end, entirely repelled, and his obstinate resistance to the Portuguese army which invaded the country in 1815.

The pretext for this invasion was the disorder of the administration of Artigas, and the necessity for saving neighbouring peoples from similar disorders, to which the contagion of example might give birth. These disorders had, in the bosom of the country even, doubled the opposition made by the partisans of civilization.

The upper classes in particular put up their vows for a victory which should substitute Portuguese domination for the national domination which brought license, and the brutal tyranny of material force in its train. And yet, notwithstanding this deep, inward home-feeling, notwithstanding the attacks of the Portuguese and the Porteños, Artigas resisted for four years, fought the enemy in three pitched battles, and at length, though conquered, or rather crushed in detail, he retreated into *Entre-Rios*, that is to say, to the other side of Uruguay. There, fugitive as he was, Artigas still represented, if not by his strength at least by his name, a formidable power, when Ramrè, his lieutenant, revolted, raised against him three-parts of the men he had left, beat him in such a manner as to destroy all hopes of regaining his lost position, and forced him to leave the country, where, like Antæus, he appeared to regain strength every time he touched the earth.

It was then that like one of those waterspouts which evaporate after having left desolation and ruin on its passage, Artigas disappeared, and buried himself in Paraguay, where, as we have said, in 1815, the period when Garibaldi was still defending Montevideo, he was yet living at the age of ninety-three or ninety-four years, in the enjoyment of all his intellectual faculties and almost all his strength.

Artigas being conquered, there was no longer anything to oppose to the Portuguese domination. It was established in the country, and the Baron de Lagunas, a Frenchman by birth, was its representative in 1823. Montevideo, like all the rest of the Portuguese possessions, was ceded to Brazil in 1825. Montevideo was then occupied by a large army of eight thousand men belonging to the Emperor.

It was then that a proscribed Montevidean, who lived at Buenos Ayres, got together thirty-two companions, proscribed as he was, and resolved with them that he would restore liberty to his country or die. This handful of patriots embarked in two canoes, and landed

at Arenal-Grande. The leader's name was Juan Antonino Lavallejò.

Lavallejò had, beforehand, engaged a proprietor of the country in the scheme, who was to have horses ready at the point of landing; therefore, the moment he stepped ashore, he sent off a message to this man; but the latter replied that all was discovered, the horses had been seized, and if he might offer an opinion, Lavallejò and his companions would return to Buenos Ayres as quickly as possible.

But Lavallejò replied that he had set out with an intention of going forward and not backward; consequently, he gave his rowers orders to return to Buenos Ayres without him, and, on the 19th of April, he and his thirty men took possession of the territory of Montevideo in the name of liberty. The next day, the little troop, which had made a *razzia* of horses, in which razzia, be it admitted, most of the proprietors had yielded their concurrence; the next day, the little troop, already on its march upon the capital, was met by a detachment of two hundred horse. Of these two hundred horse, forty were Brazilians, and a hundred and sixty Orientals. This troop was commanded by an old brother-in-arms of Lavallejò's, Colonel Julien Laguna. Lavallejò might have avoided the combat, but, on the contrary, he marched straight up to the two hundred horse. Only, before coming to blows, he demanded an interview with Laguna.

"What do you want, and what do you come to do in this country?" asked Laguna, coming to meet him.

"I am come to deliver Montevideo from a foreign yoke," replied Lavallejò. "If you are for me, come with me—if you are against me, surrender your arms, or prepare to fight."

"I don't know the meaning of the words, *surrender your arms*," replied Laguna, "and I hope no one will ever teach it me."

"Well, then, go and place yourself at the head of your men, and we shall see on which side God will be."

"I am going to do so," said Laguna, and rejoined his soldiers at a gallop.

But, at the same moment, Lavallejò unfurled the national flag, blue, white and red, like the French, and immediately the hundred and sixty Orientals passed over to his party. The forty Brazilians were made prisoners.

The march of Lavallejò upon Montevideo became from that time a triumphal march, the result of which was that the Oriental republic, proclaimed by the will and enthusiasm of a whole people, took rank among nations.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ROSAS.

In the meanwhile, there was a name becoming great, which was one day destined to be the terror of the Argentine federation.

A short time after the revolution of 1810, a young man of about sixteen years of age, left Buenos Ayres, abandoning the city and gaining the open country. His countenance was troubled, and his step rapid. This young man was named Juan Manuel *Rosas*.

Why, when yet a boy, did this fugitive abandon the house in which he was born? Why, a man of the city, did he go to ask an asylum of the men of the mountains? It was because he who was, thereafter, to strike his country, had struck his mother, and the paternal malediction pursued him. This event, otherwise without importance, was soon lost in the noise made by the more serious events that were being accomplished, and whilst all the old companions of the fugitive were assembled under the standard of independence, to contend against the Spanish domination, he was lost in the pampas, gave himself up to the Gaucho life, adopted its costume and its manners, became one of the best of horsemen, and eminently skil-

ful in the handling of the lasso and the bola, so that, on seeing him so adroit at these wild exercises, one who did not know him might have taken him not for a man of the city, but for a man of the country—not for a fugitive *pueblero*, but for a real Gaucho.

Rosas entered at first as a *pedy*, that is to say, a day labourer, in an estancia; then he became a *capataz*—Garibaldi has told us what that is—and then *mayor-domo*, a title which explains itself. In this last quality, he overlooked the property of the powerful house of Anchecessa. With that, his fortune as a proprietor commenced. As it is our intention to make Rosas known under all his aspects, let us see, amidst the events which were being accomplished, what was the state of his mind. Rosas had been at Buenos Ayres during the prodigies given birth to by the revolution against Spain. Then, he who had the courage sought celebrity in the field of battle; he who had talent, education, and prudence, sought it in councils. Rosas was ambitious of celebrity, but what celebrity could he attain? What renown could he acquire, he who had neither courage for the battle-field, nor knowledge for councils? Every instant he heard some glorious name resound in his ears. As ministers, it was the names of Ravadavia and Pasas d'Aguero; as warriors, it was the names of St. Martin de Baléares, of Rodrigue and Las Heras.

And all these names, the fame of which came from the city, went to awaken the echoes of the solitudes; all these names revived at the same time his hatred for that city which, having triumphs for others, had decreed nothing but exile for him. But, even at this period, Rosas was dreaming of the future, and whilst wandering among the pampas, confounded with Gauchos, was preparing it. He made himself the companion in want of the poor, flattering the prejudices of the man of the plains, exciting him against the citizen, revealing to him his strength, pointing out to him the superiority of his numbers, and trying to make him comprehend

that, as soon as she, in her turn, wished it, the country would be mistress of the city, which had so long been her queen.

In the meantime, years passed away, and 1820 arrived.

It was then Rosas began to appear in the distant horizon of the pampas, supported by the influence which had subdued the inhabitants of the plains. We have seen what was going on at Montevideo; let us see what was passing at Buenos Ayres. The militia of Buenos Ayres was in insurrection against the Rodrigues Government. Then a regiment of the country militia, *las coleradas de las Conchas*, the Reds of Conchas, entered the city on the 6th of October, 1820, having at their head a colonel to whom Buenos Ayres was known, and who was known at Buenos Ayres. That colonel was Rosas.

The next day the country militia and the city militia came to blows; only, on that day, the colonel was no longer at the head of his regiment. A violent tooth-ache, from which Rosas ceased to suffer as soon as the fight was over, had kept him, to his great regret, no doubt, out of the *mêlée*. And, why not? Was not Octavius ill of a fever on the day of the battle of Actium? Rosas had much of the Octavius in him—only, Octavius afterwards became Augustus, which, according to all probability, Rosas will never become.

This entrance of Rosas into Buenos Ayres was the only warlike exploit in all his political life. The city insurgents were conquered. It was then Rivadavia, already long since celebrated, and named Minister of the Interior, placed him at the head of affairs. Rivadavia was one of those men of genius who rise to the surface of revolutions during the days of tempest. He had travelled for a long time in Europe. He possessed universal knowledge, and appeared inspired with the most ardent, and above all, with the most pure patriotism; only the sight of that European civilization which he had studied at Paris and London, had warped

his mind with regard to its application to a people who, not having ten centuries of social struggles behind it, did not march at the same place as they did. He wished to accelerate the march of time, and do for America what Peter the Great had done for Russia; but not having the same means as Peter, he failed.

Perhaps, however, with a little more address mixed with his genius, Rivadavia might have succeeded; but he wounded men in their habits; certain habits are a nationality, others a pride. He laughed at the American costume; he manifested his repugnance for the *chaquetta*, his contempt for the *chiripa*, the waistcoat and the pipe of the man of the country; and as at the same time he did not conceal his preference for the coat and the great-coat, he became unpopular by degrees, and felt power steal away by the lower valves.

And yet what did he not give his country in exchange for the vestments he wished to deprive her of? His administration was the most prosperous Buenos Ayres ever had; he founded universities and lyceums; he introduced mutual instruction into schools. Under his administration learned men were induced to come from Europe; the arts were patronized and developed; in short, Buenos Ayres acquired the name in the land of Columbus, of the Athens of South America.

We have already spoken of the war in Brazil which took place in 1826. To carry on this war, Buenos Ayres made gigantic sacrifices, exhausted its finances, and by that exertion weakened the springs of government. The finances exhausted, the springs of government weakened, revolutions re-commenced.

We have said that at Buenos Ayres, as at Montevideo, the country and the city were seldom in harmony of opinions, being never in harmony of interests. Buenos Ayres made a revolution. The country immediately arose *en masse*, marched towards the city, invaded it, and made their leader chief of the government.

That leader was Rosas;—we close the parenthesis opened a few pages back.

In 1830, then, Rosas was elected governor by the influence of the country, and in spite of the opposition of the city, which he found half refined by the administration of Rivadaira. Then Rosas endeavoured, he the Gaucho of the pampas, to reconcile himself with civilization. He appeared to forget the wild manners which till that time he had affected; the serpent wanted to change his skin.

But the city repulsed his advances, but civilization refused to grace the deserter who had passed into the camp of barbarism. If Rosas showed himself clothed in a uniform, men of the sword asked in an under voice in what field of battle Rosas had won his epaulettes; if he spoke at a meeting, the poet asked the man of taste in what estancia had Rosas learnt such a style; if he appeared in a *tertullia*, the women pointed at him with their fingers, saying, "There is the travestied Gaucho." And all this, which attacked him aside and behind, was thrown in his face with the sharp bite of the anonymous epigram, for which the Porteños are so celebrated.

The three years of his government were passed in this mental struggle with his pride, and perhaps may be attributed to the moral tortures he endured at this period, if not all his ferocity, at least an increase of his ferocity. So that when he resigned power, and descended the staircase of the palace with a soul steeped in hatred and a heart overflowing with gall, comprehending there was no longer a possible alliance between him and the city, he went away to find his faithful Gauchos and his *estancias*, of which he was the lord, that country of which he was the king; but all with the intention of returning some day to Buenos Ayres as dictator, as Sylla, of whom he knew nothing, and of whom probably he had never heard, entered Rome with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other.

To attain this end, this is what he did. He asked the government to give him some sort of command in the army which was marching against the wild Indians. The government, who dreaded him, thought to get rid

of him by granting him this favour. It gave him all the troops it could dispose of, forgetting that at the same time it weakened itself whilst it strengthened Rosas. Rosas, once at the head of the army, excited a revolution at Buenos Ayres, got himself recalled to power, only accepted it on the conditions he thought fit to impose, because he held the armed force of the country, and re-entered Buenos Ayres with the dictatorship the most absolute ever known, that is to say, with *toda la suma del poder publicò* (with all the extent of public power).

The governor whom he caused to fall, or rather, whom he pushed down, was General Juan Rano Baleares, one of the men who had done most in the War of Independence, one of the leaders of the Federal party, of which Rosas proclaimed himself the supporter. Baleares was a noble heart. His faith in his country was a religion. He had believed in Rosas, and had done much to promote his elevation. Baleares was the first person sacrificed by Rosas. Baleares died proscribed, and when his body repassed the frontier, protected by death, Rosas refused his family the consolation of rendering Baleares, not the public honours due to a man who had been governor, but the simple funereal rites which are paid to a citizen.

We must then date from 1833 for the commencement of the real power of Rosas. His first government, all dissimulation, had not brought to light those instincts of cruelty which have since created for him a celebrity of blood. That period had only been marked by the shooting of Major Monteiro and the prisoners of St. Nicholas. Let us not, however, forget, that with this epoch correspond several mysterious, unexpected deaths, those deaths of which history, at all hazards, inscribes the date in letters of blood upon the book of nations.

In this manner disappeared two of the country leaders whose influence might give umbrage to Rosas. To this date likewise must be assigned the deaths of

Arbetito and Molena. Something like this, it appears to us, befel the two consuls who accompanied Octavius to the battle of Actium.

Let us now describe Rosas, who has hitherto appeared only as dictator, but has attained the highest degree of power that ever one man has arrogated to himself the right of exercising over a nation. In 1833, that is to say, the epoch at which we are arrived, Rosas is thirty-nine years of age. His appearance is European; his hair is light, his complexion fair, his eyes blue, his whiskers cut level with his mouth, no beard either on the lip or the chin. His look would be agreeable, if a judgment could be formed of it; but Rosas never looks either a friend or an enemy in the face, because he knows that in a friend he has almost always a concealed enemy. His voice is pleasant, and when it answers his purpose to please, his conversation is not wanting in attraction. His reputation for cowardice is proverbial. His fame for cunning is universal. He adores mystifications; they constituted his principal occupation before he gave himself up to serious affairs; once in power, they became nothing but an amusement. His amusements were as brutal as his nature—cunning allies itself wonderfully well with brutality. We will quote one or two examples.

One evening that he was to sup *tête-à-tête* with a friend, he concealed the wine intended for supper, and only left in the buffet a bottle of that famous medicine, Lercy, the celebrity of which is increased by its having been invented in the days of Molière. His friend looking for the wine, laid his hand upon the bottle. As to its contents, finding them agreeable, he emptied it during supper. Rosas, affecting sobriety, drank nothing but water, and set out for his estancia immediately after supper. During the night, his friend was near dying. Rosas laughed at the joke; if his friend had really died, he no doubt would have laughed much more.

When he received any citizen in one of his estancias,

he took delight in making him ride the most vicious of his horses, and the more serious the fall of the horseman was, the greater was his mirth.

At the Government House he was always surrounded by fools and women of low character, and in the midst of the most serious affairs he adhered to this singular society. When he was besieging Buenos Ayres in 1829, he had four of these poor devils about him. He had made monks of them, and in virtue of his private authority, had constituted himself their prior. He called them, fray Regica, fray Chaja, fray Lechuzza, and fray Bescacha. In addition to low women and buffoons, Rosas had a great liking for sweetmeats; he kept them of all sorts in his tent. The monks had, on their part, no dislike to sweatmeats, and now and then a few pots of them would disappear. Then Rosas summoned the whole community to confession. The monks knew what would be the consequence of being caught in a lie, so the guilty confessed. He was instantly stripped of his clothes and flogged by his three companions.

Everybody in Buenos Ayres knew his mulatto, Eusebio, and that the better, for his master having once, on a reception day, taken the fancy to do with him as Madame du Barry once did with her negro, Zamore. Eusebio, dressed as Governor, received the homage of the authorities in the place of his master.

In spite of the partiality Rosas entertained for his mulatto, a fancy one day seized this terrible friend to play him a trick, a trick as savage as all that were invented by Rosas. He pretended that a conspiracy had been discovered, of which Eusebio was the chief: it was nothing less than to assassinate Rosas. Eusebio was arrested, in spite of his protestations of innocence and devotion to his master. Rosas had his judges prepared, to whom it was of no consequence whether the accused were guilty or not. Rosas was the accuser, they tried poor Eusebio, and condemned him to death.

Eusebio underwent all the preparations for punishment; he confessed, was led to the place of execution, where he found the executioner and his assistants; then all at once, like the god of ancient tragedy, Rosas appeared, announcing that his daughter Manuelita had fallen in love with Eusebio, and wishing to have her married, he pardoned him. We need scarcely say that Eusebio, though not dying by the hands of the executioner, was near dying with fear.

We have pronounced the name of Manuelita, and said she was the daughter of Rosas. We will tell our European readers, who, we presume, know nothing about her, who, as a woman, this Manuelita is, whom Providence placed near her father as a good genius, whose principal occupation during the fair days of his life, was to repeat to him constantly the word "pardon," and to whom pardon was sometimes granted.

Manuelita is now a woman of forty years of age, who, from devotion to her father, and perhaps, in a degree, from the mission she received from heaven, has never married, or at least was not married in 1850, the period at which we lost sight of her.

Manuelita was not precisely a beautiful woman; she was still better; she was a charming person, of distinguished carriage and profound tact; as coquettish as a European, and anxious about the effect she should produce upon strangers. Manuelita was much calumniated, and that was quite natural: she was the daughter of Rosas, that is to say, of the man upon whom converged all hatreds. She was accused of having inherited the cruel instincts of her father, and of having, like the daughter of Pope Borgia, forgotten filial love in a more tender and less Christian love.

There was no truth in this. Manuelita remained single for two reasons; in the first place, because Rosas occasionally felt the want of being loved, and he knew that the only real, infinite, devoted love upon which he might reckon, was the love of his daughter.

Manuelita still further remained single, because in his dreams of royalty, Rosas, now a simple individual, I believe in some corner of England, saw glittering in the depths of the future some alliance for Manuelita much more aristocratic than any she had then a right to pretend to.

No; however severe history ought to be towards Rosas, so, at least, without being unjust, it shall be mild, and in being mild, it shall be equitable towards Manuelita; and what we say here from this side of the world, every one is aware of on the other, and at the bottom of their hearts every one knows as a truth that Manuelita was the eternal dike, sometimes powerless, which checked the anger of her father, at all times ready to overflow. As a child, she once took a strange means of obtaining from Rosas the pardon she asked of him. She made the mulatto Eusebio strip himself almost naked; and she had him saddled and bridled like a horse; she fastened upon her little Andalusian feet a pair of Gaucho spurs. Eusebio went down on all fours; Manuelita mounted on his back, and this strange Amazon came caracolling upon her human Bucephalus before her father. Rosas laughed at this singular whim; and having laughed, her object was gained—he then accorded the pardon she was desirous of.

As she grew up, she became aware she could not employ such means, however efficacious they had been, and she applied herself to the task Mecænas undertook with Augustus when he threw his tablets to him, after having written, "*Surge, carnifex!*" upon them. But Manuelita went to work in another way. She knew her father better than anybody did; she knew the secret vanities to which he was accessible. She temporised, she solicited; and sometimes, a sweet sister of charity, blessed by the Lord, she obtained.

It was Manuelita who was at once the queen and the slave of the domestic hearth. She governed the

house, taking care of her father, and, charged with all the diplomatic relations, she was the real minister of foreign affairs at Buenos Ayres.

In short, as Rosas was a being apart who was affected by nothing, and confounded himself with no one in society, so Manuelita, now become Manuela, was a creature not only estranged amidst all, but even estranged to all, who passed solitarily through the world, shunning the love of men, and without the sympathy of women.

Rosas had besides a son, named Juan, but who was never mixed up with the politics of his father. And still further, a little daughter, just escaping from childhood, now a chaste wife and happy mother, bearing in the person of her husband an honourable and honoured name.

As soon as he had attained power, it became the great task of Rosas to annihilate the Federation. Lopez, the founder of the Federation, fell sick. Rosas affected great care for him; had him fetched to Buenos Ayres, and attended to in his own house. Lopez died poisoned.

Quiroga, the chief of the Federation, after escaping through twenty fights, each more murderous than the others, with courage held up as an example, and loyalty passed into a proverb—Quiroga died assassinated.

Cullen, that counsel of the Federation, became governor of Santa-Fé; Rosas got up a revolution for him; Cullen was delivered up to Rosas by the governor of Santiago—and Cullen was shot.

All who were worthy of notice in the Federal party shared a fate similar to that of all who were worthy of notice in Italy under the Borgias. And by degrees Rosas, by employing the same means as Alexander VI. and his son Cæsar, succeeded in reigning over the Argentine Republic, which, although reduced to a perfect unity, preserves not the less the pompous title of federation, and, what is more whimsical, is about to become the enemy of the *Unitarians*.

Let us be allowed to say a few words about the men

we have just named, and summon their accusing spirits before us. It will be something like the scene from Shakespeare, in Richard III., before the battle. There is besides in all these men a savour of *savageness* which deserves to be known. We have commenced with General Lopez. A single anecdote will give not only an idea of this leader, but, still further, of the men with whom he had to do. Lopez was governor of Santa Fé. He had in Entre-Rios a personal enemy, Colonel Ovando. The latter, at the end of a revolt, was led prisoner to General Lopez.

The General was at breakfast. He received Ovando politely, and asked him to take a seat at table. The conversation was carried on as is usual between two companions in whom an equality of condition would command the most perfect and equal courtesy.

In the middle of the repast, however, Lopez said, suddenly: "Colonel, if I had fallen into your hands as you have fallen into mine, and that at breakfast-time, what would you have done?"

"I would have invited you to take your place at my table as you have done with respect to me."

"Ay—but after breakfast?"

"I would have had you shot."

"I am delighted that that idea should have occurred to you, for that is exactly mine. You shall be shot on rising from table."

"Shall I rise at once, or finish my breakfast?"

"Oh! finish, Colonel, finish; we are not pressed for time."

They continued the repast. They took their coffee and liqueurs; and coffee and liqueurs being taken:

"I think it is time," said Ovando.

"I thank you for not having waited for me to remind you of it," replied Lopez. Then calling his sentinel:—

"Is the escauade ready?"

"Yes, General," replied the sentinel.

Then turning towards Ovando, "Adieu! Colonel," said he,

"Not adieu! but soon to meet again," replied the Colonel; "men don't live long in such wars as we are now carrying on." And, bowing to Lopez, he went out. Five minutes after the ringing fire of musketry, not far from the door, announced to Lopez that the Colonel had ceased to exist.

Now let us pass to Querogà. He is better known to us. His reputation, on crossing the seas, found its echo in Paris. Fashion seized it: from 1820 to 1823, cloaks à la Querogà, and hats à la Bolivar, were worn, although, most probably, neither the one nor the other had ever worn such a cloak or such a hat as their admirers adopted at a distance of two thousand leagues from them.

Querogà also, like Rosas, was a man of the country. He had in his youth served, in quality of sergeant, in the army of the line against the Spaniards. Retired to his native country, La Rioga, he mixed himself up with the internal parties, became the master of his country, and, when once arrived at that first degree of power, he threw himself into the struggle of the different factions of the Republic, and in this struggle revealed himself for the first time to America. At the end of a year Querogà was the sword of the Federal party. Never did a man obtain similar results by the simple application of personal valour. His name acquired such a prestige as to be worth armies. His grand tactic in the midst of battle was to get into the very thickest of the dangers; and when in the *mêlée* he shouted his war-cry, and shook the long lance which was his favourite weapon, the bravest hearts became acquainted with fear. Querogà was cruel, or, rather, ferocious; but in his ferocity there was always something great and generous. It was the ferocity of the lion, not of the tiger. When Colonel Pringles, one of his greatest enemies, was made prisoner, and assassinated as soon as taken, he who had assassinated him, and who served under the orders of Querogà, presented himself before him, expecting to gain a good reward.

Querogà allowed him to relate his crime, and had him shot instantly. Another time two officers belonging to the enemy's party were made prisoners by his men, who, remembering the punishment of their companion, brought them in alive. He proposed to them to abandon their flag, and to serve under his. One of them accepted the offer, the other refused.

"That is well," said he to the one who had accepted. "Let us get on horseback, and go and see your comrade shot."

The latter, without making any observation, made haste to obey, and chatted gaily along the road with Querogà, whose aide-de-camp he already fancied himself; whilst his condemned friend, escorted by a picket with loaded arms, marched steadily towards death. When arrived at the place of execution, Querogà ordered the officer who had refused to desert his party to fall on his knees; but after giving the command, "Present!" he stopped.

"That will do," said he to the officer who thought himself already dead; "you are a brave man. Take that gentleman's horse and begone!" and he pointed to the horse of the renegade.

"But I?" asked the latter.

"You," replied Querogà, "you no longer want a horse; you are going to die." And in spite of the supplications in favour of his comrade, made by the one whose life he had granted, he ordered him to be shot.

Querogà was never conquered but once, and that was by General Paz, the American Fabius, a virtuous and pure man, if ever there was one. Twice he destroyed the armies of Querogà in the terrible battles of La Tablada and Oncatino. It was a grand spectacle for these young republics, scarcely rising from the earth, to see art, tactics, and strategy in conflict with the indomitable courage and the iron will of Querogà. But from the time General Paz was made prisoner at a hundred paces from his army, by a *coup de main* of

Bolaz, who hampered the legs of his horse, Querogà was invincible.

The war once terminated between the Unitarian party and the Federalists, Querogà undertook a journey into the provinces of the interior. But on his return he was attacked at Basementaco by thirty assassins, who fired upon him in his carriage. Querogà being sick was reclining in it; a ball, after having passed through one of the panels, entered his chest. Although mortally wounded, he rose, pale and bleeding, and opened the carriage door. On seeing the hero standing, although already a corpse, the assassins took to flight. But Santa Perez, their leader, went straight up to Querogà, and as the latter had sunk on one knee, completed the sanguinary work.

The assassins then returned to the quarry. It was the brothers Renafé, who commanded at Cordova, that conducted this expedition arranged with Rosas. But Rosas took care to keep at such a distance that he was not seen. He was able from that time to take the part of the man he had caused to be murdered, and pursue his assassins. They were arrested and shot.

Cullen is left.

Cullen, born in Spain, had established himself in the city of Santa Fé, where he had entered into intimate association with Lopez, and had become his minister and the director of his policy. The immense influence which Lopez exercised over the Argentine Republic, from 1820 to the time of his death in 1833, made Cullen a personage of extreme importance. When, in the days of his misfortune, the proscribed Rosas emigrated to Santa Fé, he received all kinds of services from Cullen, but these services could not make the future dictator forget that Cullen was one of the men who would put an end to arbitrary power in the Argentine Republic. Nevertheless, he managed to conceal his ill-will under an appearance of the greatest friendship for Cullen.

At the death of Lopez, Cullen was appointed

Governor of Santa Fé, and devoted himself to the establishment of ameliorations in the province; at the same time, instead of showing himself the enemy of the French blockade, Cullen did not conceal his sympathies for France, considering that her power was a great support for his civilizing plans. Then Rosas excited a revolution against him, which he supported publicly and by a body of troops. Cullen, conquered, took refuge in the province of Santiago del Estero, where his friend, the Governor Hana, commanded. Rosas who, whilst destroying federation, had already declared Cullen a *Unitarian savage*, opened negociations with Hana to have the person of Cullen delivered up to him.

For a length of time these negociations failed, and Cullen, upon the assurances of his friend Hana, who swore never to give him up, believed himself safe, till one day, when he least expected it, he was arrested by Hana's soldiers and led away to Rosas. But the latter having learnt that Cullen was being brought to him a captive, sent orders for him to be shot midway, because, said he, in a letter to the Governor of Santa Fé who had succeeded Cullen, *his trial was made by his crimes, which all the world knew.*

Cullen was an agreeable man in society and of a humane character. His influence over Lopez was always employed to banish all sorts of rigour, and it was from that influence that General Lopez, in spite of the supplication of Rosas, did not allow a single prisoner to be shot of all that were made during the campaign of 1831, a campaign which placed in his power the most important leaders of the Unitarian party. For the rest, Cullen had all the outward marks of civilization, but his knowledge was superficial, and his talents moderate.

It was thus that Rosas, the only man, perhaps, who had no military glory among the leaders of the Federal party, got rid of the champions of that party; from thence he remained the only important man in the

Argentine Republic, and at the same time was absolute master of Buenos Ayres.

And then Rosas, all-powerful, commenced his course of vengeance against the upper classes which had so long held him in contempt. Amidst the most aristocratic and elegant men, he constantly appeared dressed in a chaqueta and without a cravat: he gave balls at which he, his wife, and his daughter presided, and to which, to the exclusion of the better society of Buenos Ayres, he invited carters, butchers, even to the enfranchised slaves of the city. One day he opened the ball himself, dancing with a slave, and Manuelita with a Gaucho.

But it was not in this fashion alone he punished city pride; he proclaimed this terrible principle:

"He who is not with me is against me."

From that time every man displeasing to him was qualified with the name of Unitarian savage; and he whom Rosas had once designated by that name had no longer a right to liberty, property, life, or honour.

Then, to put in practice the theories of Rosas, was organized, under his auspices, the famous society of MAS HACA, that is to say, *more gibbets*. This society was composed of all the vagabonds, bankrupts, and sbirri of the city. With this society of the MAS HACA were affiliated by superior orders, the heads of the police, the judges of the peace—all, in short, whose duty it was to watch over the maintenance of public order; so that when the members of this society were breaking open the house of a citizen, to plunder the house or assassinate the owner, it was in vain for him whose life and property were in danger to call for assistance; no one was there to oppose the violences that were being perpetrated. These violences were committed in open day as in dark night, without any means of escaping them.

Would my reader like to see a few examples? Be it so. With us, we must remark, punishment imme-

diately follows accusation. The fashionable men of Buenos Ayres had at that period the custom of wearing their whiskers *en collier*, that is, extended under the chin. But under the pretence that the beard thus cut formed the letter U, and meant Unitarian, the Mas Haca seized these unfortunate wretches, shaved them with blunt knives, and cut off strips of flesh with the beards, after which they abandoned the victims to the lowest rabble, drawn together by the curiosity of the spectacle, and who sometimes carried out the bloody farce to death.

The women of the lower classes then began to wear in their hair the red ribbon known by the name of *mano*. One day the Mas Haca planted themselves at the doors of the principal churches, and all the women who went in or came out without the *mano* on her head had one fastened on with hot pitch. Nor was it at all an extraordinary thing to see a woman stript of her clothes and whipped through the streets, and that because she had dared to wear a handkerchief, dress, or any kind of ornament, upon which could be detected the colours of blue or green. It was the same with men of the highest distinction; it was sufficient for them to incur the greatest dangers, if they ventured into public with a coat or a cravat on.

At the same time that persons designated without doubt beforehand, and who belonged to these superior classes of society, pursued by an invisible but well-known vengeance, were victims of these acts of violence, citizens whose opinions were not in harmony, we will not say with those of the dictator, but with the still unknown combinations of future policy, were imprisoned by hundreds. No one knew for what crime he was arrested; that was a superfluous thing, since Rosas knew it: so that the crime remaining unknown, trial was declared useless, and every day, to make room for the prisoners of the following days, the crowded prisons were relieved of the superabundance of their inmates by numerous *fusillades*. These fusillades took

place in the hours of darkness, and constantly the city would be roused up by the nocturnal thunders which were decimating it.

And in the morning, as was never the case in France, even in the most terrible days of 1793, police carters were seen quietly collecting the bodies of the assassinated in the streets, and going to receive at the prisons the bodies of those who had been shot; then the assassinated and the shot were driven away to a large grave, into which they were thrown *pêle-mêle*, without giving the relations of the victims an opportunity of coming to recognise those who belonged to them, or to render them the duties of sepulture.

This was not all: the carters who took away these deplorable remains announced their approach by atrocious jokes which caused the doors to be shut and the populace to fly out of hearing. They have been seen to cut off the heads from the bodies, and with these heads fill baskets, and then, imitating the cry of vendors of fruit, to have offered them to terrified passers-by, by crying, "Unitarian peaches! Who wants any Unitarian peaches?"

Interested calculation was joined to barbarity, confiscation to death. Rosas was fully aware that the means of preserving his power was to create around him interests inseparable from his own. Then he pointed out to one party the fortunes of the other, saying, "That belongs to you!" From that moment the ruin of the old proprietors of Buenos Ayres was consummated, and the friends of Rosas were seen to acquire scandalous and rapid fortunes.

That which no tyrant had ever dared to dream of, which had never entered the mind of either Nero or Domitian, was executed by Rosas:—after having killed the father he forbade the son to wear mourning. The law which contained this prohibition was proclaimed and posted, for without it there would have been little but mourning worn in Buenos Ayres.

The excesses of this despotism affected foreigners

and, among others, some Frenchmen. Rosas, who thought everything was permissible towards them, exhausted the patience of King Louis Philippe—patience pretty well known, by the bye—and brought on the formation of the first blockade by France.

But the upper classes of society, thus ill-treated, began to leave Buenos Ayres, and, in searching for a place of refuge, turned their eyes towards the Oriental State in which the greater part of the proscribed city came to seek an asylum.

It was in vain that Rosas' police redoubled its vigilance; it was in vain that a law punished emigration with death; it was in vain that to that death atrocious details were added—for Rosas soon saw that death alone no longer sufficed; the terror and hatred inspired by Rosas were stronger than the means invented by him, emigration went on increasing from hour to hour, from minute to minute. To effect the flight of a whole family, it was only necessary to find a boat large enough to contain them all; that being found, father, mother, children, brothers, sisters, were all crowded into it, abandoning house, property, goods; and every day in the Oriental State, that is to say, Montevideo, some of these boats were seen to arrive filled with passengers whose whole wealth consisted of the clothes they wore.

And none of these passengers had to repent of the confidence he had placed in the hospitality of the Eastern people; that hospitality was as great and generous as would have been that of an ancient republic—such hospitality, moreover, as the Argentine people had a right to expect from friends—or rather from brothers, who so many times had united their flags to combat the English, the Spaniards or the Brazilians; common enemies, foreign enemies, less dangerous, however, than the enemy that was born among them.

The Argentines arrived in crowds, landed, and, upon the port the inhabitants awaited them, choosing

as they set foot on land, in proportion with their pecuniary resources and the size of their house, the number of emigrants they could receive. Then, provisions, money, clothes, everything was placed at the disposal of these unfortunates, until they could create some resources for themselves, in which everybody eagerly assisted them. On their side, the emigrants, being grateful, set about this task immediately, in order to lighten the burden they imposed upon their hosts, and thus leave them the means of assisting other fugitives. To obtain this end, persons accustomed to all the enjoyments of luxury took up the lowest trades, ennobling them so much the more as these trades were opposed to their social state. It was thus that the noblest names of the Argentine republic figured in the emigration. Lavalle, the most brilliant sword of its army; Florencio Varela, its man of highest talent; Aguero, one of its first statesmen; Echuverria, the Lamartine of La Plata; Vega, the Bayard of the army of the Andes; Guttierez, the happy singer of national glories; Alsena, the great advocate and illustrious citizen, appeared in the number of the emigrants, as likewise appeared Saerrz, Valiente, Mulino, Terrée, Rasnes, Megia, the great proprietors; as, still further, appear Rodriguez, the old general of the armies of independence, and of the Unitarian armies; Olozobal, one of the bravest of that army of the Andes, of which we have said La Vega was the Bayard. For Rosas pursued equally the Unitarian and the federalist, only careful of one thing, and that was to get rid of all who could be an obstacle to his dictatorship. It was, in some degree, to this hospitality granted to the men he was persecuting, that the hatred Rosas bore to the Oriental State must be attributed.

At the epoch we are treating of, the Presidency of the republic was exercised by General Fructuose Rivera. Rivera, whose name we have just pronounced, was a man of the country, as Rosas was, as Quiroga

was; only all his instincts were directed towards civilization, which placed him in opposition to Rosas. As a soldier, the bravery of Rivera has never been surpassed; as a partisan his generosity has never been attacked. During thirty-five years he was seen to figure in the political scenes of his country. During thirty-five years he was seen to spring to his arms at the moment war to the foreigner was pronounced.

When the revolution against Spain commenced, he sacrificed his fortune; for, with him, giving was an irresistible necessity; he was not generous, he was prodigal. And in the same degree that Rivera was prodigal towards men, God had been prodigal towards him. He was a handsome cavalier, in the sense of the Spanish word *caballero*, which comprehends at once the soldier and the gentleman; with a brown complexion, lofty stature, a piercing look; conversing with grace, and drawing his interlocutors into the fascinating circle of a gesture belonging only to himself, he was the most popular man in the Eastern state. But, it must be said, never, at the same time, did a bad administrator more completely disorganise the pecuniary resources of a people. He had deranged his private fortune, he deranged the public fortune—not for the purpose of reconstructing a fortune, but because, as a public man he had preserved all the princely habits of the private man.

But at the period we are now treating of, this ruin had not yet made itself felt. Rivera was commencing his presidency, and his presidency was surrounded by the most able men of the country: Obez, Herrera, Vasquez, Alvares, Ellauri, Luiz (Edward Perez) were, in fact, if not his ministers, the directors of his government; and with these men, all that was progress, liberty and prosperity, was assured to this fine country.

Obez, the first of Rivera's friends, was a man of antique character: his patriotism, his grandeur, his eminent talents, his profound information, place him in the number of the great men of America. That nothing

might be wanting for his popularity, he died in proscription, one of the first victims of Rosas' system in the Oriental State.

Luiz (Edward Perez) was the Aristides of Montevideo. A severe republican and exalted patriot, he consecrated his long existence to virtue, liberty, and his country.

Vasquez, a man of talent and information, began rendering his first services to his country at the siege of Montevideo, in the war against Spain, and finished his career during the siege against Rosas.

Hemara, Alvarez and Ellauri, brothers-in-law of Obez, were not behind those we have named; they not only belong to the Oriental State as devoted defenders, but to the whole American cause.

Thus their names will be always held sacred in that vast land of Columbus, which extends from Cape Horn to Barrow's Straits.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MANUEL ORRIBE.

THE presidency of Rivera terminated in 1834. General Manuel Orribe succeeded him, by the influence of Rivera himself, who reckoned upon finding in him a continuator of his system. In fact, Manuel Orribe had been appointed general by Rivera, and had formed part of the preceding administration, as minister of war.

Orribe was connected with the first families of the country. He fought in its defence, and was always distinguished for his personal bravery. His mind was weak, his information limited, which explains his alliance with Rosas, to whom he gave himself entirely up, without thinking that that alliance brought with it the loss of that same independence, for which he, Orribe, had so often fought.

As a general, his incapacity was complete. His

passions had the violence of nervous organizations, and led him to the commission of cruelty. As an individual he was a worthy man.

As an administrator, he was more economical than Rivera, and he cannot be reproached with having augmented the deficiency of the public treasure, and yet it is to him belongs all the responsibility of the ruin of the Oriental State. Forgetting that to be chief of a party it is not enough to wish to be so, he refused to remain bound to the great national party which had Rivera for its head. He wished to form a party of his own, excited the mistrust of the country, and, terrified at his weakness, he one day threw himself into the arms of Rosas. Although the treaty remained secret, the country suspected it of exciting the underhand hostilities of the government against the Argentine emigration, and, as nothing was more opposed to the opinion of the country than the system of Rosas, the country followed General Rivera, at the moment when the latter placed himself, in 1835, at the head of a revolution against Orribe.

In spite of the almost unanimity which threatened him, Orribe resisted till 1838. He then descended from the presidency by a renunciation made officially before the chambers, and left the country, having demanded permission of those same chambers to do so. But, after leaving the country, Rosas forced him to protest against this renunciation, and, a thing which had never been seen in America, he recognised him as chief of the government of a country from which he himself had been driven. It was something as if Louis Philippe, at Claremont, had appointed a viceroy to the French republic.

People began by laughing, at Montevideo, at this eccentricity of the dictator. But he, all the while, was preparing to change this laughter into tears. The natural consequence of this conduct of Rosas was war between the two nations. And this war was terrible! Orribe, whom some of the French journals, paid by

Rosas, styled the *illustrious* and *virtuous* Orribe, was, in it, at once general and executioner.

Let us borrow a few pages from those tables of blood, published by South America, and upon which, as a plaintive mother for the present, and as an avenging goddess for the future, she has enregistered ten thousand assassinations. Let us take them at hazard from the reports made to Rosas by his officers and agents.

General Don Marcano Acha, who served in the army opposed to Rosas, defended San Juan, and, on the 22nd of August, 1841, surrendered after a resistance of forty-eight hours. Don José-Santos Ramirez, one of Rosas' officers, then transmitted to the government from San Juan the official report of this event. In it is this sentence :—*Everything is in our power, but with pardon guaranteed to all the prisoners. Among them is a son of la Madrid.*

Take number 2067 of the *Diario de la Tarde*, that is to say, the evening journal of Buenos Ayres, of the 22nd of October, 1841, and look at the official report of José-Santos Ramirez, which states the guarantee of life for the prisoners, and you will be able to write this paragraph :—

"Desaguedero, Sept. 22nd, 1841.

"*The pretended Unitarian savage, Marcano Acha, was decapitated yesterday, and his head exposed to the public gaze.*

"Signed, ANGEL PACHECO."

Let us be careful not to confound this Angel Pacheco, one of Rosas' lieutenants, with his cousin Pacheco y Obes, one of his most inveterate enemies.

But, stop ! Remember that in the report of Santos-Ramirez, this sentence is to be found :—

"*Among the prisoners is a son of la Madrid.*"

Open the *Gaceta Mercantile*, number 5703, of the 22nd of April, 1842, and you will find there this letter, written by Mazario Benavidez to Don Juan-Manuel Rosas :—

"Miraflore-la-Marche, July 7, 1842.

"In a preceding dispatch, I have communicated to you the motives which made me save the savage Ciriaco Lamadrid; but learning that he had addressed several chiefs of the province to draw them into defection, I have on my arrival at la Rioja, *ordered him to be decapitated at once, as well as the Unitarian savage, Manuel Julian Frias, a native of Santiago.*

"Signed, MAZARIO BENAVIDEZ."

Manuel Orribe commanded the armies of Rosas, charged with subduing the Argentine provinces. On the 15th of April, 1842, he defeated on the territory of Santa-Fé, the forces commanded by General Juan-Pablo-Lopez. Among the prisoners was General Don Juan-Apostat Martinez. Read this fragment of a letter of Orribe's:—

"Head Quarters of Banacas de Cosendac,
"April 7, 1848.

"Thirty odd killed, and a few prisoners, among whom was the pretended savage, Juan-Apostat Martinez, *whose head was cut off yesterday.*

"Signed, MANUEL ORRIBE."

If the *Gaceta Mercantile* be still at hand, open it, and at number 5903, at the date of the 20th of September, 1842, you will find an official report from Manuel-Antonio Saravea, employed in the army of Orribe. This report contains a list of seventeen individuals, among whom was a chief of battalion and a captain, who were made prisoners at Numayan, and underwent *the ordinary chastisement* of the PAIN OF DEATH.

Let us return to the *illustrious and virtuous* Orribe, number 3007 of the *Diario de la Tarde.* It concerns the battle of Monte-Grande, of which he is making a report:—

"Head Quarters at Ceibal, September 14, 1841.

"Among the prisoners was the traitor, the Unitarian savage, ex-colonel Facundo Borda, *who was executed*

immediately, with other pretended officers, both cavalry and infantry.

"MANUEL ORRIBE."

Orribe is in the vein; a traitor delivered up to him the government of Tucuman and its officers. Thus he hastens to announce this news to Rosas:—

"Head Quarters at Melan, Oct. 3, 1841.

"The Unitarian savages who delivered up to me the Commandant Sandoval, and who are: Marion, the pretended governor general of Tucuman; Avellanida, the pretended Colonel J. M. Vitela, Captain José Espigo and the first lieutenant Leonard Sosa, were all executed immediately in the ordinary manner, with the exception of Avellanida, whose head, after it was cut off, I ordered to be exposed to public view, upon the Place of Tucuman.

"MANUEL ORRIBE."

Let us leave him, and pass on to another of Rosas' executioners:—

"Casamarca, 29th of the month of Rosas, 1841.

"To His Excellency Monsieur the Governor D. U. A. Orredondo.

"After more than two hours' firing, and after having put to the sword all the infantry, in its turn the cavalry was put to the rout, and the leader alone escaped, by the Cerro d'Ambaste, with about thirty men. He is being pursued, and his head will soon be on the Public Place, where are already the heads of the pretended Ministers Gonzales and Dulle, with that of Espartez.

"Viva la Federacion!" "M. MEZA."

Nominative List of the Unitarian savages, pretended chiefs and officers, who were executed after the Action of the 29th.

"Colonel, Vicente Mercao; Commandant, Modesto Villafari, Juan-Pedro Ponce, Damasio Areas, Manuel Lopez, Pedro Rodriguez.

"Chiefs of Battalion.—Manuel Riso, Santiago de la Cruz José.

Captains.—Juan-de-Dies Ponce, José Salas, Pedro Aranjo, Isidore Ponce, Pedro Banos.

"Adjutants.—Damasio Sarmiento, Eugenio Movillo, Francesco Quenteros, Daniel Rodriguez.

"Lieutenant.—Domingo Diaz.

"M. MAZA."

Since we have got to M. Maza, we will continue; and then we will return to Rosas:—

"Casamarca, Nov. 4, 1841.

"I have already informed you that we had completely put to rout the Unitarian savage, Cubas, who was being pursued, and that we should soon have the head of the bandit. He was, in fact, taken at Ceno des Ambastes; he was even taken in his bed. Consequently the head of the said brigand Cubas is exposed in the Public Place of that city.

"After the action.—Nineteen officers who were following Cubas have been taken. *I have given no quarter.* The triumph has been complete, and not one has escaped.

"M. MAZA."

Let us glean, *en passant*, from the *Boletin de Mendosa*, No. 12, this letter, written from the field of battle of Arrayo Grande, and addressed to the Governor Aldao, by Colonel Don Geronimo Costa:—

"*We have taken more than a hundred and fifty leaders and officers, who were executed instantly.*"

Every artificial firework has its *bouquet*. We will terminate this firework of blood by its *bouquet*.

I promised to return to Rosas. I return to him.

Colonel Letellasaz was killed; his head was brought to Rosas. Rosas passed three hours in knocking about this head with his foot and spitting at it. He is then informed that another colonel, brother-in-arms of the former, is a prisoner. His first idea was to have

him shot; but he corrected himself; instead of condemning him to death, he condemned him to the torture: the prisoner, during three days, had, for twelve hours a day, that head placed before him on a table.

Rosas had a portion of the prisoners of General Paz shot in the middle of the Place St. Nicolas. Among those prisoners was Colonel Vedela, formerly governor of St. Louis. At the moment of execution, the son of the condemned threw himself into the arms of his father—"Shoot them both," cried out Rosas. And the father and son fell dead in each other's arms.

In 1832, Rosas ordered eighty Indian prisoners to be led to the Place of Buenos Ayres, and in the middle of the day, in the sight of the whole city, had them slaughtered by the bayonet.

Camilla O'Gorman, a young girl of eighteen, belonging to one of the first families of Buenos Ayres, was seduced by a priest of twenty-four. They quitted Buenos Ayres, and took refuge in a little village of Corrientes, where, giving themselves out to be man and wife, they opened a kind of school. Corrientes fell into the hands of Rosas. Recognised by a priest, and denounced to Rosas, the fugitive and his companion were both brought back to Buenos Ayres, where, without trial, Rosas ordered them to be shot.

"But," some one observed to Rosas, "Camilla O'Gorman is eight months advanced in her pregnancy."

"Baptize her womb, then," said Rosas, who, as a good Christian, was willing to save the soul of the child. The womb being baptized, Camilla O'Gorman was shot. Three balls passed through the arms of the unhappy mother, who, by an instinctive movement had stretched them out to protect her child.

Now, how happens it that France should make friends like Rosas, and enemies like Garibaldi? For, in fact, the treaty of 1840, signed by Admiral Mackau

and which bears his name, did raise the power of Rosas, by leaving the Oriental republic alone engaged in the struggle.

It was then Garibaldi appeared on his return from Rio-Grande.

On the one side Rosas and Orribe—that is to say, strength, wealth, and power, fighting for despotism.

On the other side, a poor little republic—a dismantled city, an empty treasury, a people without resources, unable to pay their defenders, but fighting for liberty.

Garibaldi did not hesitate a moment. He went straight to the side of the people and liberty.

We restore him the pen, and leave him to relate his efforts during this severe and obstinate siege, which, like that of Troy, lasted nine years.

CHAPTER XL.

I LOSE MY COMMISSION.

THE true motive of the expedition was not to carry succours to the inhabitants of Corrientes and supply them with provisions; it was to get rid of me.

How, being yet of so little importance, I had already such powerful enemies, is a secret I never could fathom. At the time of my embarking upon the river, the Oriental army was at San José, in Uruguay, and that of Orribe at Bazada, capital of the province of Entra Rios; both were preparing for the struggle, the army of Corrientes on its part preparing to form a junction with the Oriental army.

I had to reascend the Parana as far as Corrientes, to make my way for six hundred miles between two hostile shores, pursued by a squadron four times stronger than mine.

During the whole of this passage I was only able to land upon islands or upon barren coasts.

When I quitted Montevideo, it was a hundred to one that I should never return thither again.

On leaving Montevideo I had to maintain a first conflict with the battery of Martin Garcia, an island situated near the confluence of the two great rivers Uruguay and Parana, close to which it was absolutely necessary to pass, as there exists only one canal, and that within half cannon-shot of it, for vessels of certain tonnage.

I had several killed, and among them a brave Italian officer, Pocarebba; his head was carried away by a cannon-ball. I had likewise eight or ten wounded.

At three miles from St. Martin Garcia, the *Constitution* ran a-ground; unfortunately the accident happened at low water. It cost us immense labour to set her afloat again. Thanks to the courage of our men, our little flotilla got through the affair very well.

Whilst we were engaged in transporting all heavy objects on board the goëlette we caught sight of the enemy's squadron approaching us; it appeared on the other side of the island, and came on in good order.

I was in an awkward position. To lighten the *Constitution* I had had all the cannons transported on board the goëlette, the *Proceda*, where they were heaped up, and consequently completely useless to us. We had nothing therefore left but the brigantine *Peressia*, the brave commander of which was at my side with the major part of his crew assisting us in our laborious task.

In the meanwhile the enemy advanced towards us, magnificent to behold, amidst the acclamations of the troops upon the island, certain of a victory, with seven ships of war.

Notwithstanding the imminent danger in which I was placed I did not give way to despair. No, God has given me the grace in every extreme occasion always to retain my confidence in him; but I leave it to others to judge, particularly to sailors, what my situation was. It was not only my life that was in question, I would willingly have given up that at such

a moment, but my honour was at stake. The more the people who had driven me to this extremity believed that I should in it lose my reputation, the more firmly I was resolved to carry it through the ordeal, bleeding it might be, but still pure.

There could be no idea of avoiding the combat; all we could do was to meet it in the best possible situation. Consequently as my vessels, much lighter than the enemy's, drew less water, I made them approach close to the shore, which presented me, should all be lost upon the river, with a last means of safety in landing.

I had the deck of the goëlette cleared as much as possible in order that some of our cannons might be of service, and these precautions being taken, I waited.

The squadron which was about to attack me was commanded by Admiral Broun; I was aware, therefore, that I had to deal with one of the bravest sailors in the world.

The fight lasted three days without the enemy's thinking fit to board us. Towards the morning of the third day I had still some powder left, but I wanted projectiles. I ordered the chains of the vessel to be broken; I got together nails and hammers, everything, either iron or copper that could take the place of bullets or *mitraille*, and spat it in the face of the enemy, and that enabled us to get through the day.

At length, towards the end of the third day, having no projectiles left, and having lost more than half of my men, I commanded fire to be set to the three vessels, whilst, under a heavy cannonade from the enemy, we reached the shore, every man carrying his musket and his share of the cartridges that were left. All the wounded that were transportable were carried with us; as to the others * * * I have before said what took place in such circumstances.

But we were a hundred and fifty, or two hundred miles from Montevideo, and upon an enemy's coast. It was the garrison of the island which first undertook

to molest us; but still heated by our fight with Admiral Broun we received them in such a fashion that they repeated the attack no more.

Then we commenced our march across the desert, living upon the small quantity of provisions we had been able to bring away with us, and upon whatever we could procure upon our route. The Orientals had just lost the battle of Arrayo-Grande; we joined the fugitives, whom I rallied round me, and after five or six days of struggles, fighting, privations, and sufferings, of which no description can give an idea, we re-entered Montevideo, bringing back intact that honour which it had been so firmly believed I should leave behind me.

This fight, and many others which I maintained against Admiral Broun, made him form so favourable an opinion of me, that whilst the war still lasted, and he had abandoned the service of Rosas, he came to Montevideo, and before seeing his family, he made it his business to seek for me. He found me at my residence of the Podone, and embraced me again and again as if I had been his own son; the excellent man seemed as if he was never tired of pressing me to his breast and evincing his sympathy for me. And when he had done with me, turning towards Anita, "Madame," said he, "I have for a long time fought against your husband, and that without success; I was determined to conquer him, and make him my prisoner; but he was always ready to fight with me, and managed to escape me. If I had had the good fortune to take him, he would have learnt by the manner in which I should have treated him how great my respect was for him."

I relate this anecdote because it does more honour to Admiral Broun than to me.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LEGIONS ARE FORMED.

AFTER the victory of Arrayo-Grande, Orribes marched upon Montevideo, declaring he would spare no one, not even foreigners. As an earnest of which threat, all he fell in with on his route were either decapitated or shot.

Upon this, as there were numbers of Italians in Montevideo, some having come thither for commercial purposes, others from being proscribed, I issued a proclamation to my compatriots, inviting them to take up arms, to form a legion, and to fight to the death for the people who had afforded them hospitality.

Rivera, in the mean time, was getting together the remains of his army.

On their part, the French composed a legion, which was joined by the French Biscayans; whilst the Spaniards formed one, with which the Spanish Biscayans united. But three or four months after its formation, the Spanish legion, principally composed of Carlists, passed over to the enemy, and became the nerve of attack, as the Italian legion was the nerve of defence.

The Italian legion had no pay, but rations of bread, wine, salt, oil, &c.; only after the war, lands and cattle were to be given to the survivors or to the widows and children of the dead. The legion at first consisted of from four hundred to five hundred men; but it afterwards increased to eight hundred; for as European vessels brought fresh proscribed Italians, or others who had come with the hopes of making a fortune, and were disappointed from the bad position of affairs, they were enrolled.

The legion was at first divided into three battalions, one commanded by Danuzio, another by Ramella, and the third by Mancini.

Orribes heard of all these preparations for defence, but he placed no faith in them. He marched towards

Montevideo, as I have said, but he encamped at Cerito. Perhaps, in the state of disorder in which the city then was, he might have entered it at once, but he believed he had many partisans, and waited for a demonstration on their part. But the demonstration was waited for in vain, and Orribes gave Montevideo time to organize its defence.

He remained then within an hour's march of Montevideo, at the head of from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand men. Montevideo was able after a time to oppose them with nine thousand men, of whom five thousand were blacks who had received their liberty, and who made excellent soldiers.

Where Orribes had lost all hopes of entering Montevideo by a friendly movement, he fortified his camp at Cerito, and there he commenced.

On their side, the Montevideans fortified the city in the best manner they were able; our engineer was Colonel Echevavio. The general organization of the troops belonged to General Paz. Joaquin Sonarez was president, Pacheco y Obes minister of war. Paz soon left Montevideo, to endeavour to effect a rising in Corrientes and Entra-Rico.

The first time they left the lines, I know not whether the fault lay with the leaders or the soldiers, but the whole legion was seized with a panic, and came back without firing a single shot.

I obliged one of the commanders to give in his resignation; I made a powerful harangue to the Italians, and wrote, the second time, to Anzani, who was at his house of business at Uruguay, to join me immediately. That excellent friend arrived towards the month of July, and with him everything regained strength and life: the legion had been horribly administered; he gave his most earnest attention to it.

In the meantime, by some means or other, a little flotilla had been reorganized, of which I was ordered to take the command, Mancini assuming my place at the head of the legion. The flotilla held communication,

by means of the river, with Ceno, a fortress which remained in the power of the Montevideans, although it was three or four leagues higher up the river La Plata than Cerito, which had fallen into the hands of Oribés.

Ceno was of great importance to us. It was at once a point for collecting provisions, for sending parties into the plains, and for collecting fugitives.

Before the organization for defence was completed, Admiral Broun's squadron made an attempt upon Ceno and the Island of Los Ratos. For three days I defended the island and the fortress. The island had cannon of eighteen and thirty-six pounds, and I forced Admiral Broun to retire with great loss.

I have said that with the arrival of Anzani the peculations had ceased; his skilful eye watched over every expenditure. This did not at all suit the peculators, and a plot was formed, the object of which was to assassinate both of us, and sell the Italian legion to the enemy.

Auzani was warned of this. The conspirators found they had nothing to hope on his part, and, one morning, when the legion was in an advanced post, twenty officers and fifty soldiers passed over to the enemy. But let me do justice to the soldiers—they returned by degrees, one at a time.

The legion was all the better for being purged of its traitors; Anzani restored confidence among them: "If I had wished to choose the good from the bad," said he, "I could not have succeeded so well as the bad have done."

On my part, I harangued the troops, and General Pacheco made them a long speech.

A few days after the first sortie in which the Italian legion had given such a sad programme of itself, I was determined to restore its character, and proposed to undertake an expedition, which was agreed to. This was to go and attack the troops of Oribés which were before Ceno. Pacheco and I placed ourselves at its

head; attacked the enemy at two o'clock in the afternoon, and put them to flight at five. The legion, consisting of four hundred men, charged a battalion of six hundred. Pacheco fought on horseback; but I, on foot or on horseback, as circumstances required. We killed a hundred and fifty of the enemy, and made two hundred prisoners. We had five or six killed, and about half a score wounded; among the latter was an officer named Ferrucci, whose leg it was found necessary to amputate.

We returned in triumph to Montevideo. The next day, Pacheco assembled the legion, thanked them, praised them, and presented Sergeant Loreto with a gun of honour. The affair took place on the 28th of March, 1843. From that time I was at ease; the legion had received its baptism of fire.

In the month of May our flag was consecrated. It was of black stuff, with Vesuvius painted upon it, as emblematical of Italy, and of the revolutions it contained within its bosom. It was entrusted to Sacetro, a young man of twenty, who had behaved admirably in the fight at Ceno. He is the same man that afterwards fought with me at Rome, and who is now a colonel.

CHAPTER XLII.

COLONEL NEYRA.

On the 17th of the November of the same year, the Italian legion occupied the advanced posts, and I was with them. After breakfast, the Montevidean Colonel Neyra got on horseback, and passed through the line, followed by a few men. The enemy fired upon him, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. On seeing him fall, the enemy charged and gained possession of his body.

As soon as I learnt this, I could not bear the idea of leaving the body of so brave an officer exposed to

the insults of the enemy, and getting together the first hundred men that came to hand, I charged at their head. I recovered the body; but the soldiers of Oribés then became exasperated in their turn, and such a reinforcement came up that I was soon surrounded. Fresh men seeing this, came to my succour, so that by degrees the whole legion was engaged.

Excited by my voice, my men then rushed forward, overthrew all that opposed them, took a battery, and drove the enemy from their position. The enemy then advanced upon us in full force; all, or nearly all the troops of the garrison came out; the fight became general, and lasted eight hours. We were forced to abandon the position taken at the first dash, but we caused the enemy to undergo an enormous loss, and we returned to Montevideo conquerors in reality, and satisfied, from that time, of our superiority over the enemy. About sixty of our men were killed or wounded.

I had allowed myself to be carried away in the charge, like a mere soldier, consequently I only saw what passed around me. But in the midst of the *mêlée* I saw Anzani fighting with his ordinary coolness, and I was sure that, dominating the contest as he did, no detail would escape him. That same evening I requested him to give me a report of those that had distinguished themselves; and the next day, assembling the legion, I praised their valour, thanked them in the name of Italy, and made some promotions of officers and subalterns.

After these two fights, the Italian legion had created such an impression among the enemy, that when they saw them march upon them with the bayonet, they did not wait for their charges, and if they did, were sure to be overthrown.

In the meantime, Riveyra had succeeded in getting together a little *corps d'armée* of five or six thousand men, with whom he held the field and fought the enemy. His opponent was Urguisa, now President of

the Argentine Republic. From time to time, he sent, through Ceno, provisions to Montevideo... Oribés grew tired of seeing Riveyra manœuvre in this manner, and detached a certain number of men of his army, ordering them to join Urguisa, and transmit to him the order to attack and destroy Riveyra, with the aid of the reinforcement he sent him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PASSAGE OF THE BAYARDA.

We heard, at Montevideo, of the marching of these men from the main body of Oribés' army, and General Paz determined to take advantage of the weakness that must ensue.

Beyond Cento was a *corps d'armée* of about one thousand eight hundred men. We set out on the 23rd of April, 1844, at ten o'clock in the evening. This was our plan—to attack the corps of observation of Ceno. Seeing this attack, Oribés would send succours to Ceno, and would weaken himself the more; in the meantime the garrison would march out and attack the camp.

We followed the sea-coast and passed Larayo Secco, which, in spite of its name, took us up to the shoulders in water. From thence we took the plain, and made a circuit of the encampment. We marched with such precaution that we awakened nobody.

At length we arrived in sight of the corps of observation. The garrison of Ceno was to march out and second our attack. A discussion arose between the two principal officers in Ceno, each of whom was desirous of having the command. The eighteen hundred men being put to flight, we were to fall back upon Oribés, and take him between two fires, ours and that of the garrison of the city.

The discussion in Ceno caused the failure of the

whole plan; the garrison came out, but, master of all his forces, Oribés repulsed them, and it was he who, in his turn, was able to march upon us, and execute the plan of battle formed against him.

We were then attacked in our turn by the army of Oribés and the corps of observation: we had but one course, to retreat upon Ceno, and, whilst falling back, do the enemy as much injury as possible. I took the command of the rear-guard, in order to support the retreat as vigorously as possible.

There was between us and Ceno, a sort of muddy river, called the Bayarda. We had to cross this with the mud up to our middles. In order to endeavour to throw disorder into the passage the enemy established upon a hillock a battery of four pieces of cannon, which began playing upon us at the moment we commenced crossing. But the Italian legion was becoming more warlike every day; they took no more notice of this shower of *mitraille* than if it had been an ordinary shower of hail. It was then I saw what brave men our negroes were. They suffered themselves to be killed, awaiting the enemy one knee on the ground. I was in the very midst of them, and was able to see how they behaved. The fight lasted six hours.

There was an Englishman in the service of Montevideo. My Englishman of the last campaign has more than once reminded me of his compatriot. There was then in the service of Montevideo, who had *carte blanche* from Pacheco, who knew him well, to do everything he thought would be serviceable. He had from forty to fifty men under his command. We called him Samuel; I don't know whether he had any other name or not. I never saw a braver man than he was. After the passage of the Bayarda, I saw him coming alone with his warrant.

"Well, Samuel," said I, "where is your regiment?"

"Regiment!" cried he, "Attention!"

Nobody appeared, nobody answered; his men had all been killed, from the first to the last.

General Paz's order of the day gave great praise to the Italian legion. We had twenty men placed *hors de combat*. We re-entered Montevideo by the Ceno. Samuel immediately set about recruiting his corps.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ITALIAN LEGION REFUSE THE LANDS WHICH ARE OFFERED TO THEM.

On the 30th of January, 1845, General Riveyra, astonished at the bravery the Italian legion had displayed at the fight of Ceno and the passage of the Bayarda, wrote me the following letter:—

"Monsieur,—When, last year, I made a gift to the honourable French legion—a gift which was accepted, and which the journals mentioned, of a certain quantity of land, I hoped that chance would lead to my head-quarters some officers of the Italian legion, to afford me an opportunity of indulging an ardent wish of my heart, by evincing to the Italian legion the esteem I profess for the important services rendered by your companions to the Republic in the war we are sustaining against the invading armed forces of Buenos Ayres.

"That I may no longer defer what I consider the accomplishment of a sacred duty, I enclose, and with much pleasure, a deed of the donation which I make to the illustrious and valorous Italian legion, as a sincere testimonial of my personal gratitude for the heroic services rendered by that corps to my country.

"The gift is certainly not equal to the services or to my wish; nevertheless, I hope you will not refuse to offer it in my name to your comrades, and to inform them of my goodwill and gratitude towards them, as well as yourself, Monsieur, who so worthily command them, and who, before now, have, by aiding our Republic, won an incontestable right to our gratitude.

"I take this opportunity, Colonel, to beg you to accept the assurance of my perfect consideration and profound esteem. "FRUCTUESO RIVEYRA."

It is worthy of remark that this excellent patriot drew upon his own fortune to make us this gift. The lands he offered us did not belong to the Republic, but were part of his own patrimony.

I therefore replied to him on the 23rd of the following May, the period at which his letter was communicated to me.

"EXCELLENTISSIMO SIGNORE,—Colonel Pandi, in the presence of all the officers of the Italian legion, has remitted to me, according to your desire, the letter you have had the goodness to write to me, bearing date the 30th of January, and with that letter a deed by which you make a spontaneous gift to the Italian legion of a portion of land, taken from your own property, and extending between *l'Arrayo de las Avenas* and *l'Arrayo Grande*, to the north of the *Rio Negro*, and, in addition, a drove of cattle, as well as haciendas, standing upon this land.

"You say that the gift is made by you as a reward of our services to the Republic.

"The Italian officers, after being made acquainted with your letter and its contents, have unanimously declared, in the name of the legion, that they did not contemplate, when asking for arms and offering their services to the Republic, receiving any other reward but the honour of sharing the perils of the children of the country which had afforded them hospitality. They obeyed, whilst acting thus, the voice of their conscience; having satisfied that which they consider simply the accomplishment of a duty, they will continue, as long as the necessities of the siege require it, to share the toils and perils of the noble Montevideans, but they desire no other price and no other recompence for their labours.

"I have, consequently, the honour to communicate to your Excellency the reply of the legion, with

which my own sentiments and principles completely agree.

"I therefore return you the original of the donation.

"May God grant you many days.

"GUISEPPE GARIBALDI."

The Italians then continued to serve without any recompence. Their only means of obtaining a little money, when they absolutely wanted sometimes to replace a portion of their clothes, was to perform the duty of some French or Biscayan trader, who paid for the substitution about two French francs. It was understood that if any fighting were going on, the substitute was to fight, and get himself killed for his principal.

CHAPTER XLV.

DISGRACE OF RIVEYRA.

I HAVE described the plan of General Paz, on the occasion of our nocturnal sortie from Montevideo. This plan, if it had succeeded, would have changed the face of things; and, according to all probability, would have forced the Oribés to raise the siege; but this plan being defeated, we returned to our garrison duty, that is to say, to the advanced posts, which we continued to fortify, on both parts, more and more, till we, on our side, had a line of batteries almost corresponding with the enemy's.

At this point, General Paz left us to go and direct the insurrection of the province of Corrientes, and thus aid the national cause by dividing the forces of General Urguisà, who was opposed to General Riveyra.

But things were far from turning out as it was hoped they would, and that by the impatience of General Riveyra, who, without heeding the orders of the Government, which forbade him attempting a decisive battle, accepted that battle, and completely lost it in the plains of India Muerte. Our field army was

beaten, and two thousand prisoners, perhaps more, were strangled, hung, beheaded, against all the laws of humanity and war.

Many deserted on the field of battle, others were dispersed in the immense steppes. General Riveyra, with a few of his people, gained the frontier of Brazil, and was exiled by the Government as the cause of this great disaster.

The battle of India Muerte lost, Montevideo was abandoned to its own resources. Colonel Conea took the command of the garrison. The soul, however, of the defence, remained concentrated between Pacheco and myself. Some of our leaders, after this deplorable battle, were, notwithstanding, able to get together various parties of dispersed soldiers, and carry on the war. General Flanos collected about two hundred men, and preferring uniting himself with the defenders of Montevideo, fell upon the body of the enemy which was watching Ceno, forced his way through them, gained the fort, and joined us.

Pacheco took advantage of this little reinforcement, and formed the idea of a *coup-de-main*. On the 27th of May, 1845, we embarked at Montevideo, during the night, the Italian legion and a few other troops, taken from Ceno, and, with this small body we placed ourselves in ambush in an old abandoned powder-mill. On the morning of the 28th, General Flanos' cavalry came out, protected by the infantry, and drew the enemy towards the powder-mill; and, when they were within convenient distance, our troops rushed out, the Italian legion at their head, and charging with the bayonet, covered the ground with slain. Upon this the whole division of observation at Ceno fell upon the line, and a murderous conflict ensued, which terminated to our advantage. The enemy were completely put to the rout, and pursued with the bayonet at their heels; it requiring one of these hurricanes of thunder mixed with hail and rain, of which no one can form an idea who has not seen them, to put an end to the fight.

The loss of the enemy was considerable, they had a great number wounded and killed, among the latter General Nang, one of their best and bravest generals; he was shot by one of our legionaries. Besides this we gained a large booty in cattle, so that we returned to Montevideo with joy and hope in our hearts.

The result of this *coup-de-main* was my proposing another to the Government. This was to embark the Italian legion on board the flotilla, to ascend the river, concealing my men as much as possible, as far as Buenos Ayres, and, on arriving there, to land in the night, direct our course to the house of Rosas, carry him off, and bring him off to Montevideo. This expedition succeeding, the war would be terminated at a single blow; but the Government refused to sanction it.

During the intervals of repose taken by our land army, I embarked on board our little flotilla, and, in spite of the blockade, the vigilance of which I deceived, got out, went and threw my grappling-irons over a trading vessel, and, under the very nose of Admiral Broun, I brought it a prize into port. At other times, by well-combined manœuvres drawing upon myself all the blockading forces, I opened the port for merchant vessels, which brought all sorts of comforts to the besieged city.

Still further, frequently embarking by night, with a hundred of my most resolute legionaries, I endeavoured to attack the enemy's vessels, which I did not dare attack by day, on account of their heavy guns; but this was almost always attempted uselessly, as the enemy, suspecting my surprises, never remained during the night on their anchorage, but removed to a distance from the place where I hoped to find them.

At length, one day, determining to absolutely put an end to the matter with them, I went out with three small vessels, the least bad of our tiny squadron, and in open day resolved to attack them, at their anchorage in the road of Montevideo. Rosas' squadron

was composed of three ships : the 25 Mars, the General Echaque, and the Magpie.

These three ships carried forty-four pieces of cannon.

I had eight, and those of small calibre ; but I knew my men, and was certain that if we could but come to boarding, the enemy would be lost. I advanced towards the squadron in line of battle. We were already almost within cannon-shot ; one mile more, and the fight would be inevitable. All the terraces of Montevideo were covered with the curious ; the masts of the ships of war and merchantmen stationed in the port were, so to say, swarming with men ; all these spectators awaited with anxiety the issue of a fight which every instant seemed to render more inevitable. But at that moment the commander of the Argentine fleet became unwilling to incur the risks of the contest ; he put out to sea, and we returned into port, very ill repaid for our disappointment by the universal applauses which saluted us.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH INTERVENTION.

In the meantime, affairs were going on as badly as they could in Montevideo, when an Anglo-French intervention put an end to the blockade : the two Powers took possession of the enemy's fleet, and divided it between them.

Then an expedition upon the Uruguay was determined on. The object of this expedition was to gain possession of Isle of St. Martin Garcia, of the city of Colonia, and some other points, principally of Salto, by which a communication would be opened with Brazil, whilst, at the same time, a nucleus of an army might be formed to replace the one that had been destroyed.

I embarked two hundred volunteers on board my

flotilla, and directed my course towards the fort of St. Martin Garcia. We found it abandoned by the enemy, and took possession of it. The city of Colonia was abandoned in the same manner, when the Anglo-French squadron and our little flotilla presented themselves before it. The Italian legion landed, fought and repulsed General Montero, who was, with superior forces, on the other side of the city. The squadrons, in the meantime—I cannot tell with what object—opened a very warm fire against the abandoned city. They landed their troops, and formed our reserve in the attack upon General Montero.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we made our entrance into the city. The Italian legion was quartered in a church, and I gave the strictest orders that even the smallest things belonging to the inhabitants who had been forced to abandon their houses should be respected. I need not say that the legionaries religiously obeyed my orders.

The city was occupied and fortified by our people, who left a garrison there. The English and French fleets entered the Panara, and destroyed, in a fight which lasted three days, the batteries which command the course of the river. The resistance of the enemy was heroic.

I then proceeded with my little flotilla, composed of a brig, a goëlette, and several small vessels, to ascend the river.

During all the time we had sailed in company, the French admiral and the English commodore had evinced the warmest sympathy towards me, of which Admiral Laine, in particular, continued to give me proofs. Both frequently came and took their seats at our bivouac, and partook of the grilled meat, which constituted our only food.

Anzani, who accompanied us in our expedition, shared this honourable sympathy. He was one of those men who require only to be seen to be loved and esteemed.

Whilst our fleet was ascending the Uruguay we were joined by a small party of cavalry, commanded by Captain de la Cruz, a real hero—that is to say, a man of the finest character and great courage. These few men followed the flotilla along the banks of the Uruguay, and were of immense service to us—at first as explorers, and afterwards as providers of provisions. They took possession of different places—Las Vacas, Merude, &c.—and attacked the enemy wherever they fell in with them. Paysanda, a strong place on the banks of the Uruguay, thought to crush us with its artillery; but, after all, did us no great harm.

Above Paysanda we took up a position in an estancia called the Hervidero, where we remained several days. General la Valleya made a night attack upon us with infantry, cavalry, and artillery; but he was repulsed with considerable loss by our invincible legionaries.

From the Hervidero I wrote to the Government by the hands of Captain Montaldi, who was returning to Montevideo in a trading goëlette. It was attacked when passing before Paysanda, surrounded by the enemy's vessels, and taken after a vigorous resistance made by Captain Montaldi, who was left alone upon the deck. He was made prisoner.

A crowd of barques, sailing under the enemy's flag, fell every day into our hands. I left the greater number of the people on board of them at liberty to return to their homes or their service. Gualeguachu, a city situated on the right bank of the Uruguay, and upon the Gualaguay, in Intro Rios, fell by surprise into our power.

It was there I took that same Leonardo Milan, who formerly, whilst I was his prisoner, gave me the strappado. I think I need not say I gave him his liberty without doing him any injury, leaving him as his only punishment the fright he experienced on recognising me.

Gualeguachu was abandoned as not a tenable posi-

tion; but it paid a large contribution in money, and an enormous one in clothes.

At length, after innumerable fights and adventures, we arrived with the squadron at the place called the Salto, because the Uruguay there forms a cataract, and is no longer navigable below this cataract, but for very small vessels.

General la Valleya, who occupied the country, abandoned it upon our arrival, forcing all the inhabitants to follow him. The country proving perfectly suited to the object of the expedition, being not too far from the frontier, I determined to establish ourselves there.

My first operation was, consequently, to march against La Valleya, encamped upon the Qapevi, an affluent of the Uruguay. I set out at night at the head of our infantry and our handful of horse, commanded by De la Cruz. At daybreak we were close to the camp, which we found defended on one side by the carriages, on the other by the Uruguay, and having the Qapevi behind it.

I formed my men into two small columns, and with the cavalry on my wings, marched to the charge. After a contest of a few minutes we were masters of the camp, and the enemy, in full flight, was crossing the Qapevi. The first result of this operation was the prompt return to Salto of all the families who had been violently dragged away from their homes.

We took from the enemy near a hundred prisoners, many horses, much cattle, munition, and one piece of artillery—the same that had fired upon us in the attack upon the Hervidero. It was of Italian foundry, and bore upon its bronze the name of the founder, Cesuno Canni, and the date of 1492.

This expedition did the greatest honour to the legion, and produced great consequences. As many as three thousand inhabitants returned to their domestic hearths.

Under the direction of Anzani, my legionaries im-

mediately set about erecting a battery upon the Place of the city—a position which dominated all around it. I sent couriers to Brazil to open communications with the refugees, and commence, by means of them, the reorganization of an army.

In a short time the battery was constructed, and mounted with two cannons; so that, on the 5th of December, 1845, it was ready to repulse the attacks of General Urguisa, who made his appearance on the morning of the 6th with 3500 horse, 800 infantry, and a field battery.

My dispositions were such as are made when we wish to centuple material forces with moral influence. I ordered the squadron to retire, and not leave a single boat even at our command. I spread my men among the courts and alleys, which they barricaded, only leaving the principal streets open. I issued an incendiary order of the day, and awaited the enemy, who, trusting to his strength, had proclaimed to the soldiers that they had only chicken-hearted men to contend with.

About nine o'clock in the morning we were attacked at all points. We replied by scattered shots from all the lanes and alleys, and by the fire of our two pieces of cannon.

The moment being come: when I saw they were astonished at our resistance, I charged them with two reserved companies, and they retreated disgracefully, leaving a good number of dead and wounded in the houses of which they had begun to take possession, and gaining nothing by the attack but the carrying off of some cattle, and that, moreover, by the fault of a picket belonging to an English ship-of-war, which, together with a French ship, had followed us, by the command of their Governments, to Salto.

These two vessels then offered to assist us in defending the country, and the English picket changed into a fort a house which defended a *Coral*, in which were shut up about six hundred head of cattle. The enemy

sent a strong detachment of infantry towards this point, and the English soldiers were seized with a panic; so that some made their way out at the windows, and others at the doors, leaving every facility for the soldiers of Urguisa to drive away the animals.

During twenty-three days the enemy renewed their attacks without obtaining any favourable result. When night came it was our turn; we did not leave them a moment's repose. We were short of provisions but we ate our horses. At length, convinced of the inutility of his efforts, the General gave orders to retreat, confessing that he had, in his various attacks, lost more men than at the battle of India Muerta.

Urguisa, when retreating, endeavoured to get possession of my vessels, to enable him to cross the river; but, thanks to my watchfulness, his project having failed, he was obliged to cross the river twelve leagues lower down, after which he turned and encamped on the other side of the Uruguay, on the plains of Carnardia, opposite Salto.

Whilst Urguisa held this encampment, I made, in open day, several of our horse cross the river, protected by our ships and a small body of infantry. This little troop attacked the men who guarded immense droves of horses grazing in the pampas, and drove away about a hundred horses before them, to replace those we had eaten. They drove them across the river, and brought them to me before the enemy had recovered from their surprise so as to attempt to prevent them.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AFFAIR OF THE SALTO SANT ANTONIO.

In the meanwhile, Colonel Baez, coming from Brazil, had joined us with about two hundred horse. General Medina was collecting forces and we expected him daily. I received a message from General Medina, on

the 7th of February, 1846, informing me that the following day he should be on the heights of Zapeoi with about five hundred horsemen. He asked for news of the enemy, and hoped for assistance in case of an attack.

His messenger carried back advice that on the 8th of June, I should be on the heights of Zampeoi, with sufficient forces to protect his entrance into the country.

In consequence, about nine o'clock, I set out with a hundred and fifty men of the legion, and two hundred horse, keeping along the banks of the Uruguay. We directed our course to las Laperas of Zapeoi, at about three leagues from Salto, flanked by four hundred enemies belonging to the corps of General Servando Gomez, the only forces that, for the moment, were in observation at Salto.

Our infantry took a position beneath a zaperè—a zaperè is a roof of straw, supported by four posts, which offered us no other advantage than some protection from the burning rays of the sun. The cavalry, commanded by Colonel Baez and Major Caraballa, reached as far as Zapeoi. Anzani had remained behind for the defence of Salto, suffering with an injured leg, and with him, as helpless from sickness as himself, had remained thirty or forty soldiers. Besides these, half a score of men were left in charge of the battery.

It was about half-past eleven when I saw advancing over the plains of Zapeoi towards the heights where I was, a considerable number of the enemy on horseback, and with a foot soldier mounted behind each. At a short distance from the heights the horsemen seemed doubled, and the foot soldiers dismounting, immediately fell into order, marching towards us.

Our cavalry at once opened their fire upon the enemy, but, superior in numbers as they were, they charged them and put them quickly to flight.

The fugitives directed their course towards our

zaperè, which was already suffering from the balls of the enemy.

Perceiving clearly that effective resistance was only to be expected from my brave legionaries, and that where they were the fight would be, I galloped off towards them, but just as I gained their front ranks, in the midst of the enemy's fire, I felt my horse sink under me, and in falling he dragged me with him. My first idea was, that on seeing me fall, my men would suppose I was dead, and that that belief would throw them into disorder. On falling then, I had the presence of mind to draw a pistol from my holsters, and to fire it immediately in the air, in order that they might see I was safe and sound. The consequence was, that before I was well down, I was snatched up by eager hands and was standing in the midst of them.

In the meantime, the enemy, consisting of twelve hundred horse and three hundred foot, continued advancing. Abandoned by our cavalry, we had only one hundred and ninety men left. I had no time for a long speech; besides, that is not my way. I raised my voice, and only said these few words: "The enemy are numerous, we are few; so much the better! the fewer we are, the more glorious will be the fight. Be calm! do not fire till they are close upon us, and then charge with the bayonet."

These words were spoken to men upon whom every one of them fell like an electric spark. Besides, any other determination at such a moment would have been fatal to us. Within about a mile of us we had on our right the Uruguay, with some thick masses of wood, but a retreat, under the circumstances, would have been the signal for our destruction. I perceived that at once, and therefore did not hesitate a moment.

When within sixty paces of us the enemy's column fired, and caused us a considerable loss; but our men replied to them by a discharge vastly more murderous, our guns being loaded, not only with ball, but with deer-shot. The commander of the infantry was shot

dead. I then placed myself at the head of these brave men, and, a gun in my hand, I led them on to a charge upon the thickest of the enemy.

It was quite time, for the cavalry were already upon our flanks and our shoulders. The *mêlée* was terrible. A few men only of the enemy's infantry owed their safety to a rapid flight. This gave me time to fire upon the cavalry. Our men pirouetted as if every one had received the order to perform that manœuvre. All fought, officers and soldiers, like giants.

At this period of the fight a few of our horsemen, led by a brave officer named Vega, ashamed of the flight of Baez and his men, who had left us alone, turned bridle, preferring to come to share our fate to continuing their shameful retreat. We saw them all at once pass through the midst of the enemy, and place themselves by our side.

I can aver that it required much courage to do what they did. Besides, the charge they accomplished was of great service to us at a critical minute; it separated and confused the enemy, a part of whom were gone in pursuit of the fugitives. Upon our second discharge, then, the cavalry seeing the infantry were destroyed, and that from five-and-twenty to thirty of themselves had fallen beneath our fire, the cavalry, I say, retreating a few paces, dismounted, and about six hundred men, armed with carbines, surrounded us on all sides.

We had all around us a large space of ground covered with the bodies of men and horses, of the enemy's as well as of our own. I could relate numberless acts of individual bravery; we fought like our ancient knights of Tasso and Ariosto. Many were covered with wounds of all kinds—bullet wounds, sword cuts, and lance thrusts. A young trumpeter, only fifteen years old, whom we called the Ruddock, and who had animated us with his clarion during the fight, was pierced by a lance. To throw away his trumpet, draw his knife, and rush upon the horseman

who had wounded him, was but the affair of a minute; only, as he plunged in his knife, he expired. After the fight the two bodies were found clasped as in the death struggle. The youth was covered with wounds; the horseman exhibited on his thigh the mark of a deep bite inflicted by his adversary.

On the side of our antagonists, I must admit there were displayed many acts of the greatest boldness. One of them, perceiving that the kind of shed around which we were grouped, if it was no rampart against the balls, was a shelter from the scorching sun, took a lighted brand, clapped spurs to his horse, galloped through us, and as he passed threw the brand like lightning upon the straw roof of the shed; the brand fell short of the object of the horseman, but he had nevertheless performed a bold action. Our men were about to fire on him, but I prevented them, by exclaiming—"Spare brave fellows like him; they belong to our race!"—and nobody fired.

It was a miracle to see how all those brave men listened to me. A word from me restored strength to the wounded, courage to the hesitating, and redoubled the ardour of the strong.

When I saw the enemy decimated by our fire and fatigued by our resistance, then, and not till then, did I say a word about retreat; not by saying let us retreat, but, "In retreating, we will not leave, I hope, a single wounded comrade on the field of battle."

"No! no! no!" cried every voice. By the bye, there was scarcely one among us that was not wounded.

When I saw all my people calm and quite steady, I quietly gave the order to retreat, fighting. Fortunately I had not received even a scratch, which permitted me to be everywhere, and when an enemy approached too boldly, to make him repent of his rashness.

The few that were unhurt among us sang patriotic hymns, to which the wounded replied in chorus. The enemy could not make out what was going on. What

we suffered most from was the want of water. Some tore roots up from the earth, and chewed them; others found relief in sucking leaden bullets; a few were so frantic with thirst as to drink their own urine. Fortunately night came on, and with it a little coolness.

I formed my men in close column, placing the wounded in the centre. Two only of these, whom it was impossible to transport, were left upon the field of battle. I gave orders for keeping close together, and to retreat in the direction of a little wood. The enemy had taken possession of it before us, but they were vigorously and speedily expelled.

I then sent out scouts, who brought us the information that the enemy had dismounted almost all their men, and the horses were grazing. They were no doubt persuaded that it was hunger and want of munitions that had made us halt. Hunger we did not feel, and of munitions we had found abundance on the dead bodies of our adversaries.

But the most difficult part of our task remained to be accomplished. The enemy were encamped between us and Salto. After an hour's repose, which made our adversaries believe that we meant to remain all night where we were, I ordered my men to form in column; and, in double quick time, with bayonets at the charge, we rushed like a torrent into the midst of them. The trumpets sounded to horse; but before the men had found horses, saddles, and bridles, we had passed through them. We again directed our course towards a sort of makis, and as soon as we were among the thick underwood, I commanded every man to lie down with his face to the ground. The enemy came towards us without seeing us, sounding the charge.

I allowed them to approach within thirty paces of us, and then only I cried "Fire!" setting the example. From twenty-five to thirty men, and as many horses, fell; the enemy turned bridle, and retreated to their camp.

And then only I said to my men, "Now, my

children, I think the moment has come when we can go and drink!" And, clinging to the side of the little wood, carrying our wounded, and keeping at a distance the most persistent of our adversaries, who would not leave us, we gained the banks of the river.

At the entrance of the village a moving incident awaited us. Anzani awaited us, weeping with joy. He embraced me first, and would willingly have embraced all the others after me.

Anzani had had his fight likewise. He had been, with his handful of men, attacked by the enemy, who, before they did attack him, summoned him to surrender, telling him that we were all killed or prisoners.

But Anzani replied: "Italians do not surrender. Begone, many of you as you are, or I will annihilate you with my squadrons. As long as I have one companion left with me, we will fight together; and when I am alone, I will set fire to the powder, and blow up myself and you with me."

The enemy asked no more, but retired. So, our men, who found everything in abundance at Salto, said, addressing me—

"You saved us in the first instance; but Anzani has saved us in the second."

The next day I wrote the following letter to the Commission of the Italian legion at Montevideo:—

"BROTHERS,—The day before yesterday we had, in the plains of Sant Antonio, within a league and a-half of the city, the most terrible and the most glorious of our battles. The four companies of our legion, and a score of horse, who had taken refuge under our protection, not only defended themselves against twelve hundred of the men of Servando Gomez, but entirely annihilated the enemy's infantry which assailed them, to the number of three hundred men. The firing commenced at midday, and ended at midnight. Neither the numbers of the enemy, nor their repeated charges; neither the mass of cavalry, nor the attacks of the fusileers on foot, could prevail over us, although we had no other shelter

but a shed in ruins, supported by four posts. The legionaries constantly repulsed the assaults of their infuriated enemies; every officer fought like a common soldier on this memorable day. Anzani, who had been left at Salto, and whom the enemy summoned to surrender, replied, match in hand, and his foot upon the Sainte Barbe (the powder-room) of the battery, although the enemy had assured him that we were all either dead or prisoners.

"We had thirty killed and fifty-three wounded. All the officers are wounded, with the exception of Scarone Saccarello the major, and Traversi; but all slightly.

"I would not give up my name of an Italian legionary for a world of gold!

"At midnight we retreated towards Salto. There were about a hundred left safe and sound. Such as were only slightly wounded marched first, repelling the enemy when they were too troublesome.

"Ah! this affair deserves to be cast in bronze!

"Adieu! I will write to you at greater length another time.

"Your GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

"The officers wounded are Cassana, Marochetti, Beruli, Remouni, Saccarello the younger, Sachi, Grafegna, and Rodi."

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This was our last affair of importance at Montevideo.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

I WRITE TO THE POPE.

IT was about this time that I heard, at Montevideo, of the exaltation of Pio Nono to the Pontificate.

Every one knows what were the commencements of this reign. Like many others, I believed in the dawning of an era of liberty for Italy. I immediately re-

solved to second him in the generous resolutions with which he was animated, to offer him my sword, and that of my companions in arms. Those who believe in a systematic opposition on my part to the Papacy, will see by the letter I am about to show, that there was no such thing. My devotion was to the cause of liberty in general, at whatever point of the globe that liberty should break forth. But it may be easily understood that I should give the preference to my own country, and that I was ready to serve under him who was called upon to be the political Messiah of Italy.

Anzani and I believed that this sublime part was reserved for Pio Nono, and we wrote to the Pope's nuncio the following letter, begging him to transmit to his Holiness the vows of myself and our legionaries:—

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND RESPECTABLE SEIGNEUR,

"From the moment we received the first news of the exaltation of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pio Nono, and of the amnesty he granted to the poor, we have, with increasing attention and interest, followed the vestiges which the supreme Head of the Church impresses upon the route of glory and liberty. The praises, the echo of which reaches us from the other side of the ocean, the emotion with which Italy welcomed the convocation of the deputies, and there applauded the wise concessions made to the press, the institution of the civic guard, the impulsion given to popular instruction and industry, without reckoning so many cares all directed towards the amelioration and the well-being of the poor classes, and towards the formation of a new administration; everything, in short, convinced us that there at length had issued from the bosom of our country the man who understood the wants of his age—had learnt how, according to the precepts of our august religion, always new, always immortal, and without derogating from their authority, to bend according to the exigencies of the time; and we, although these progresses were without influence upon

ourselves—we have, nevertheless, followed them from afar, accompanying with our applauses and our vows the universal concert of Italy and of all Christendom. But when, some few days since, we heard of the sacrilegious attempt by which a faction, fomented and supported by the foreigner, and not yet tired, after so long a time, of rending our poor country, was proposing to itself to overthrow the order of things already existing, it appeared to us that admiration and enthusiasm for the Sovereign Pontiff are too feeble a tribute, and that a more imperative duty is imposed upon us.

"We who write to you, most illustrious and respectable Seigneur, are men who, still animated by the same spirit which made us brave exile, have, at Montevideo, taken up arms for a cause which appeared to us just, and gathered together some hundreds of men, our compatriots, who had come hither hoping to pass less troubled days than those we were compelled to endure in our own country. Now, during the five years which its walls have been besieged, every one of us, more or less, must have given proofs, more than once, of resignation and courage, and, thanks to Providence, and to that antique spirit which still warms our Italian blood, our legion has had occasion to distinguish itself, and every time that this opportunity has presented itself, it has not allowed it to escape; so that I believe we may be permitted to say, without vanity, it has, upon the path of honour, passed all other corps which were its rivals and emulators.

"If, then, at the present time, the men who have some acquaintance with arms, are accepted by his Holiness, it is useless to say, that more willingly than ever we shall consecrate them to the service of him who does everything for his country and the Church. We shall consider ourselves happy if we can come to the aid of the work of redemption of Pio Nono, we and our companions, in the name of whom we speak to you, and we shall not consider we pay too dearly with all our blood,

"If your illustrious and respectable Seigneurie thinks that our offer may be agreeable to the Sovereign Pontiff, lay it at the foot of his throne.

"It is not the puerile pretension that our arm is necessary, which induces us to make this offer. We very well know that the Throne of St. Peter reposes upon bases which human succour can neither shake nor strengthen, and that, in addition, the new order of things reckons many defenders who would know how to repulse vigorously the unjust aggressions of its enemies; but as the work must be distributed among the good, and the hard labour given to the strong, do us the honour to reckon us among the latter.

"In the meanwhile, we thank Providence for having preserved his Holiness from the machinations of the Tristi, and we put up our ardent vows that it may grant him many years for the happiness of Christendom and Italy.

"Nothing remains now but to beg your illustrious and most venerable Seigneurie to pardon us the trouble we give you, and to accept the sentiments of our perfect esteem, and of the profound respect with which we are

"Of his illustrious and most respectable Seigneurie,

"The devoted servants,

"G. GARIBALDI.

"LEO ANZANI.

"Montevideo, October 12, 1847."

We waited in vain; no news arrived either from the Nuncio or his Holiness. It was then we formed the resolution of returning to Italy with a part of our legion. My resolution was to second the revolution where it was already in arms, and to excite it where it was still asleep—in the Abruzzi, for example. Only, not one of us had a single sou with which to defray the passage.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I RETURN TO EUROPE—THE DEATH OF ANZANI.

I HAD recourse to a means which always succeeds with generous hearts. I opened a subscription among my compatriots. The affair was progressing very well, when some evil-minded persons endeavoured to raise a party against me among the legionaries, by intimidating those who were disposed to follow me; they insinuated to these poor men that I was leading them to a certain death, that the enterprise I dreamt of was an impossibility, and that a fate similar to that of the brothers Bandiera awaited them. It resulted from this that the most timid drew back, and I was left with only eighty-five men, and of these eighty-five men, twenty-nine abandoned us when we embarked. By good luck, those who remained staunch were the most valiant, almost all the survivors of our fight of Sant Antonio. In addition to these I had a few Orientals who had faith in my fortunes, and among these was my poor negro Aguyar, who was killed at the siege of Rome.

I have said that I had authorized a subscription among the Italians to assist our expedition. The greater part of this subscription was furnished by Etienne Antonini, a Genoese established at Montevideo. The government, on its part, offered to assist us to the extent of its power, but I knew it was so poor that I would not accept anything from it but two cannons and eight hundred muskets, which I transported on board our brig.

But at the moment of our departure the same thing happened to us with Garde de Nerei, commander of the *Bessonte*, which befel the French under Baldwin, at the time of the fifth Crusade, with the Venetians who had promised to transport them to the Holy Land. His extortion was such that we were obliged to sell to

our very shirts to satisfy him, so that during our passage several were obliged to remain in bed for want of clothes to dress themselves in.

We were already three hundred leagues from the coast, nearly in the latitude of the mouths of the Oronoko, and I was amusing myself with Orrigoni, harpooning dolphins, upon the bowsprit, when all at once I heard the cry of *fire!* To spring from the bowsprit to the deck was but the work of a second.

Whilst distributing the provisions, the man so employed had had the imprudence to draw the brandy with a lighted candle in his hand. The brandy caught fire, and the man losing his presence of mind, instead of closing the barrel had let it run in a stream. The provision-hold, separated from the powder-room only by a plank of scarcely an inch thick, was a real lake of fire.

It was in this instance I saw how accessible the bravest men are to fear, when danger presents itself in an aspect in which they have not been accustomed to face it. All these men who were heroes, perfect demigods in the field of battle, ran against each other, rushed here and there in confusion, trembling and terrified as children. At the end of ten minutes, aided by Anzani, who left his bed at the first cry, I succeeded in putting out the fire.

Poor Anzani, in fact, kept his bed, not from being totally destitute of clothes, but because he was already suffering from the disease of which he was doomed to die on arriving at Genoa, that is to say, a pulmonary phthisis. This admirable man, in whom his greatest enemy, if he could possibly have had an enemy, could not have found a single fault, after having consecrated his life to the cause of liberty, desirous that his last moments should be useful to his companions in arms, was every day assisted on to the deck, when he could no longer come up himself, and there, reclining on a mattress, he gave lessons in strategy to our legionaries

assembled round him in the stern of the vessel. Poor Anzani! he was a veritable dictionary of the sciences; it would be as difficult for me to enumerate the things he knew as to find out anything he did not know.

At Palo, about five miles from Alicant, we landed to buy a goat and some oranges for Anzani. It was there we learnt, from the Sardinian vice-consul, a part of the events which were going on in Italy. There we learnt that the Piedmontese constitution had been proclaimed, and that the five glorious days of Milan had taken place, all things of which we were necessarily ignorant at our departure from Montevideo on the 27th of March, 1848.

The vice-consul told us that he had seen Italian vessels pass with the tricoloured flag. I required no more than this to make me determine to hoist the standard of independence. I struck the flag of Montevideo, under which we had been sailing, and I immediately hoisted the Sardinian flag, improvised with half a bed-sheet, a red scarf, and the remains of the green facings of our uniforms—be it recollected that our uniform was a red blouse with green and white facings.

On the 24th of June, the day of St. John, we arrived in sight of Nice. Many were of opinion that we ought not to land without the most ample information. I risked more by it than any other, as I was still under sentence of death. I, however, did not hesitate—or rather I could not hesitate, for, being recognised by the men who came on board our vessel, my name was soon spread, and scarcely was my name spread, than all Nice rushed towards the port, and we were forced, amidst acclamations, to accept the welcome offered to us on all sides. As soon as it became known that I was at Nice, and that I had crossed the ocean to come to the assistance of Italian liberty, volunteers flocked to me in all directions.

But I had, at the moment, views which I thought

better. As I had believed in Pope Pio Nono, I had faith in King Charles-Albert. Instead of concerning myself with Medici whom I had sent off, as I have said, to Via Reggio, to organize the insurrection, finding the insurrection already organized, and the King of Piedmont at the head of the insurrection, I thought I could not do better than go and offer him my services.

I bade adieu to my dear Anzani, an adieu the more painful from our knowing we should never see each other again; and I embarked for Genoa, whence I gained the head-quarters of Charles-Albert.

The event proved that I had been wrong. The King and I parted, dissatisfied with each other, and I returned to Turin, where I learnt the death of Anzani. In him I lost the half of my heart, the better part of my genius. Italy lost one of her most distinguished children. Italy! Italy! unfortunate mother! what a day of mourning it was for thee, when this brave among the brave, this loyal among the loyal, closed his eyes for ever, at the sight of thy beautiful sun!

At the death of a man like Anzani, I tell thee, oh! Italy, the nation which gave him birth ought to utter from the very depth of her heart a cry of grief, and if she does not weep, if she does not lament like Rachel in Rama, that nation is worthy of neither sympathy nor pity,—she would have neither sympathy nor pity for the most generous martyrs.

Oh! a martyr, a hundred times a martyr, was our beloved Anzani! And the most cruel torture suffered by this valiant man was to touch his native land a poor moribund, and not to end as he had lived, fighting for her, for her honour, for her regeneration. Oh! Anzani! if a genius like thine had presided over the contests of Lombardy, at the battle of Novara, at the siege of Rome, the footsteps of the stranger would no longer degrade thy native land, and insult insolently the bones of our heroes.

The Italian legion, as has been seen, had done but little before the arrival of Anzani. Under his

auspices it ran a career of glory, enough to render the most boastful nations jealous.

Among all the military men, all the soldiers, all the combatants; in short, among all men carrying the musket or wearing the sword, that I have known, I have not met with one who could equal Anzani in the gifts of nature, in the inspirations of courage, in the applications of science. He had the brilliant valour of Mesina, the coolness of Davesio, the serenity, bravery, and warlike temperament of Manara.*

The military knowledge of Anzani, his acquaintance with everything, I never saw equalled. Endowed with an extraordinary memory, he spoke with astonishing precision of things past, even if those things past belonged to antiquity.

In the latter years of his life, his character was sensibly altered; he became sour, irascible, and intolerant —it was not without cause that poor Anzani was thus changed. Almost constantly tormented by the pains arising from his numerous wounds, and from the stormy life he had led, during so many years, he dragged on an intolerable existence, the existence of a martyr.

I leave to a more skilful hand than mine, the charge of tracing the military life of Anzani, worthy of employing the vigils of an eminent writer. In Italy, in Greece, in Portugal, in Spain, in America, he will find, by following his footsteps, the documents of the life of a hero.

The journal of the Italian legion of Montevideo, kept by Anzani, is but an episode of his life. He was the soul of that legion, trained, conducted, administered by him, and with which he had identified himself.

Oh, Italy! when will the All-Powerful mark the term of thy misfortunes, and give thee Anzanis to

* The reader does not yet know these other three martyrs of Italian liberty, but he will soon be made acquainted with them. Garibaldi, who did not write with a view of being printed, speaks, in some sort, to himself, and not to his readers.

guide thy sons to the extermination of those who vilify thee and tyrannise over thee?

* * * * *

Now, before beginning the account of the campaign of Lombardy, executed by Garibaldi in 1848, let us be allowed to say, with respect to Montevideo, all that he, in his modesty, has not been able to say—let us relate all he has not been able to relate.

* * * * *

We have described the fight of the 24th of April, 1844; we have told of the perilous passage of the Bayada; we have shown in what manner the Italian legionaries behaved on those occasions.

The officer who made the report to General Paz was satisfied, in speaking of the legionaries, to say, "They fought like tigers."

"That is not to be wondered at," replied General Paz; "they are commanded by a lion."

* * * * *

After the battle of Sant Antonio, Admiral Lainé, who commanded the station off La Plata, struck with astonishment at that wonderful feat of arms, wrote Garibaldi the following letter, the autograph of which is in the hands of G. B. Cuneo, the friend of Garibaldi.

Admiral Lainé was on board the frigate *l'Africaine*.

"I felicitate you, my dear General, upon having so powerfully contributed by your intelligent and intrepid conduct to the accomplishment of the feat of arms, of which the soldiers of the grand army which for a while dominated over Europe might have been proud!

"I felicitate you equally upon the simplicity and modesty which render more valuable the reading of the relation in which you have given the most minute details of a fact of which the whole honour may be attributed to you, without fear of contradiction.

"This modesty has captivated the sympathies of persons able to appreciate suitably what you have done during the last six months—persons among whom you must reckon in the first rank our Minister Plenipoten-

tiary, the Honourable Baron Deffandis, who honours your character, and in whom you have a warm defender, particularly when writing to Paris for the purpose of destroying unfavourable impressions that may have been given birth to by certain articles in journals edited by persons little accustomed to speak the truth, even when they are relating facts which have happened under their own eyes.

"Receive, General, the assurance of my esteem,

"LAINÉ."

The bulletin of which Admiral Lainé admired the simplicity was this :—

"Salto, February 10th, 1846.

"BROTHERS,—The day before yesterday, there took place, in the plains of Sant Antonio, within a league and a half of this city, the most terrible and most glorious battle we have yet fought.

"The four companies of our legion, and about a score of cavalry who had taken refuge under our protection, have not only maintained against twelve hundred of the men of Servando Gomez an engagement which lasted more than twelve hours, but still further, have entirely destroyed the enemy's infantry, three hundred men strong. The firing commenced at midday, and ended at midnight. Nothing succeeded with the enemy, neither the numerous charges of their cavalry nor the reiterated attacks of their infantry. Without any other rampart but a bad shed in ruins, only supported by some posts, the legionaries sustained the assaults of the enemy, assaults incessantly repeated. I and all the officers fought like common soldiers. Anzani, who remained at Salto, and from whom the enemy endeavoured to force the surrender of the place, replied with a match in his hand and his foot upon a cask of powder, although the enemy had assured him that we were all either killed or made prisoners. We have had thirty killed and fifty-four wounded. All the officers are wounded, except Scarone, Saccarello, the Major, and Traversi, but all slightly.

"I would not this day give my title of an Italian legionary for a world of gold.

"At midnight, we set off on our retreat for Salto. We were about a hundred Italian legionaries, with sixty wounded, perhaps even more. Those who were but slightly wounded, with such as were safe and sound, marched in advance, keeping in check an enemy 1200 strong, and repulsing them without fear.

"In truth, the facts deserve to be sculptured.

"Adieu! I will write to you more at length another time.

"Yours,

"G. GARIBALDI.

"The officers who took part with me in the combat, and who were wounded, are Casana, Marochetti, Beniti, Saccarello the younger, Sacchi, Groffena, and Roir."

Admiral Lainé was not satisfied with having written to Garibaldi, he was determined to pay his compliments to him in person. He landed at Montevideo, and took his course towards the street of Portone, where Garibaldi resided. His lodging, as poor as that of the commonest legionary, would not shut, and was night and day open to everybody, particularly to the wind and rain, as Garibaldi said when relating this anecdote to me.

It was night; Admiral Lainé pushed open the door, and as there was no light in the house, he ran against a chair.

"Hollo!" said he. "Is it absolutely necessary a man should break his neck when he comes to see you, Garibaldi?"

"See, wife!" cried Garibaldi in his turn, without recognising the voice of the Admiral; "don't you hear? there is somebody in the ante-chamber. Light! light!"

"And what am I to light?" replied Anita. "Don't you know there are not two sous in the house to buy a candle with?"

"That's true," replied Garibaldi, philosophically; and he got up and opened the door of the apartment in which he was.

"This way," said he, "this way," guiding the visitor by his voice for want of a light.

Admiral Lainé entered; but it was so dark he was obliged to announce his name to Garibaldi, that he might know to whom he was speaking.

"Admiral," said he, "you will excuse me, but when I made my agreement with the Republic of Montevideo, I forgot, among the rations which are due to us, to specify a ration of candles. So, as Anita has told you, not having two sous to buy a candle, the house is in darkness. Fortunately, I perceive you come to speak to me and not to see me."

In fact, the Admiral talked with Garibaldi, but did not see him.

On going away he went to the house of General Pacheco y Obés, the Minister of War, and related to him what had just happened.

The Minister, who was reading the decree about to be shown, immediately took a hundred patagons (five hundred francs), and sent them to Garibaldi.

Garibaldi would not wound his friend Pacheco's feelings by refusing them; but the next day, as soon as morning broke, taking the hundred patagons, he went and distributed them among the widows and children of the soldiers killed at Salto, Sant Antonio, only reserving for himself enough to buy a pound of candles, which he requested his wife to keep carefully, in case Admiral Lainé should pay them another visit.

The following is the decree which Pacheco y Obés was revising when Admiral Lainé came to make an appeal to his munificence:—

"General Order.

"To give our chivalrous companions in arms, who have immortalized themselves on the plains of Sant Antonio, a high proof of the esteem in which they

are held by the army they have illustrated in this memorable fight—

"The Minister of War decrees:—

"1. On the 15th current day, appointed by authority to remit to the Italian legion a copy of the following decree:—

"A grand parade of the garrison will take place; it will assemble in the Market-street, with its right upon the little place of the same name, and in the order which the Etat Major will direct.

"2. The Italian Legion will meet on the Place of the Constitution, turning its back upon the cathedral, and then it will receive the following copy, which will be presented to it by a deputation, presided over by Colonel Francesco Iages, and composed of a captain, an officer, a sergeant, and a soldier of every corps.

3. The deputation, on returning to their respective corps, will march with them towards the place directed, defiling in a column of honour before the Italian legion; while the leaders of corps shall salute with the cry of '*Vive the Country! General Garibaldi and his brave companions.*'

"4. The regiments are to be in line at ten o'clock in the morning.

"5. An authentic copy of this Order of the day is to be given to the Italian legion and to General Garibaldi. "PACHECO Y OBES."

The decree directed:—

1. That the following words should be inscribed in letters of gold upon the banner of the Italian legion:—

"*Action of the 8th of February*, 1846, *of the Italian Legion, under the orders of Garibaldi.*"

2. That the Italian legion should have the precedence in all parades.

3. That the names of the dead who fell in this battle shall be inscribed upon a tablet placed in the Government-hall.

4. That all the legionaries should wear, as a mark of

distinction, on the left arm, an escutcheon, on which a crown should be surrounded by the following inscription :—

"*Invincibili Combatterono l' 8 Febrayo*, 1846."

* * * * *

In addition to these proud testimonials, Garibaldi, wishing to give a supreme attestation of his sympathy and gratitude to the legionaries who had fallen fighting by his side in the battle of the 8th of February, caused a large cross to be erected on the field of battle, upon one of the faces of which was placed this inscription :—

"*To the* XXXVI. *Italians who died the 8th of February,* MDCCCXLVI."

And on the other side :—

"CLXXXIV. *Italians on the Plains of St. Antonio.*"

However poor Garibaldi might be, he one day met with a legionary still more so than himself. The poor devil had not a shirt. Garibaldi led him into a corner, took off his own shirt, and gave it to him.

On returning home, he asked Anita for another; but Anita, shaking her head, replied, "You know very well you had but one; if you have given it away, so much the worse for you." And it was Garibaldi who, in his turn, was without a shirt, till Anzani gave him one.

But in this respect Garibaldi was incorrigible. One day, having taken an enemy's vessel, he divided the booty among his companions.

The shares being apportioned, he called his men to him, one after the other, inquiring kindly into the state of their families. To the most needy he gave a part of his own, saying, "Take this; it is for your children."

Besides the other valuables, there was a considerable sum of money on board; but Garibaldi sent it all to the treasury of Montevideo, and would not touch a centime.

In a short time his share of the prize had so com-

pletely disappeared, that only three sous were left in the house. These three sous were the subject of an anecdote which Garibaldi related to me himself.

One day he heard his little daughter, Theresita, uttering loud cries. He adored the child, and almost flew to see what was the matter. She had rolled from the top to the bottom of a staircase, and her face was covered with blood. Garibaldi, not knowing how to console her, thought of the three sous, which constituted the whole fortune of the house, and which were reserved for any particular occasion that might arise. He took the three sous, and went out to buy some toy that might pacify the child.

At the door he met a messenger from the President, Joaquim Sonarez, who was seeking him on the part of his master on some important business. He immediately attended the President's summons, forgetting what he had come out for, holding the three sous mechanically in his hand. The conference lasted two hours; it related to matters of great consequence.

At the expiration of these two hours, Garibaldi returned home. The child had recovered, but Anita was very uneasy.

"Somebody has stolen the purse," said she, as soon as she saw him. Garibaldi then remembered the three sous he held in his hand; he was the thief.

We are now going, with the assistance of a friend of Garibaldi's, the brave Colonel Medici, who will be further esteemed for the simplicity of his words and manner, to resume our recital where Garibaldi interrupted. His departure for Sicily would have put a stop to his memoirs at this point, if Medici had not taken upon him to continue them. And we must confess that this manner of speaking of Garibaldi pleases us better than leaving him to speak of himself. In fact, when Garibaldi is relating, he constantly forgets the part he has taken in the action he describes, to exalt that taken by his companions. Now as he is the principal object with us, it is better, in order to see him

in his true light, that he should be placed in it by another rather than by himself.

We are going to leave Colonel Medici, then, to relate the events of the Lombardy campaign of 1848.

* * * * *

I left London for Montevideo about the middle of the year 1836. No political or commercial motive called me to South America, I went thither for my health. The doctors thought I was consumptive; my liberal opinions had made me an exile from Italy; I made up my mind to cross the ocean. I arrived at Montevideo seven or eight months after the affair of Salto, Sant Antonio. The reputation of the Italian legion was then at its height. Garibaldi was the hero of the moment. I made his acquaintance. I requested him to receive me into the legion; he consented. The next day I was equipped in the red blouse with green facings, and I said proudly to myself, "I am one of Garibaldi's soldiers!" I soon formed a more intimate acquaintance with him. He received me into his friendship, and shortly into his confidence. When his departure was determined on, a month before he quitted Montevideo I set out in a packet bound for Havre. I had his instructions, which, like all the instructions given by Garibaldi, were clear and precise. I was charged to go into Piedmont, and there to seek out several eminent men, among others Fenzi, Guerazzi, and Belnomino, the son of the general. I had the address of Guerazzi, then in concealment near Pesteia. Aided by these powerful auxiliaries, I was to organize an insurrection; Garibaldi, on landing at Via Reggio, would find it ready; we were to take possession of Lucca, and march whither hope would direct us.

I passed through Paris at the period of the insurrection of the 15th of May; I was soon in Italy, and by the end of the month I had three hundred men ready to march wherever I wished to lead them, were it to the infernal regions. It was then I learned that Garibaldi had landed at Nice.

I must confess my first feeling was one of wounded friendship, at finding he had thus forgotten what had been agreed upon between us. I soon after heard that he had quitted Nice, where he had left Anzani dying. I loved Anzani warmly; everybody loved him. I hastened to Nice, and found Anzani still living. I had him conveyed to Genoa, where his dying moments were passed in comfort in the palace of the Marquis Gavetto, in apartments occupied by the painter Gallino. I took my place at his bedside, and never quitted him. He was more concerned than the matter was worth at my little difference with Garibaldi. He often spoke to me about it; one day in particular, taking my hand, he said, in a prophetic tone which bore the character of inspiration from another world: "Medici, you must not be severe with Garibaldi; he is a man who has received such a fortune from heaven, that it is good to support him and to follow him. The future of Italy is in him; that is predestined. I have myself more than once quarrelled with him, but, convinced of his mission, I have always been the first to seek a reconciliation."

These words struck me, as we are struck with the last words of a dying man, and many times and often have I since heard them thundering in my ears.

Anzani was a philosopher, and practised the material duties of religion very rarely; nevertheless, at the last moment, when he was asked if he would like to see a priest, "Yes," he replied, "send for one."

When I expressed my astonishment at this, which I conceived to be a weakness, "My friend," said he, "Italy at this moment looks for much from two men, Pio Nono and Garibaldi; the men, therefore, who have returned with Garibaldi must not be accused of being heretics." And after saying this, he received the sacrament.

About three o'clock the following morning, he died in my arms, without having for an instant been insensible, and without a minute's delirium. His last

words were : " Do not forget my advice with regard to Garibaldi "—and he breathed his last sigh. The body and papers of Anzani were conveyed to his brother, a man entirely devoted to the Austrian party. The remains were brought back to Alzate, Anzani's country, and the body of the man who, six months before, would not have found a stone in all Italy whereon to lay his head, had an absolutely triumphant march. When his death became known at Montevideo, there was a general mourning in the legion ; a requiem was sung to his memory, and Doctor Bartolomeo Odicine, the physician and surgeon of the legion, pronounced his funeral oration. As for Garibaldi, in order to keep the remembrance of him as much alive as possible in the minds of his countrymen, at the period of the organization of the battalions of the Lombard volunteers, he named the first battalion the " Anzani battalion."

After the death of Anzani I went to Turin. Whilst one day walking under the arcades, I accidentally found myself face to face with Garibaldi. At sight of him the strong recommendation of Anzani flashed upon my memory, seconded, it is true, by the deep and respectful affection I entertained for Garibaldi. We threw ourselves into each other's arms ; and after having tenderly embraced, our country, the main object of both, naturally rose to our lips at the same moment. " Well, what are we to do ?" we eagerly asked each other. " But you," said I, " are you not just come from Roverbella ? Have you not been to offer your sword to Charles Albert ?" His lip curled disdainfully. " These people," said he, " are not worthy of the submission of hearts like ours. We have nothing to do with men, my dear Medici ; our country ! nothing but our country is our object !"

As he did not appear to be disposed to give me the details of his interview with Charles Albert, I ceased to interrogate him. I afterwards learnt that Charles Albert had received him more than coldly, sending him

back to Turin, there to await his orders from his Minister of War, M. Ricci. After a time, M. Ricci, deigning to remember that Garibaldi awaited his orders, sent for him, and said :—

"I strongly recommend you to go at once to Venice, there you will get the command of a few small vessels, and in the character of a corsair may be very useful to the Venetians ; that I believe to be your place, and nowhere else." Garibaldi did not condescend to make any reply, only instead of going to Venice he remained at Turin—and so it was we met under the arcades.

"Well, what are we going to do?" we demanded of each other. With men of Garibaldi's temperament resolutions are soon formed. We determined upon going to Milan, and set out that same evening. The moment was a propitious one, for news had just been received of the first reverses of the Piedmontese army. The Provisional Government gave Garibaldi the title of General, and authorized him to organize his battalions of Lombard volunteers.

Garibaldi, and I acting under his orders, set to work instantly. We were at once joined by a battalion of volunteers from Vicenza, which came perfectly organized from Pavia. This was a nucleus. Garibaldi created the Anzani battalion, and soon completed it.

For my part, I was charged with disciplining all those youths of the barricades who, during the five days, with three hundred guns and four or five hundred men, had driven Radetzki and his twenty thousand men from Milan. But we experienced the same difficulty that Garibaldi encountered in 1859—these bodies of volunteers, which represent the spirit of revolution, always make governments uneasy. A single instance will give an idea of the spirit of ours. Mazzini was its standard-bearer, and one of its companies was called the Medici company. So they began by refusing us arms. A man in spectacles, occupying a high post in the Ministry, said aloud, "that it would

be a waste of arms; that Garibaldi was a *sabreur*, and nothing more."

We replied, that with regard to arms this was all very well, we would procure them ourselves; but we thought they ought to give us uniforms. To this request they rejoined, that they had no uniforms, but they opened to us magazines in which were Austrian, Hungarian, and Croatian uniforms. This was a rather good joke with men who asked leave to go and be killed, fighting with Croats, Hungarians, and Austrians.

All these young men belonging to the first families in Milan, of whom some were millionaires, refused the offer with indignation. It was, however, necessary to decide; we could not fight, some in frocks and others in *redingottes;* we took the linen dresses of the Austrian soldiers called *Ritters*, and made of them something like blouses. It was enough to make any one die with laughter to see us, we had the appearance of a regiment of cocks; it required an experienced eye to recognise, under this coarse linen disguise, "the curled darlings" of Milan.

Whilst fitting ourselves with these clothes as well as we were able, we employed every possible means to procure guns and ammunition. As soon as we were armed and clothed, we set forward on our march for Bergamo, singing patriotic hymns. For my part, I had under my command about a hundred and eighty young men, almost all of the first families in Milan. We reached Bergamo, where we were joined by Mazzini, who came to take his place in our ranks, and was received with acclamations. There we were joined by a regiment of Bergamesque conscripts of the regular army of Piedmont, dragging after them two cannons belonging to the National Guard.

We had scarcely arrived when we were recalled by an order from the Committee of Milan, composed of Fanti, Macotreal, and Restelli. This order commanded us to return by forced marches. We obeyed it, and

retraced our steps towards Milan; but on arriving at Monza, we learnt at the same time that Milan had capitulated, and that a body of cavalry was detached in pursuit of us. Garibaldi immediately commanded a retreat upon Como; our object being to draw as near to the Swiss frontiers as possible. Garibaldi placed me in the rear-guard, to support the retreat.

We were very much fatigued with the forced marches we had made; we had not even had time to eat at Monza; we were sinking with hunger and lassitude; our men broke up in disorder and complete demoralization, the result of which was, that on our arrival at Como, desertion became prevalent amongst us. Out of five thousand men that Garibaldi had under him, four thousand two hundred passed into Switzerland, and we were left with eight hundred.

Garibaldi, as if he had been still at the head of his five thousand men, with his usual calmness took up his position at La Camerlata, a point of junction of several routes in advance of Como. There he placed his two cannon in battery, and sent off couriers to Manares, Griffini, Durando, d'Apice—in short, to all the leaders of revolutionary corps in Upper Lombardy, exhorting them to act in concert with him in the strong positions they occupied, which positions were the more safe and tenable to the last minute from being so near Switzerland. This exhortation produced no result.

Garibaldi then retired from Camerlata upon that same San Fermo where, in 1859, we so completely beat the Austrians. But before taking up our position in the Place of San Fermo, he assembled us and harangued us. The harangues of Garibaldi, animated, picturesque, and winning, possess the true eloquence of the soldier. He told us it was necessary to carry on the war as partisans in bands; that this kind of warfare was the most certain and the least dangerous; that it only required of them to have confidence in their leader, and to depend upon their companions.

Notwithstanding this energetic address, fresh desertions took place during the night, and the next day our troop was found reduced to four or five hundred men.

Garibaldi then, to his great regret, determined upon returning to Piedmont; but at the moment of crossing the frontier, he became ashamed of such a proceeding. This retreat without fighting was repugnant to his courage; he halted at Casteletto, upon the Tessin, ordered me to traverse the environs in every direction, and bring him all the deserters I possibly could. I went as far as Lugano. I brought back three hundred men; we counted our forces, and found they amounted to seven hundred and fifty. Garibaldi conceived this number sufficient to march with against the Austrians.

On the 12th of August he issued his famous proclamation, in which he declared that Charles Albert was a traitor, that Italians neither could nor ought to put trust in him any longer, and that every patriot should consider it a duty to make war against him.

This proclamation being made at the moment when retreat was general on all sides, we alone marched forward, and Garibaldi, with his seven hundred and fifty men, made an offensive movement against the Austrian army. We marched upon Arona, where we took two steam-boats and a score of small vessels. We commenced our embarkation; it lasted till the evening, and, on the morrow, by daybreak, we arrived at Lerino.

Garibaldi was ill; he had an intermittent fever, against the fits of which he vainly endeavoured to struggle. Overcome by one of these fits, he entered the auberge of the Beccacia, an isolated house beyond Lerino, separated from the village by a little river, over which a bridge is thrown, and sent for me.

"Medici," said he, "I absolutely must have two hours' rest; take my place, and watch over us."

The auberge of the Beccacia was badly chosen for a feverish man who wanted to sleep quietly. It was the advanced post of Lerino, the first house that would be attacked by the enemy, supposing the enemy in the

neighbourhood. We had no information regarding them; we did not know whether we were six leagues from them or a mile.

I nevertheless told Garibaldi to sleep quietly, and that I would take every precaution to prevent his slumbers being disturbed. This promise made, I left him. The guns were *en faisceaux* on the other side of the bridge, our men were encamped between the bridge and Lerino. I placed sentinels in front of the auberge, and sent out countrymen to explore the neighbourhood.

At the end of half-an-hour my scouts returned quite terrified, crying, "The Austrians! the Austrians!"

I rushed into Garibaldi's chamber, uttering the same cry, "The Austrians!"

Garibaldi was in a high fever; he sprang out of his bed, ordered me to beat to arms, and get the men together; he could survey the country from his window, and would join us when required. In less than ten minutes he was out and amongst us. He divided our little troop into two columns; the one, barring the route, was intended to face the Austrians; the other, taking a position in flank, prevented our being turned, but left us at liberty to attack.

The Austrians soon appeared upon the high road; we reckoned them to amount to a thousand or twelve hundred men. They at once took possession of the Beccacia. Garibaldi immediately gave the word to attack! This column, consisting of four hundred men, resolutely attacked twelve hundred! It is Garibaldi's custom never to count either the enemy or his own men—the enemy is in face of him, the enemy must be attacked. It must be admitted that upon almost all occasions, these tactics have succeeded with him. The Austrians, however, remained firm, and Garibaldi judged it would be necessary to engage all his forces; he summoned the colonel of the flank, and renewed the attack. This time he succeeded.

I had in front of me a wall, which I and my com-

pany scaled, and I found myself in a garden, the Austrians firing upon us from all the openings of the auberge. But we rushed on amidst their bullets, charged them with the bayonet, and entered the house through those very openings which had just been vomiting fire upon us. The Austrians retreated in complete disorder.

Garibaldi had directed the attack on horseback, in front of the bridge, within fifty paces of the auberge, in the midst of the fire; it was a miracle that, exposed as he was, like a target to the enemy's guns, no ball had struck him.

As soon as he saw the enemy were flying, he called out to me to pursue them with my company. Desertion had reduced it to about a hundred men, and with my hundred men I set forward in pursuit of eleven hundred. There was no great merit in it, for the Austrians seemed seized with an absolute panic; they fled, throwing away their guns, bags, and cartridge-boxes, and did not stop till they came to Varese. They left in the Beccacia a hundred killed and wounded, and we had eighty prisoners.

I was told they had stopped at Germiniada; I came back upon that place, but they were already gone. I set off after them, but with all the speed I could make I was not able to overtake them. During the night, news reached us that a second body of Austrians, more considerable than the first, was marching upon us. Garibaldi ordered me to hold Germiniada, and I instantly commanded barricades to be formed, and to battlement the tops of the houses. We were so accustomed to these sorts of fortifications, that an hour sufficed for putting any paltry town in a situation to sustain a siege. After all, it was a false alarm.

Garibaldi sent out two or three companies in different directions, and on their return, getting together all his men, he gave the order to march upon Guerla, and from thence to Varese, where he was received in triumph. We were marching straight towards Radetzki.

At Varese we occupied the height of Buimo de Sopra, which dominates Varese, and which assured us a retreat. At that place we had an Austrian spy shot. This spy was to give information of our forces to three large columns of Austrians, all directing their course towards us. One was marching upon Como, another upon Varese, and the third, separating itself from the other two, drew towards Lerino.

It was evident that the plan of the Austrians was to place themselves between Garibaldi and Lugano, and thus cut off his retreat either into Piedmont or Switzerland. We left Buimo, therefore, for Arcisato. From Arcisate, Garibaldi sent me and my company, which always performed the duty of advanced-guard, upon Viggia. When there, I and my hundred men received orders to march immediately against the Austrians. The first column I had any cognizance of was D'Aspre's division of about five hundred men. This was the same General d'Aspre who afterwards was guilty of the massacres of Levauna.

In compliance with the commands received, I prepared for the fight, and in order to have it in the best situation, I got possession of three little villages, Catzone, Ligumo, and Rudero, which formed a triangle. These three villages guarded all the roads coming from Como. Behind this village was a strong position, San Masseo, an impregnable rock, from which I had but, in a manner, to let myself roll down, to descend into Switzerland, that is to say, a neutral country. I divided my men into three detachments, each detachment occupying a village. I occupied Ligumo.

I arrived there in the night with forty men, and fortified myself as well as I was able. At daybreak the Austrians attacked me. They had taken possession of Rudero, which they found its garrison had abandoned during the night, and gone into Switzerland; so that I was left with sixty-eight men. I called in the thirty men I had at Catzone, and at quick time I gained San Masseo: there I could stand my ground. I had

scarcely arrived when I was attacked. The Austrian cannon poured upon us balls and congreve rockets from Rodero.

I cast my eyes around us, and found that the foot of the mountain was entirely surrounded by cavalry. We resolved, nevertheless, to defend ourselves resolutely. The Austrians mounted to the assault of the mountain, and the firing commenced. Unfortunately, we only had a score of cartridges each, and our guns themselves were very indifferent ones. The noise of the fusillade brought crowds of curious spectators out upon the neighbouring Swiss mountains. Five or six Tessenois, armed with their carbines, could not resist the excitement of the fight, but came and joined our ranks and fired upon the enemy as amateurs.

I kept my position and maintained the fight till my men had fired their last cartridge. I had hoped all along that Garibaldi would hear the Austrian cannon, and would join us; but Garibaldi had something else to do than to succour us. He had just learnt that the Austrians were advancing upon Luino, and he was marching to meet them. All my cartridges being expended, I thought it was time to think of retreat. Guided by our Tessenois we took a road across the rocks only known to the inhabitants of that country. Within an hour we were in Switzerland.

I and my men retired into a little wood: the inhabitants lent us cases in which we concealed our guns where we could find them when we wanted them. We had for more than four hours held out with sixty-eight men against five thousand. General d'Aspre caused it to be published in all the journals that he had maintained a severe conflict against the army of Garibaldi, and had completely routed it. It is only Austrians that can make such jokes as this.

CHAPTER L.

GARIBALDI IN LOMBARDY.

GARIBALDI was marching, as I have said, upon Luino, but before he could reach that place he received the news that it was already occupied by the Austrians, and at the same time, that the column commanded by d'Aspre, after its great victory over us, had taken possession of Arcisate. The retreat of Garibaldi into Switzerland was thus rendered difficult. He decided, therefore, upon marching straight upon Merazzene, a very strong and consequently a very advantageous position. Besides, the report of the cannon he had heard had made his mouth water. Scarcely was he encamped, when he found himself completely surrounded by five thousand Austrians. He had five hundred men with him.

During a whole day, with his five hundred men, he sustained the attack of the five thousand Austrians. When night came he formed his men in close column, and rushed upon the enemy with fixed bayonets. Favoured by the darkness he forced a bloody passage, and gained the open country. At a league from Merazzene he dismissed his men, appointing a rendezvous with them at Lugano, and on foot, with a guide, disguised as a peasant, he directed his course towards Switzerland.

One morning I heard at Lugano that Garibaldi, who was said to have been either killed or made a prisoner at Merazzene, had arrived at a neighbouring village. The prophetic words of Anzani then recurred to my memory. I hastened to him, and found him in bed, exhausted, bruised, scarcely able to speak. He had had a march of sixteen hours, and had escaped the Austrians by a miracle. His first question on seeing me was—"Have you your company ready?" "Yes," replied I. "Very well!—let me sleep this one night, then, and to-morrow we will begin again." I could

scarcely help smiling, being convinced that the next day he would be so worn out and stiff as not to be able to move a limb.

On the morrow, to my great astonishment Garibaldi was on foot; the body keeps pace with the soul of that man; both are of iron. But there was nothing more for him to do there; Garibaldi's campaign in Lombardy was ended!

Garibaldi then again entered Piedmont, and went back to Genoa.

Whilst there he received proposals brought to him by a Sicilian deputation. These proposals were for him to embark for Sicily, and support the revolutionary cause in that island. He accepted them at once, and went with three hundred men to Levaune; but whilst there, hearing of what was going on at Rome, he abandoned the idea of his expedition to Sicily, and set out for the holy city. It is there we shall soon meet with him again.

As for me, I remained at Lugano with my company, which, having rallied a few deserters, now amounted to eighty men. I was allowed, with them, to occupy a depôt; our arms were still concealed, but where we could lay our hands on them at any time. During this short moment of repose we organized, not to lose time, an insurrection in Lombardy. The Swiss Government got intelligence of this, and occupied the canton of Tessen with the federal contingents. They likewise resolved to watch me. I was, with two hundred men, the greater part of whom had served under Garibaldi, and others who had served with me, sent to Bellenzena, where they guarded us in a barrack as dangerous men who might violate the frontier.

The project not the less was carried on; generals Orcioni and Apice were to set out from Lugano, and direct their course to Como by La Vallée Iteloi. I on my part was to leave Bellinzona, cross the passage of San Jovio, one of the most elevated and most difficult of the frontier, descend upon lake Como, and

summon the inhabitants to arms. After which, with my troop I was to form a junction with the two generals.

As we were narrowly watched the thing was difficult to execute. Upon an elevation that dominates Bellinzona are the ruins of an ancient castle which formerly belonged to the Visconti. It was there I had deposited our arms and all the munitions I had been able to procure. I had in all two hundred and fifty men. I divided them into eight or ten bands, which were by several routes, carefully avoiding the troops who were watching us, to assemble at the old castle. Contrary to all expectation the affair succeeded perfectly. Every one came to the rendezvous without having met with the least impediment. I armed all my people, and was about to set out for the mountain, that is to say, to cross the frontier.

All at once I heard the drum beat to arms; the troops were preparing to march in pursuit of me. But then the inhabitants, who had taken a great liking for me, arose in my favour, and threatened, if the drum were not silenced, they would sound the tocsin and form barricades. Delivered from this alarm, I gave my men orders to march. It was towards the end of October, the north wind blew keenly, and we had every prospect of a stormy night. We marched all the night against the wind, our faces cut by hail and snow. Day came, and we marched all the day. We had to cross the snow-covered summit of the Jurio; the winter had rendered the passage impracticable; we, however, cleared it, with the snow almost all the way above our knees, and sometimes up to our armpits. After infinite labour, we at length arrived at the summit, but there an enemy more terrible than all we had conquered, awaited us—the tempest! In an instant we were completely blinded; we could not see ten paces before us.

I told my men to keep as close to each other as possible, to march in a single file, to follow me, and in as quick a pace as the deep snow would allow of. Three

were left behind never to rise again—they were buried beneath the snow, and sleep, or perhaps watch, on the summit of the Jurio. I marched first, without following any track, without knowing whither I was going, trusting to our good fortune, when all at once I stopped. My forward foot found no resting-place upon the rock—one step more and I should have fallen down a precipice. I threw myself back, cried aloud to my men to halt, and ordered every one to remain where he was till daylight.

Alone, then, with a guide, I groped about during the night in search of a foot-path. At every instant, the ground, or rather the snow, gave way under our feet, or else our feet slipped from under us. It was a miracle that neither of us was smothered in the snow, or killed in our numerous falls. At length, at daybreak, we arrived at some abandoned cabins. Miserable as they were, as they offered shelter, I wished to return to my men, but my strength failed me, and I sank, exhausted by fatigue and stiffened with cold. My guide carried me into one of the cabins, succeeded in lighting a fire, and brought me to myself again. Fortunately, in the mean time my men had followed my track, so that they rejoined me in about two hours. We then again set forward, and descended the mountain to Gravedona, upon Lake Como.

Upon my arrival there, after a rest of half a day, I commenced my march to join the two generals with whom I had appointed a rendezvous, and who during my passage had undertaken to effect a rising. But the two generals instead of having beaten the Austrians, had been beaten, and I was going to throw myself headlong against the Volgemuth division, which already occupied the Val d'Intervi, and against steamboats filled with Austrians.* I therefore took a cross route, entered the Val Menaggio, and occupied at its extremity, Partezza, upon Lake Lugano, reserving as a means of retreat the Val Cavarnia, which issues on the Swiss frontier.

The position was magnificent: I was in communication with Lugano, whence I could receive both men and munitions, but nobody joined me, and I remained there eight days useless. At the end of that time the Austrians, having concentrated their forces, marched upon Partezza. I retired to Val Cavarnia, and halted in the mountain of San Lucio, which separates Lombardy from Switzerland. I reckoned, if attacked, upon doing as I had done at San Masseo, but there were only a few shots exchanged. Two of my men died of their wounds.

There was nothing to be done; all the passes were covered with snow; the winter became daily more rigorous, so I returned into Switzerland, concealed my guns, and concealed myself after them. Unfortunately, I could not conceal myself so easily as I could a gun, and as I was deeply compromised, the question was not confined to a simple burying, but imprisonment; as I knew I should be too lucky if, when once arrested, the Swiss authorities did not give me up to the Austrians. I resolved, therefore, to use every exertion to return to Piedmont. A conveyance was lent me in which to leave Lugano; when once free from that place, I might have gained Mazadino, from Mazadino I might have gone to Genoa, and from Genoa—God knows whither!

I had passed through Lugano in a carriage, when a cart loaded with wood stopped the way. We were obliged to wait till it was unloaded; and I sat impatiently biting my moustache. But at that moment the commander of the federal battalion passed; he recognised me, called the guard, and arrested me. I was taken to prison; that was the least I had to expect. Things, however, fell out more fortunately. The principal inhabitants of Lugano being all my friends, they succeeded in obtaining my release from prison, and having me conveyed to the Sardinian frontiers. I only crossed Piedmont; Tuscany was a republic, so I

embarked at Genoa, and steered my course towards Florence.

At Livorno a telegraphic despatch informed us that the Grand-Duke, deceiving Montanielli by a feigned illness, had just escaped from Sienna, and taken refuge at Porto Ferrajo. Guerazzi immediately ordered the national guard of Livorno to embark, pursue the Duke, and arrest him. As he was signing the order, he was informed I had just arrived at Livorno: "Offer him the command of the expedition," said Guerazzi, "and press him to accept it." As may be supposed, I did not require much pressing, but placed myself immediately at the orders of the provisional government. We embarked on board the *Giglio*, and set sail for the isle of Elba.

We were scarcely out at sea when a steam frigate came in sight. We had no means of telling whether it was French, English, or Austrian, but prudence told us we should not approach too near to it. I therefore ordered the *Giglio* to shift her course, and instead of landing directly at Porto Longone, I landed at Golfo di Campo, crossed the island as quickly as possible, and arrived at Porto Ferrajo. The Grand-Duke had not been seen or heard of!—the expedition was ended!

I returned to Florence, and there was allowed freely to organize the wreck of my column, which I reinforced with fresh volunteers, for all who took refuge in Florence were anxious to join me. During my stay here two efforts at reaction were made, both of which I suppressed. One morning a report prevailed that the Austrians were entering by the Modena frontier. I hastened thither with my men, but it was a false alarm. A third attempt at reaction, however, succeeded. The government of the Grand-Duke was re-established, and I, who had been sent to arrest him, was naturally constrained to depart from his dominions.

Besides my legion there was in Florence a Polish legion, perfectly organized. I made the proposal to

them, and they followed me. I crossed the Apennines, and descended at Bologna. I was badly received there by the republican government, which treated me as a deserter. General Mezzo Capo was forming a division at Bologna—a division intended to march to the assistance of Rome. He passed us in review, became convinced that we were not deserters, and made us his vanguard. We followed the route of Foligno, Narni, and Civita Castellana. When we arrived there we inclined towards Sabina, to avoid the French, and entered Rome by the gate of San Giovanni.

Let us see how things were going on in Rome.

CHAPTER LI.

FRENCH INTERVENTION.

On the morning of the 21st of April, the advanced guard of the French division had arrived before the port of Civita Vecchia, and an aide-de-camp of General Oudinot landed to confer with Manucci, the prefect of the Roman republic. He told him, "that the object of the French intervention was to protect the material interests and morals of the Romish population; that France, enemy as she was to despotism and anarchy, was desirous of assuring to Italy a wise liberty; that she hoped to find in the Romish people the ancient sympathy which had united them with the French people; but in the meanwhile, as the fleet could not keep the sea without danger, a prompt permission to land was necessary. In case that permission should be refused, the French general, to his great regret, would be compelled to employ force. In addition to this, he thought it necessary to warn the city of Civita Vecchia that if a single gun were fired, a fine of a million would be laid upon it. After saying this, without waiting for the reply of the Roman Government—to which Manucci wished to

refer him—General Oudinot disarmed the Metara battalion, occupied the fort, closed the printing-offices of the city, placed a sentinel at the door of it, and opposed the landing of a corps of five hundred Lombards.

These five hundred Lombards were the battalion of the Bersaglieri, commanded by Manara, who, driven from his own country and repulsed by Piedmont, came to seek a grave at Rome. This battalion was composed of the Lombard aristocracy, and had just joined the defenders of the republic. Dandolo himself thus describes them in his book—"Volunteers and Bersaglieri, not from any sympathy with their cause, but because they knew not of any other place in the world where they could ask an asylum."

They arrived two days after General Oudinot. It was the general who then gave the permission to land, which he himself had dispensed with.

Henry Dandolo, the historian, a descendant of the doge of that name, bearing, like the celebrated conqueror of Constantinople, the name of Henry, landed twice to ask this permission of the general. Not only was it brutally refused, but he was ordered to go back. He reported this reply to Manara, who landed in his turn, to see if he should be more fortunate than his lieutenant. But Manara met with the same reception as Henry Dandolo.

"Are you a Lombard?" asked the general.

"There is no doubt of that," replied Manara.

"Well, then," rejoined the general, "whence comes it that, being a Lombard, you want to interfere with the affairs of Rome?"

"You interfere with them rather strongly, and you are a Frenchman," replied Manara; and turning his back upon the general, he regained his ship. When it was known on board that the French general would not allow them to land, the exasperation came to its height. They had suffered much from a bad sea and being crowded on board. Bersaglieri and the volun-

teers wanted to throw themselves into the water, and swim to shore, at the risk of whatever might happen.

When Manara saw that his men were determined to have recourse to this extremity, he returned a second time to General Oudinot, and, with much entreaty, obtained permission for the battalion to land at Porto d'Ango. The French general at first required Manara to keep at a distance from Rome, and to remain neuter till the 4th of May; a period, he said, at which all would be ended. But Manara refused.

"General," replied he, "I am but a major in the service of the Roman Republic, myself subordinate to the minister and to my general. Being dependent upon them, I cannot enter into such an engagement."

Manucci then thought best, in the name of the Minister of War, to agree to the conditions of General Oudinot; and, according to that promise, the volunteers and the Bersaglieri Lombards were able the next day, April 27th, to land in the morning at Porte d'Ango. They departed on the 28th for Albano, and bivouacked in the Campagna of Rome.

In the course of the night an order arrived from General Joseph Avanzana, Minister of War, which, whether he was ignorant of the engagement made by Manara, or whether he took no account of it, ordered the Bersaglieri to set forward instantly on their march to Rome.

On the morning of the 29th, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd, they made their entrance into Rome. When intelligence was received of the arrival of the French at Civita Vecchia, the Roman assembly declared itself "in permanence." And then this serious question arose—"Shall the gates be opened to the French, or shall force be repelled by force?"

The triumvir, Armellini, and several others, were of opinion that the French should be received as friends; Mazzini, Cernuschi, Herbeni, and the majority, were decidedly of opinion that they should defend themselves energetically and to the last extremity.

"Honour," they said, "must be considered before everything." The Assembly did not hesitate; on the 26th of April, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the following decree was voted amidst the applauses of all Rome:—

"IN THE NAME OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE.

"The Assembly, after the communication received by the Triumvir, places in his hands the honour of the republic, and charges him to repel force by force."

Resistance being decreed, Cernuschi, who had made the barricades of Milan, was named inspector of the barricades of Rome; the elevated points were provided with cannon, and the people in breathless anxiety awaited a great event.

It was then the providential man appeared. Suddenly a great cry resounded through the streets of Rome of "Garibaldi! Garibaldi!" And an immense crowd cried as they preceded him, throwing their caps in the air, and waving their handkerchiefs—"Here he is! here he is!"

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which took possession of the population at the sight of him. He might have been thought to be the protecting God of the republic, who hastened to the defence of Rome. The courage of the people increased with their confidence, and it appeared as if the Assembly had not only decreed defence, but victory.

A few lines of the history of the Roman Revolution, by Bragio Miraglia, will give an idea of this enthusiasm: "This mysterious conqueror, surrounded by such a brilliant halo of glory, who, a stranger to the discussions of the Assembly, and ignorant of them, entered Rome on the eve of the very day on which the republic was about to be attacked, was, in the minds of the Roman people, the only man capable of maintaining the decree of resistance; therefore the multitudes, on the very instant, united themselves with the man who personified the wants of the moment, and who was the hope of all."

Thus the public need restored to Garibaldi his title of General, which had been contested in his last campaign by the very people for whom he was fighting.

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Here are some details which, under the necessity in which he found himself to set out immediately for Sicily, Garibaldi was not able to give me himself; but they are furnished by his friend, M. Vecchi, the historian of the war of 1848, a member of the Roman Constitutional Assembly, the soldier of the 30th of April, the 3rd of June, and the 30th of June. By him, in short, with whom Garibaldi passed the last months of his sojourn at Genoa, and from whose house he went to embark. We will leave M. Vecchi to speak, or rather we will give his original notes—as M. Vecchi speaks French with as much purity as he does Italian.

* * * * *

The death of Rossi and the flight of the Pope found Garibaldi at Ravenna, where he had enrolled a strong legion of volunteers. He resolved to go to Rome alone, in order to come to an understanding with the Provisional Government, of which Herbino was the factotum; but he was given to understand that his presence in Rome was as dangerous as the cantonment of his legionaries in the Legations; they ordered him into barracks at Macuata, a quiet, peaceful city, where they took care he should be preceded by the reputation of a brigand. Scarcely, therefore, was he installed, when he received an order to pass with his legion to Rieti. The troops took the route of Tolentino, Proligno, and Spaletro; he went to Arcoli, because he had learnt that the Bourbon and papistical police, by means of money, intimidation, and anathemas, was beginning to stir up the populations of the Appenines against the Provisional Government of Rome.

I was then a captain in the 23rd legion of the Piedmontese army, and was enjoying my leave of absence

of two months at Arcoli, when my fellow citizens nominated me deputy to the Roman constituency.

On the 20th of January I received the visit of Garibaldi; the next day he was desirous of setting out for Rieti, across the mountain, at once covered with snow and brigands. The counsels of prudence and the opposition of the patriots only increased his desire of a military tour; whilst, for more than a league we were accompanied by the crowd, who, weeping and lamenting, embraced me as they thought for the last time. The General was followed by Nino Bexio, his ordonnance officer, by Captain Sacchi, his companion in the wars of the new world, and Aguyar, his negro.

The rest of his suite consisted of myself and a little dog, which, wounded in the paw on the day of the fight of Sant Antonio, deserted the colours of Buenos Ayres, under which he had till that time marched, to enrol himself under the banners of Garibaldi. The intelligent little animal always went hopping along between the four legs of Garibaldi's horse. He was called Guesello.

The first night we lodged at the house of the governor of Arguata, Gaetano Rinaldi, chief of the clerical reaction which was surging up behind us, in proportion as we advanced. We were in a large apartment on the ground floor, without lights, till ten o'clock at night, with people coming in, going out, and whispering in a low voice. I observed this to the General, who replied to me in French, in his usually calm tone, "They are arranging the particulars of dinner." To tell the truth, I did not agree with him. We rose from table at midnight, and were treated like Cardinals. At parting we received four pounds of truffles for our journey. At four o'clock in the morning we got on horseback, and the son of M. Rinaldi accompanied us to the top of the mountain, with a tricolor silken flag. At mid-day we devoured a lamb which the General had roasted in quarters before some

lighted faggots. At night we lodged at an isolated auberge, full of armed countrymen. Perhaps they had received the watchword from Arguata; their looks were very sinister, and all, when invited, refused to drink with us.

We went to bed, and slept with our sabres at our sides, and our fingers on the triggers of our pistols. Garibaldi arose with his right knee swelled and his left elbow aching with rheumatism, caught in America; he could not put on his boot, and carried his arm in a sling.

After a ride of half-an-hour, our horses refused to go any further. We were, indeed, climbing a steep ascent, which the night's frost had rendered as slippery as glass. For a league our animals walked upon our cloaks, which we spread out before them. We afterwards crossed a plain covered with snow, which came up to our horses' chests. To warm myself I dismounted, and went to inquire after the health of the General, who was riding on before me, one foot in a boot, and the other only covered by a cotton stocking.

"Well!" said I, "how are we going on, General?"

He saluted me with that caressing smile which is habitual to his strong, serene nature, and said, "Thank you, I am doing very well."

As I walked by his side, without doubt to divert his attention from the sharp pains which gnawed his flesh, he pointed out to me the grand aspect of the wild scene. In fact we were in the midst of strange looking mountains, the rocky summits of which resembled strong castles built by Titans. On all sides were blocks of rock, mined by ages and detached from the summits, which had rolled into the narrow, steep valleys and into the bed of a torrent which foamed terrible, noisy, and turbid. Here and there, a few houses, concealed in masses of oaks, beech, chestnuts, and pines, revealed themselves by the white smoke which issued from their chimneys.

This Salavator Rosa landscape, darkened by the

tempest and rendered still more threatening by the howling of the wind, seemed to excite and elevate the mind of Garibaldi; "It is here," exclaimed he, "I should like to meet the whole army of Radetzki; our brave legionaries would not let one of his soldiers return to Vienna; here we would revenge our brothers who died in the forest of Teutberg!"

Towards five o'clock we were near Cascia, a little assemblage of houses grouped upon the summit of a verdant hill. The wind had driven away the clouds, the sun shone on the snowy summits, and made mountains of silver cut against an azure sky, which turned to a lively rose-colour towards the west.

We were resting near a straw hut, when four young men came and asked us who we were. At the name of Garibaldi they set off as fast as they could run, and within a quarter of an hour after, the Gonfalonnier, the notabilities, the national guard, with a musical band at their head, came hastily towards us, to invite the general to visit the village. They raised, as if with the wand of a fairy, a verdant triumphal arch, the theatre was illuminated, a dinner and ball were given at the governor's house, who, nevertheless, was a haughty clerical.

I remember that a peasant poet was presented to the general, who had dictated, for he could neither read nor write, a whole poem upon pastoral life. About nine o'clock a person who sat next to me whispered in my ear, that a youth of fifteen was languishing in the communal prison, almost stultified by the blows and ill-treatment of his father, who having married again at the age of sixty with a young peasant girl, had, at her instigation, accused his son of being wanting in respect to him. The governor received twenty crowns and threw the boy into prison. I ascertained the fact, and spoke to the general about it. The father was sent for as well as the unfortunate son. It was at once both a comic and a hideous scene. The father was willing that his son should come out of prison, but

he, very simply, reclaimed the sum he had given to have him incarcerated; the boy blubbered and embraced Garibaldi. As for the governor, he did not know what sort of a face to put upon the matter; but, in the end, he harangued the people from a balcony, and the boy was carried home in triumph by all the *gamins* of the village.

The next day, at eight o'clock in the morning, a detachment of the national guard set out with us, in the midst of a fine, penetrating rain. They accompanied us as far as Rieti, and escorted a financial employé, imprisoned at the place where we breakfasted. He was a spy paid by the Bourbon general, Landi, commanding the mobile column on the frontiers of the Roman States.

The Italian Legion, in barracks at Rieti, was composed of three battalions, in all one thousand five hundred men, to whom were added ninety lancers, clothed and mounted at the expense of their commander, Angelo Massina of Bologna.

At the period of the landing of the French at Civitâ Vecchia the legion was at Arragni, the cradle and tomb of Boniface VIII. It was with them that he marched to the assistance of Rome.

AUGTE. VECCHI.

But this general, who had a whole people in his train, wanted soldiers. A brigade, composed of elements foreign to each other, was improvised for him, of men who had no knowledge of each other, and who were to assemble, mix, and amalgamate in the enthusiasm he inspired. This brigade was formed of two battalions of his own legion, among whom were forty men who came with him from Montevideo, wearing the red blouse with green facings—of three hundred men returned from Venice—of four hundred young men of the University—of three hundred *denariers mobilises*—and of three hundred emigrants; in all two thousand five hundred men, who were charged with the defence of

the walls, from the gate Portese to the gate San Pancrazio, and Cavallegieri, occupying all the elevated points without the walls, from the Villa Caseni, known by the name of the four winds, to the Villa Pamphili.

According to all probability it was upon this point the efforts of the French would be directed, as they were anxious to keep Civita Vecchia as the basis of their operations. On the 28th of April the advanced guard of the French was at Palo, where, the evening before, a battalion of chasseurs had arrived, clearing the road. On the 29th it was at Castel Guido, that is, within five leagues of Rome. Then the general-in-chief sent his brother, Captain Oudinot, with an ordonnance officer and fifteen light-horse, to make reconnoisances. They advanced as far as the point where the two Aurelian routes, the ancient and the modern, divide, and, at a league from Rome, fell in with the advance posts of the Romans.

The officer who commanded the Romans advanced:

"What do you want here?" asked he.

"To go to Rome," replied the Frenchman.

"That cannot be allowed," said the Italian officer.

"We speak in the name of the French republic."

"And we in the name of the Roman republic; therefore turn back, Messieurs."

"And if we are not willing to turn back?"

"Then we must endeavour to make you, in spite of yourselves."

"By what means?"

"By force."

"Then," said the French officer, turning towards his men, "if that be the case—Fire!" at the same time discharging a pistol he drew from his holster.

"Fire!" replied the officer commanding the Roman advanced posts.

The reconnoisance being too weak to resist, retired

at a gallop, leaving in our hands a French chasseur encumbered with his dead horse. He was taken prisoner and brought to Rome.

The French bulletin said it was we who took flight and were pursued, but, if that was the case, how could it be possible for us to take a prisoner and bring him to Rome, when we were on foot and the French on horseback? We shall have many errors of this sort to notice.

The reconnoisance went back, then, to report to the General that Rome was prepared to defend itself, and that he must not reckon upon entering the city, as he had expected, without firing a shot, and amidst the acclamations of the people. The French leader, nevertheless, continued his march.

The next day, April 30th, leaving his soldiers' baggage at Mazlianilla, he advanced in quick time. Let us be allowed to correct another error relative to the 30th of April, as we have corrected that of the 29th.

French writers have said, that "victims of a base intrigue, the French soldiers had been led into the city after a simple reconnoisance, and had fallen into a snare." The affair of the 30th was not a reconnoisance, and the French were not drawn into a snare. The affair of the 30th was a fight perfectly expected by the French general, as a proof of which, here is his plan of battle, found upon a French officer killed in the conflict, and transmitted by Colonel Massi to the General Minister of War.*

"A double attack must be directed against the gates Angelica and Cavallegieri, in order to divide the attention of the enemy. By the first, the enemy's troops which are encamped upon Monte Mario will be forced, and afterwards the Angelica gate will be occupied. When our troops shall have occupied these two points,

* I am not here writing a romance, I am publishing memoirs. I am forced, therefore, to translate textually. I neither deny nor affirm—I institute a process before that great and last judge called—TRUTH.

we will push the enemy with all possible force and in all ways, and the general rallying-point shall be the Place St. Pierre. We particularly recommend that French blood should be spared."

The French general's idea was not only bad in itself but was badly executed, as we will endeavour to prove. The route which leads from Civita Vecchia to Rome, separates in two at about fifteen hundred metres from the walls; on the right it leads to the gate San Pancrazio, on the left to the gate Cavallegieri, near the salient angle of the Vatican. Wishing to follow the plan agreed upon, and take Monte Mario behind, and then to besiege the Angelica gate, the French army, arrived at the forked division, would turn with a brigade to the left, in the direction of the aqueduct Paolo, and with the other take to the right, towards the casale San Pio, and attempt to get possession of the Cavallegieri gate. There was the serious error committed by the French. They launched the voltigeurs of the twentieth of the line upon the right, who there met with a rough ground, cut by wood, and difficult of access, and upon the heights of the left, the chasseurs of Vincennes, at about a hundred and fifty metres from the walls, that brave forlorn-hope of the enemy's army was thundered upon by the shower of balls vomited by the battery of the bastion San Mario.

The ill consequences of this were, however, less for them than they might have been but for the tact they had acquired in the war with the Arabs of making ramparts of all the inequalities of the ground. On their side their admirably-directed fire caused us great losses. It was there that were killed Lieutenant Paul Mardiceci, a young man of the greatest promise, whose mother, after the return of Pope Pio Nono, was condemned to eight days' imprisonment for having deposited flowers upon the tomb of her son—Adjutant-Major Enrico Pallini, Brigadier della Verdeva, Captain Pifferi, Lieutenant Belli, and others, obscure for the world, but dear to us, such as Stephanis, Ludowick,

and Captain Leduc, a brave Belgian, who had fought for us in the war of independence.

But the living were not wanting to take the place of the dead. Early in the morning the rolling of the drums announced to the Romans the approach of the French, and in an instant, the walls and bastions were covered with men. Whilst the fire of the voltigeurs of the 20th of the line, and that of the chasseurs of Vincennes replied to ours, the bulk of the French column, which must have seen that we showered balls upon them instead of strewing flowers as they had expected, continued to advance. From the moment it appeared, a battery of four pieces, placed upon a bastion, began to play upon them.

The French general quickly established a battery upon the aqueducts to reply to our fire, and mounted two other pieces upon a hill which overlooked the garden of the Vatican, where there were not many soldiers but an immense number of people in arms.

Our fire having relaxed for an instant, from the correctness of the fire of the chasseurs of Vincennes, the French general launched the Molière brigade, which advanced bravely to the foot of the walls; but, as I have said, the dead had been rapidly replaced; the fire revived more warm than ever, crushing the heads of the columns Marulaz and Boud, so that they were forced to beat a retreat, and to seek shelter in the inequalities of the ground.

Garibaldi followed all these movements from the gardens of the Pamphili villa. He then judged that his time was arrived, and he ordered several small detachments to glide through the vines; but this manœuvre was discovered, and a reinforcement was sent from the 20th of the line, to prevent the chasseurs of Vincennes from being surprised and to protect them.

Garibaldi then sent word that if a reinforcement of a thousand men were sent him, he would answer for the success of the day. The battalion of Colonel Ga-

lette, and the first battalion of the Roman Legion, commanded by Colonel Morelli, were immediately sent to him. He disposed of the companies charged with the defence of the threatened passages, others were ordered to protect the flanks and rears of the sortie, and at the head of all the men he had left he rushed out upon the French.

Unfortunately, from the height of the ramparts, our people took Garibaldi's men for Oudinot's soldiers, and fired upon them. Garibaldi was obliged to halt till this error was recognised, and then with the bayonet he rushed in open day upon the centre of the French army.

And then ensued a terrible conflict between the tigers of Montevideo, as they were called, and the lions of Africa. French and Romans fought hand to hand, pierced with the bayonet; man struggled with man, cast each other to the earth and rose again. Garibaldi had at length met with an enemy that was worthy of him. There were killed on our side, Captain Montaldi, Lieutenants Rigtie and Zamboni; there were wounded Major Marochetti, Surgeon Schienda, the officer Ghiglione, and the chaplain, Ugo Vassi, who, without arms amidst the combatants, faced wounds and death to succour the wounded and console the dying. Pious heart! merciful soul! of whom the priests made a martyr—with Lieutenants dall' Oro, Tressadi, and Rolla, and young Stadella, son of the Neapolitan general.

After a contest of an hour, the French were obliged to give way; one party dispersed in the country, another retreated upon the principal body; two hundred and sixty remained our prisoners.

It was at this moment that Fabas, a captain of Artillery, ordonnance officer to the general-in-chief, seeing the ill-success of the attack, so badly combined by the general, thought to offer him a remedy by proposing to his chief to guide a fresh attack by a road which he said was known to him, and which would lead them

unperceived under the walls of Rome, in front of the gardens of the Vatican. This road was flanked by four or five houses, in which detachments could be left, and concealed among the vines. The general-in-chief accepted the proposal, gave him a brigade of the corps Levaillant, and Captain Fabas set forward.

The enterprise was easy at first starting, and the march of the column remained unobserved by the defenders of Rome, as far as the Consular route of the Angelica gate; but there, at the instant of the first flash of the sun upon the arms of the French, a terrible fire from every enclosure of the Pontifical gardens instantly welcomed the column, and one of the first balls struck down the captain who led it. Although deprived of its guide, the column defended itself valiantly, and for some time replied to the fire from the walls; but at length, decimated, overpowered, having in their rear our troops of the Monte Mario, and in front of them the fire of the Castle of St. Angelo, which closed the road to the gate of Porto Angelica to them; exposed without shelter to the storm of balls which poured from the gardens of the Vatican, and prevented them from retaking their former position, the French were obliged to seek refuge in the little cassini, spread about among the vines, and scattered along the route, where our artillery continued playing upon them.

Thus one entire brigade, which was the left wing of the French army, found itself separated from its centre, and in danger of being made prisoner; luckily for the French General, Levaillant, our troops of Monte Mario did not come down, and two thousand men, massed behind the Porto Angelica, and who might have fallen upon them, did not stir.

The general-in-chief was not more fortunate on his right, that is to say at the point on which Garibaldi fought. For an instant the fire and the struggle had ceased from the retreat of the French, but, on seeing his men repulsed, General Oudinot, fearing to be cut

off in his communications with Civita Vecchia, pushed forward the rest of the Moliere brigade, and the fight, which had failed for an instant, was resumed with fresh ardour. But warlike science, discipline, courage, and impetuous attacks all gave way before our soldiers, young and inexperienced as they were. But Garibaldi was there, erect on horseback, with his hair streaming to the winds, like a statue of brass representing the god of battles. At the sight of the invulnerable man every one recalled to his mind the exploits of the immortal ancestors, the conquerors of the world, whose graves they trampled under feet. It might be said that they knew that the shades of Camillus, Cincinnatus and Cæsar, surveyed them from the top of the Capitol. To the violence of French fury they opposed Roman calmness and firmness, the supreme will of despair. After four hours obstinate fighting, the chief of the battalion of the 20th of the line, now General Picard, with incredible efforts and prodigious courage, gained possession, with three hundred men, of a good position, which he forced the young men of the University to abandon to him. But almost immediately Garibaldi, having received a battalion of exiles, commanded by Orcionè, a detachment of the Roman legion, with two companies of the Roman legion, threw himself headlong forward, with crossed bayonets, resumed the offensive in his turn, and with an irresistible impetuosity overcoming every obstacle, shut up Lieutenant-Colonel Picard in the house of which he had made a fortress, whilst he, attacked on all sides by our men and brought to a personal fight with Nino Bexio, was obliged at length to surrender with his three hundred men.

This gigantic conflict decided the fate of the day and completely changed the face of things. The question was no longer whether Oudinot should enter Rome, but whether he could return to Civita Vecchia. Garibaldi, being master of the Villa Pamphili and of the position of the aqueducts commanding the Via Aureliana, with a rapid movement might precede the

French to Castel Guido, and close the route to them. The result of this movement was certain; the left wing of the French, almost destroyed under the gardens of the Vatican, and remaining, as we have said, in scattered cassini, could not beat a retreat without exposing itself to the exterminating fire of the artillery, and the fusillade from the walls. The right wing, beaten and dispersed in open day by Garibaldi, found itself in that state of fatal discouragement which follows an unexpected defeat, and could only oppose a feeble resistance. The French, moreover, were exhausted by a fight of ten hours, and had no cavalry to protect their retreat. We had two regiments of the line in reserve, two regiments of dragoons, two squadrons of carabineers, the battalion of Lombards commanded by Manara, enchained, it is true, by the parole of Manucci, and, behind all these, a whole people.

Garibaldi saw all the advantages of the situation, for he wrote to Avizzana, minister of war, from the field of battle:—

"Send me fresh troops, and, as I promised to beat the French and have kept my word, I promise you I will prevent any one of them from regaining their vessels." But then, it is said, the triumvir, Mazzini, opposed his powerful word to this project.

"Let us not," said he, "make a mortal enemy of France by a complete defeat; let us not expose our young reserve troops to a close fight with a beaten but valiant enemy." This serious error of Mazzini's deprived Garibaldi of the glory of a Napoleonic day, and rendered the victory of the 30th fruitless. It was a fatal error, but yet excusable in a man who had placed all his hopes in the French democratic party, of which Ledru Rollin was the chief; but for Italy it was a source of incalculable consequences. Garibaldi's plan, if it had been adopted, might have changed the fate of Italy.

In fact, the position was one of the most simple, and that it was so I would appeal, now that hatreds are ex-

tinguished and a new day is dawning for Italy, to the loyalty of our enemies themselves.

Oudinot had attacked Rome with two brigades, one under the orders of General Lavaillant, the other under the orders of General Moliere; a battalion of chasseurs on foot, twelve field pieces, and fifty horse completed the division. We have seen to what a miserable condition this *corps d'armée* was reduced on the evening of the 30th of April; its left wing had been unskilfully attacked, and its right wing thrown back upon its centre by Garibaldi, who was master of the Villa Pamphili, of the aqueducts, and of the old Aurelian road. Without losing a moment's time, he should have pushed forward with all the available troops, have forced the French to make a precipitate but necessary retreat, if they wished to regain Civita Vecchia, or to fight a fresh battle, which might have terminated in their complete destruction, in the position in which they were placed. The French army would either have been annihilated or forced to lay down their arms.

It is a curious circumstance that during the whole of the day the Roman military music played the *Marseillaise* whilst fighting with those who had conquered continental Europe animated by that hymn. It is true they no longer sang it.

In addition to the dead and the wounded they cost us, the balls and bullets caused great injury to our monuments on this memorable day: and we could not refrain from a melancholy smile when we read in the French journals, that the siege would probably drag out to a great length, from the care the engineers took to preserve the ancient monuments.

The balls and bullets, in fact, struck and scarified the cupola of St. Peter's, and poured on the Vatican like hail. In the Pauline chapel reclined the frescoes of Michael Angelo, Zuccaci, and Lorenzo Sabate; one of the pictures was struck diagonally by a projectile. In the Sextine, another damaged a *caisson* painted by Buonarotti.

The French lost on that day, in killed, wounded, and made prisoners, thirteen hundred men. On our side, we had a hundred men killed or placed *hors de combat*, and one taken prisoner. This prisoner was Ugo Bassi, who, in one of our backward movements, having taken the head of a dying man on his knees, near whom he was seated for the purpose of consoling him, would not abandon him till he had breathed his last sigh.

The joy which pervaded Rome in the evening and night which followed this first combat, may be easily supposed. History, it was believed, at least would not deny that we not only had held out during a whole day against the first soldiers in the world, but that we had forced them to retreat. The whole city was illuminated, and presented the aspect of a national fête. Songs and bands of music were heard in all directions. On leaving head-quarters, these songs and this music annoyed the prisoners, both officers and soldiers. Captain Fabre turned towards a Roman officer, who happened to be the historian Vecchi, and asked: "Are these songs and this joy meant as insults towards us?" "No," replied Vecchi, "do not fancy that. Our people are generous, and incapable of insulting misfortune; but they are celebrating their baptism of blood and fire; we have this day conquered the first soldiers in the world, would you prevent their applauding the memory of the dead, and rejoicing at the resurrection of our old Rome?"

Captain Fabre was exceedingly touched by this reply, which was made in excellent French; so touched that, with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed:—

"Well, in that point of view, Vive Rome; vive l'Italie!"

No prisoner was sent to the quarters destined for him before he had received provisions and all that was necessary for him. As to the officers who had lost their swords, another was instantly given to them.

The next day, the first of May, at earliest dawn, the

indefatigable Garibaldi, having received from the minister of war authority to attack the French with his legion, that is to say, with twelve hundred men, divided them into two columns, of which one set out with Masinia by the Cavallegieri gate, and the other, under his own orders, by the San Pancrazio gate. His small body of cavalry was augmented by a squadron of dragoons.

Garibaldi's object was to surprise the French in their camp, and give them battle, though they were six times more numerous than himself; but he hoped that the report of the fusillade and the cannons would bring the whole population to the succour. But when he arrived at the camp, he learnt that the French had left it during the night, retiring upon Castel de Guido, and that Masinia, who had taken the shortest roads, had overtaken their rear-guard, and was fighting with them. Garibaldi then redoubled his speed, and joined Masinia near the tratettine of Malagratta, where the French were gathering together, and appeared to be preparing for battle. He immediately took up an advantageous position upon a height, on the flank of the French army, but at the moment our men were about to charge, a French officer, detached from the *corps d'armeé*, advanced along the main road, and demanded a parley with Garibaldi. This officer said he was sent by the general-in-chief of the French army to treat for an armistice, and to be assured that the Roman people really accepted the republican government, and were determined to defend their rights. As a proof of the loyal intentions of the general, the latter offered to give up to us Father Ugo Bassi, who had been made prisoner the evening before.

Whilst this conversation was going on, an order arrived from the minister of war, commanding Garibaldi to return to Rome. The legion entered the city again, at four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by the French officer. The armistice demanded by General Oudinot was granted.

CHAPTER LII.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE NEAPOLITANS.

WHILST the events we have related were being accomplished, the Neapolitan army, nearly 20,000 strong, with the king at their head, dragging after them thirty-six "fiery mouths," flanked by a splendid body of cavalry, proud of their recent triumphs in Calabria and Sicily, was advancing to invest the city on the left bank of the Tiber. It had taken military possession of Velletri, Albano, and Frascati; was protected on its right by the Apennines, on its left by the sea, and its advanced posts extended to within a few leagues of our walls.

Seeing this, Garibaldi, whom the armistice left unoccupied, demanded permission to employ his leisure in making war upon the king of Naples. This permission was granted, and on the evening of the 4th of May, Garibaldi left the city with his legion, now 2500 strong. Among these 2500 men were—the battalion of the Bersaglieri of Manara, restored to the full exercise of their rights, which, besides, had had nothing to do with the king of Naples; the douaniers; the university legion; two companies of the mobile national guard; and some other bodies of volunteers.

The rendezvous had been appointed at the Place of the People, and at six o'clock Garibaldi was there. A young Swiss, of German Switzerland, named Gustave de Hoffstiller, who has written an excellent history of the siege of Rome, thus expresses the effect produced upon him by the sight of Garibaldi.

"Just as six o'clock was striking, the general and his staff appeared, and was received with a thunder of *vivats*. I saw him for the first time. He is a man of middle height, his countenance scorched by the sun, but marked with lines of antique purity. He sat his horse as calmly and firmly as if he had been born there; beneath his hat—broad-brimmed, with a narrow

loop, and ornamented with a black ostrich feather—was spread a forest of hair. A red beard covered the whole of the lower part of his face. Over his red shirt was thrown an American poncho, white, lined with red, like his shirt. His staff wore the red blouse, and afterwards the whole Italian legion adopted that colour.

"Behind him galloped his groom, a vigorous negro, who had followed him from America: he was dressed in a black cloak, and bore a lance with a red banderolle. All who had come with him from America wore pistols and poniards of fine workmanship in their belts, and carried whips of buffalo skin in their hands."

Let us continue the description, but this time it is Emile Dandolo who speaks; he also, a poor young man wounded at the siege of Rome, where his brother was killed, and who since died of consumption at Milan, has left an account of the events in which he took part. It is Dandolo who speaks.

"Followed by their ordonnances, all the officers who came from America separate, unite, gallop about in disorder, go here and there, active, watchful, indefatigable. When the troops halt to encamp and take a little rest, whilst the soldiers are putting their guns in *faiscéaux*, it is a common spectacle to see them spring from the saddle, and provide, every one personally, the general as well as the rest, for the wants of their horses, which operation being performed, the riders take no more heed of them. If there are no provisions at hand, three or four colonels or majors jump again upon their horses, bare backed, and armed with lassoes, venture out into the country in search of sheep or oxen. When they have collected as many as they want, they return, driving their prize before them, distribute a given number of them to each company, and all, officers as well as soldiers, set to work to slaughter, to cut into quarters, and roast before immense fires enormous pieces of beef, mutton, or pork, without reckoning the smaller animals, such as turkeys, fowls, ducks, &c.

"While this is going on, if the peril is distant, Garibaldi rests, reclining in his tent; if, on the contrary, the enemy is near, he does not dismount from his horse, but gives his orders and visits the advanced posts; frequently throwing off his singular uniform, and, dressed as a peasant, venturing upon the most dangerous explorations. The greater part of the time, seated upon some elevated spot which dominates the environs, he passes whole hours in sounding the depths of the horizon with his glass. When the trumpet of the general gives the signal for departure, the same lassoes serve to catch and bring in the horses, which are grazing about in the fields. The order of march is settled on the evening before, and the troops set forward without any one knowing or heeding whither they are going.

"The personal legion of Garibaldi is about one thousand strong. It consists of the most incongruous assortment of men that can be imagined; people of all ranks and all ages; of boys of from twelve to fourteen years old, attracted to this life of independence either by a noble enthusiasm or a natural restlessness; of old soldiers brought together by the name and the renown of the illustrious Condottieri of the New World; and, among all these, many who can only boast of the half of Bayard's device, *sans peur*, and who seek in the confusion of war license and impunity.

"The officers are chosen among the most courageous, and raised to the superior grades without the least attention to seniority or the ordinary rules of advancement. To-day one may be seen with a sabre by his side, he is a captain; to-morrow, from a love of variety, he will take his musket again, place himself in the ranks, and there he is once more a soldier. There is no want of pay; that is furnished by the paper of the triumvirs, which only costs the printing. Proportionally, the number of officers is greater than that of the soldiers. The baggage-master was a captain; the general's cook was a lieutenant; his ordonnance had

the same rank; his staff was composed of majors and colonels.

"From a patriarchal simplicity, which is so great that it might be believed to be feigned, Garibaldi resembles rather a chief of a troop of Indians than a general; but when danger approaches, or is come, he is wonderful for his courage and quick-sightedness. Whatever may be wanting in strategic science to make him a general according to the rules of the military art, is amply compensated for by an astounding activity."

Thus you see this extraordinary man makes an equal impression upon all minds and all temperaments.

Let us return to the expedition against the Neapolitans.

The troop set forward on its march at about eight o'clock in the evening. Where they were going nobody knew; they inclined to the right till, after having described an immense circle, they found themselves on the route to Palestrina. The night was clear and fresh; they marched in silence and at a quick step. The staff performed the service of providing for their safety. The officers, accompanied by a few men on horseback, made wide tours into the country. When the ground lost its level character the column halted, and the adjutants examined the country before them; according to their report the expedition moved on again.

Besides the advantage of security, these halts offered that of resting the troops, which continued to march thus without too much fatigue till eight o'clock in the morning, when they stopped within a league of Tivoli; they had quitted for some time the road of Renesti, which leads to that of Palestrina, and had directed their course towards Tivoli by an old Roman way.

By this nocturnal march, made with great rapidity, the general had gained a triple advantage. In the first place, he had deceived the spies, who seeing him leave the city by the Gate of the People, were most likely to

believe the expedition was directed against the French, who, remaining at Polo, had opened a kind of congress with the triumvirs; secondly, Garibaldi found himself at Tivoli upon the right flank of the line of the operations of the Neapolitans, who were encamped at Villetri, and who sent out their scouts in the direction of Rome, as far as the heights of Tivoli; thirdly, the nocturnal march through a desert country, destitute of shade and water, was, thanks to the freshness of darkness, an actual benefit to the troops.

At five o'clock in the evening the men fell into their ranks again, and they marched towards the ruins of the Adrian villa, about a league from the spot where they had halted, and which lies at the foot of the mountain upon which stands Tivoli. The general had at first the intention of encamping there at once; but he changed his mind, being desirous of first making a complete exploration of the neighbouring places; he placed no troops in Tivoli, because it was only at the last extremity he wished to enter the city.

Amidst the ruins of the Adrian villa, which form a fortress, the whole brigade fixed their camp—men and horses—the subterranean chambers of this immense edifice being in sufficiently good preservation to lodge them all. This villa was built by Adrian himself; it is two miles long, and one mile wide. A little forest of orange and fig trees has sprung up upon the place where the ancient palace stood.

On the 6th of May, at eight o'clock in the morning, they set out, the Bersaglieri leading the van. To gain the great road to Palestrina, they were forced to cross the gorge of San Veterino; they were an hour in clearing the defile. At mid-day they encamped in another valley, where they found fresh water and shade; they could not perceive a single house, but they might be said to bathe in verdure.

At half-past five they resumed their march, and climbed the mountain. The soldiers had the beasts of burden carrying the munitions of war before them.

As for the soldiers, every one carried his bread; of meat they took no heed, they found plenty of that at every halt; the Bersaglieri alone had kettles. When they gained the summit of the mountain, the expedition found an old Roman way in perfect preservation, which led them to Palestrina, where they arrived at one o'clock in the morning. It was a blessing to fall in with that Roman way, in such preservation that not a beast of burden made a false step, and the wind did not raise one grain of dust.

And yet frequent halts were made to rest the soldier. It was necessary, contemplating the work reserved for him, that he should not be too much fatigued when he got to it. The general sent patrols out in every direction. One of these patrols, consisting of sixty men, and commanded by Lieutenant Bronzelli, the same who, ten years later, was struck dead upon the field of battle at Trepente, had the most happy results; it attacked a village occupied by the Neapolitans, put them to flight, and took several prisoners. Two of our men, who would not surrender, were killed and cut to pieces.

On the 9th, they received advice that a considerable body of Neapolitans was advancing towards Palestrina; and about two o'clock in the afternoon, from the heights of the mountain St. Peter, which overlooks the city, and which was occupied by our second company, we saw advancing, in good order, by the two roads which meet at the gate del Sole, the enemy's column, consisting of two regiments of infantry of the royal guard, and a division of cavalry.

Garibaldi sent out to meet them, as tirailleurs, two companies of his legion, one of the mobile national guard, and the fourth company of the Bersaglieri. These occupied the left wing of the long chain of mountains which sinks into the valley, against the enemy who advanced as *tirailleurs*. Manara, from the platform of the gate, overlooked on horseback this magnificent scene, and by means of a trumpet made known

the movements necessary to be executed. It might have been fancied a review, so regularly did every thing go on, and so justly the movements answered to the signals of the trumpet. When we were near the Neapolitans a warm firing commenced, and the other corps of the expedition, in close column, presented themselves outside the gate.

The leader of the enemy then wished to extend his first platoons as tirailleurs, but we could see his terrified soldiers refuse to separate from each other. On our part, we continued to advance, keeping up our fire. Then our extreme right, commanded by Lieutenant Rozat, turned a wall which prevented his advancing, and rushed eagerly in small parties upon the enemy's flank. The Neapolitans oscillated for an instant, then breaking their ranks, all at once they took to flight, almost without firing their guns. Some men of Manara's battalion penetrated to their centre, bringing back five or six prisoners. On the right wing, though marching more slowly, things proceeded in nearly the same fashion. The first company of the Bersaglieri allowed the Neapolitans to come within pistol-shot, and then, with an unexpected, warm and vigorous charge with bayonets they easily put them to flight, driving them successively from three houses they occupied, and sustaining with the greatest calmness a charge of cavalry, which cost the lives of a good number of Neapolitan horse.

This was the moment waited for by Garibaldi; he sent a battalion to reinforce Manara, ordering him to charge the whole line with the bayonet. Severely injured on their flank by the Lombards, repulsed in front by the legions and the exiles, the royals took to flight, rapidly and completely, leaving three pieces of cannon upon the field of battle.

The fight lasted three hours, and was brought to a good end without much trouble. The enemy offered so weak a resistance that we were astonished at it. If we had had any cavalry to launch in pursuit of the

fugitives, their loss would have been considerable. But when Garibaldi saw the enemy retreat so precipitately, and our soldiers pursue them in disorder, he was fearful of an ambuscade, and sounded a retreat. We had a dozen killed and twenty wounded, among whom the brave Captain Ferrari received the thrust of a bayonet in his foot.

The loss of the Neapolitans amounted to a hundred men. The material result, as we have seen, was a trifle, but the moral effect was great. Two thousand five hundred of Garibaldi's soldiers had completely routed six thousand Neapolitans.

About twenty poor devils of prisoners, almost all of the reserve, and consequently dragged from their families and forced to fight for a cause which was not their own, were brought before Garibaldi. Trembling, and with clasped hands, they implored their lives. They were fine-looking men, well clothed, but detestably armed with heavy flint guns, with bags full of images of saints, Madonnas, relics and amulets. They wore them round their necks, they had them in their pockets, they had them everywhere. They said the king was at Albano, with two regiments of Swiss, three of cavalry, and four batteries; more reinforcements were expected from Naples. They had been sent, under the orders of General Zucchi, to take Palestrina, and secure Garibaldi, of whom they had a terror hardly to be imagined.

We encamped that night outside of Palestrina. The following day we advanced to occupy advanced posts ten miles further; our patrols ventured even into the lines of the enemy, who had pickets at a distance of four miles. In order not to remain with nothing to do, we made our soldiers manœuvre; since Solaro, they had not been able to go through their exercise once. It was a fine and an encouraging spectacle for our republican cause, to see these men, who, within a quarter of a league of the enemy, learnt how to handle the arms they were about to employ against him, and

who, by sound of trumpet and drum, studied the school of platoon and the firing of *tirailleurs*. We returned in the evening to the city, but it was only to make another assault.

On the 7th of May, we had arrived at midnight, in torrents of rain. The Manara battalion was lodged at a convent of Augustins, but the monks were not willing to open the gates to them, and fatigued and dripping as they were, left the Republicans to knock at the gate for an hour, exposed to a piercing wind. At length the patience of the Bersaglieri was exhausted, however great it generally was; they called their sappers forward, and the gate of the convent was driven in.

Although that evening the soldiers, horribly fatigued, were furious at receiving such a welcome; although Garibaldi knew perfectly well, and did not leave his men ignorant of the fact, that he made war against monks hostile to the Republic, as well as against the Neapolitans, the exhortations of Manara and the officers succeeded in pacifying our soldiers, and in preventing all the disorders that might have been expected on such an occasion. They laid themselves down quietly upon the floors of the corridors, and sought in a short sleep the strength to support fresh fatigues.

Fortunately the fatigue the Neapolitans gave us was not great.

Now, on the evening of the battle, the Bersaglieri regained their convent, and found the doors shut against them again. They were obliged once more to have recourse to the axes of the sappers. The brothers were however, this time, gone. They were not able to believe that the Republicans bore so little malice, and they feared that the mildness we had shown was only a snare, and might conceal some sinister return. On taking their departure, they likewise carried away the keys of their cells. In order to obtain coverlets, and objects necessary for sleeping, in however modest a style, our men were obliged to break in some doors. Fortunately the sappers were at

hand. The doors were broken in, and the example became contagious; instead of contenting themselves, as they had done the first time, with the floors of the corridors, the soldiers insisted upon having, some mattresses, and others couches. Their officers, too, tired of affecting morality, followed the bad example, and took the cells. In less than half an hour the convent was turned upside down, there had been scarcely time to post sentinels at the chapel, the cellar, and the library. After all, there was little to take; the brothers had left nothing but the larger furniture, such as could not be put into a *havresac;* but a good number of peasants, who had excited our soldiers to this rummaging, took advantage of the disorder, and like ants, joined, three and four together, to carry off things too heavy for one.

Many of our men, not too religious, ransacked the convent, happy once in their lives to have to deal with monks. One came out of a cell with a broad Dominican hat on his head, another walked gravely about with a long white robe over his uniform. All appeared at the call of the drum with an enormous lighted wax candle in their hands, and during all the the night, from the ninth to the tenth, in honour of our victory over the Neapolitans, the convent was splendidly illuminated. The correspondence of the poor brothers was no more respected than the rest, and more than one letter was brought in triumph and read aloud by the soldiers that would have made the chaste founders of the Order blush to the ears.* On the 10th of May, we stopped at Palestrina, and encamped in the meadows. The Neapolitans appeared to have lost all inclination to attack us; and crowned the hills of Albano and Frescati, drawing by degrees nearer to Rome. Garibaldi, who feared a combined attack of the Neapolitans and the French, set forward

* As Medici was not present at the expedition to Palestrina, the greater part of these details are borrowed from Emile Dandolo.

that same evening on his return to Rome. We passed in silence and in perfect order within two miles of the enemy's camp, by paths almost impracticable, without any accident interrupting the quietness of a magnificent march.

At length, on the morning of the 12th we arrived at Rome, having marched during the night twenty-eight miles, without stopping an instant. We stood greatly in need of rest; many of us, thinking we were only going upon a campaign of a few hours, in order to be the lighter, having taken neither kettles, bags, nor linen with us. But night being come, instead of sleeping, we were forced to resume our guns; an alarm was given to the city, a report prevailed that the French were attacking Monte Marie, we marched precipitately out at the Angelic Gate, exchanged a few shots with the French, and slept at the side of a ditch, with our hands on our weapons.

CHAPTER LIII.

[From this point the notes left by Garibaldi for us at his departure for Sicily permit us to let him again speak for himself, and to replace the pen in his own hand. It is he, therefore, who is about to continue his Memoirs.]

FIGHT OF VELLETRI.

On the 12th of May, the Roman Constituent Assembly, in consequence of the heroic defence of Bologna, issued the following decree:—

"ROME, 12TH MAY, 1849.

THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY,

IN THE NAME OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE,

DECREES:

Only Article.

"The heroic people of Bologna are declared to have merited well of their country and the Republic, and

to be worthy rivals of their brothers, the Roman people."

On the day Bologna fell, the ambassador extraordinary of the French Republic, Ferdinand de Lesseps, entered Rome with Michael Accrusi, the envoy of the Roman Republic to Paris.

By means of the good offices of the French Ambassador, the armistice, which had been agitated for a fortnight, and against which I had given so strong an opinion on the 1st of May, was concluded.

The Roman Government resolved to take advantage of this truce to get rid of the Neapolitan army, without its being positively much to be dreaded. It is, however, not pleasant to have twenty thousand men and thirty-six pieces of cannon upon one's shoulders. —I am mistaken, they had but thirty-three, as we had brought back three with us from Palestrina.

On this occasion, the Government thought proper to make two generals of division, one of them a colonel, the other a general of brigade. The first was Rosetti, the second myself. They named Rosetti general-in-chief of the expedition.

Some of my friends urged me not to accept this secondary position under a man who the day before only was my inferior. But I confess I have been always inaccessible to these questions of self-love; whoever gives me an opportunity, if only as a simple soldier, of drawing my sword against the enemy, is entitled to my thanks. I would have served as a Bersaglieri; I therefore accepted with gratitude the post of general of division.

On the 16th of May, in the evening, the whole army of the Republic, that is to say, ten thousand men, with twelve pieces of cannon, marched out of the city of Rome by the San Giovanni gate. Of these ten thousand men, one thousand were cavalry. When *en route*, it was discovered that Manara's corps, which had been intended to form part of the expedition, was missing. A staff officer was sent to inquire how it was that

Manara, who was generally first when the order was given to march against the enemy, was this time the last. One thing had been forgotten, and that was to inform him of the affair. The officer found him in a state of fury at supposing that he alone had been left out of the expedition.

We passed from Teverone upon the road to Tivoli, from thence we inclined to the right, and arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning at Zagarola, after a most fatiguing march for our men; for although we had not come a great distance, we had marched for sixteen hours together. This arose from the extent of the column. We were annoyed by an intolerable dust. In addition to this, at certain places the road was so narrow that we were obliged to pass one by one.

On arriving at Zagarola, we found neither bread nor meat; the Neapolitan division had taken good care of that; they had eaten up everything, and almost drunk up everything. The staff had neglected to provide for such an emergency.

By good luck, I had taken a few head of cattle with me; my men caught others with the lasso; we slaughtered, we skinned, we roasted, and we ate.

It is true that when I complained of this want of foresight, which had nearly caused the expedition to perish with hunger, I was told that they feared they should have give the alarm to the enemy if they had collected provisions. That was all very well!

We remained nearly thirty hours in this little town, from which we departed as we had come, without bread.

On the 18th of May, the order for marching was given at one o'clock in the afternoon; but we did not really set forward before six o'clock in the evening. These halts are more fatiguing than forced marches. At length, at six o'clock, I was enabled to place myself at the head of the brigade of the vanguard, and set forward towards Valmontone, the other brigades following me. I ordered profound silence to be preserved

in the ranks, and the greatest watchfulness to be exercised at both the head and flanks. I had received information that the Neapolitan army was encamped at Villetri, with from nineteen to twenty thousand men, of whom two regiments were Swiss, and thirty pieces of cannon. It was likewise said that the King of Naples in person was in the city. In fact, the Royals occupied Villetri, Albano, and Frascati; their advanced posts came as far as Fratvecchia. Their left wing was protected by the sea, their right wing leant upon the Apennines. After I had abandoned Palestrina, they had occupied it, and thus commanded the valley through which was the only practicable road for an army coming from Rome to attack them. They were, then, able to oppose to us a serious resistance, as they had over us the advantage of position, the advantage of numbers, the advantage of cannon, and that of cavalry.

But the happy result of the first enterprise was a promise for the fate of the second. Besides which, the troops of the King of Naples were completely undisciplined, and every one knows that in war discipline is everything. To force the enemy to either retreat or come to battle, it had been thought necessary to gain possession of the valley rapidly, and take up a flank position which would menace the communication of the Neapolitan army with Naples. Monte Fortino was fixed upon as the strategic point. In fact, once masters of that point, we could throw ourselves upon Citerna, and close the road to their frontier against the Royals; we could take possession of Velletri, if, by chance, they abandoned it to turn us; or we might fall with all our forces upon the weakest portion of the enemy, if the enemy committed the error of dividing.

In the dusk of the evening we arrived at a very narrow passage which debouched upon Valmontone; it took us two hours to clear it. The Manara regiment, aided by a squadron of dragoons and two pieces of artillery, was charged with the support of the van.

We arrived at ten o'clock, The darkness was thick, the place of encampment bad, and we had to fetch water more than a mile.

On the 18th we continued our march with the same rapidity; and, as the day before we had found Palestrina and Valmontone abandoned by the enemy, we found Monte Fortino free, which it would have been so easy to dispute with us. The whole Bourbon army was in full retreat towards Velletri.

On the morning of the 19th I quitted my position of Monte Fortino to march upon Velletri, with the Italian legion, the third battalion of the third regiment of the Roman infantry, and some horse commanded by my brave Marina, in all about nineteen hundred men. I had by my side Ugo Bassi, who, though unarmed, was an excellent horseman, serving me as an ordonnance officer, and was constantly repeating to me in the midst of the hottest fire, "General I pray send me where there is danger, instead of sending any one more useful than I am."

When arrived within sight of Velletri, I sent forward a detachment with orders to advance close under the walls of the city, that they might know the places, and by attracting the notice of the enemy, make them, if possible, take up the offensive. I certainly did not hope with my 1900 men to beat the army of the King of Naples, but I did hope, if the fight once began, to draw them towards me, and give, whilst engaging them, time for the body of our army to come up and take part in the battle.

On the height which flanked the road leading to Velletri I placed the half of my legion; two or three hundred men in the centre; the half of the battalion on the right, and the few horse commanded by Marina upon the road itself. I kept the rest of my men in a second line as a reserve.

The enemy, seeing our small numbers, were not long [illegible]re they attacked us. At first a regiment of chas[illegible]on foot left the walls, and spreading about, began

a fire of tirailleurs upon our advanced posts. Our advanced posts, according to the orders they had received, retreated. The Neapolitan chasseurs were then followed by some battalions of the line and a numerous body of cavalry.

Their shock was violent, but did not last. When arrived within half-gunshot of our men, the perfectly calm and well-directed fire of the latter stopped them short. The fire had lasted about half-an-hour, when the enemy launched two squadrons of horse chasseurs on to the road. A desperate charge of these must decide the victory.

I placed myself, therefore, at the head of my fifty or sixty horse, and we charged five hundred men. The Neapolitans, carried away by the impetus of their charge, rode right over us. I was knocked down, and thrown ten paces from my horse. I sprang up, and remained in the midst of the *mêlée*, striking right and left, in order that I might not be struck. My horse had done as I had done, he had got up again. I sprang upon his back, made myself recognised by my men, who had thought I was dead, by placing my hat on my sabre and waving it. I was, besides, easily known, by being the only person wearing a white puncho lined with red. Loud cries hailed my resurrection.

In the impetuosity of their charge, the Neapolitan cavalry had penetrated to our reserve, whilst the battalions of the line in close column followed them. This ardour caused their destruction; for, no longer having their flanks protected by the regiment of foot chasseurs, finding our men in ambush upon all the hills right and left, with our reserve in front of them, they presented themselves like a target to the shots of our soldiers.

I then sent to the general-in-chief for a reinforcement, telling him that I believed the battle thoroughly commenced. I received an answer "that soldiers could not be sent to me, as they had not eaten their soup."

I then resolved to do what I could with my own strength, unfortunately, always insufficient in decisive

circumstances. Although we were 1900 against 5000, I charged upon the enemy's whole line. At the same time, our two pieces of cannon were placed in battery, and opened their thunder; the fire of the tirailleurs was redoubled, and my forty or fifty lancers, led by Marina, dashed impetuously upon three or four thousand infantry.

In the meanwhile, Manara, who was within about two miles of us, heard our fire, and sent to the general-in-chief to ask permission to march to our assistance. At the end of an hour this was granted. These brave young men arrived, marching in quick time, by the high-road, under the fire of the enemy's artillery. When they came up with our rear-guard, the latter opened to let them pass; they defiled by sound of trumpet, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. At the sight of these young men, short, brown, and vigorous—at the sight of their black feathers floating in the wind, the cry of "Vivent les Bersaglieri!" burst from every mouth. They replied by the cry of, "Vive Garibaldi!" and fell into line.

In a moment the enemy was driven from position to position, and retreated under the cannon of the place, of which the greater part, placed on the right of the gate, were mounted on a convent. Two of their pieces commanded the high road, the others fired upon the left flank of our column, where the tirailleurs were spread about; but, from the nature of the ground, which afforded my men numerous risings, behind which they were able to shelter themselves, they did not do them much harm.

As soon as he arrived on the field of battle, Manara looked about for me. He soon recognised me, by my white poncho, and galloped towards me; but, on his way, he was stopped by an incident which I relate here, because it admirably represents the spirit of our men. As they passed before the music, which was playing a lively air, a score of his men could not resist the influence of the tune, and under the fire of the balls

and mitrailles, of the Neapolitans, began to dance! At the moment when Manara himself, under a shower of bullets, was looking at them and laughing, a cannon, ball swept away a dozen of the dancers! This accident produced a slight pause, but Manara cried out: "Well! play on, music!"—the music began again, and the dance was revived with greater spirit than ever.

On my part, on seeing the Bersaglieri come up, I had sent Ugo Bassi to tell Manara I wanted to speak with him. His first thought was to ask if I was not wounded. "I believe," replied Ugo Bassi, "that the general has received two balls, one in his hand, and the other in his foot, but as he does not complain, probably the wounds are not serious." In fact, I had received two scratches, of which I took no heed until, in the evening, I had nothing else to do. Manara described to me the scene, at which he had been present.

"And can't we, with such men," cried he, "endeavour to carry Velletri by assault?"

I could not help laughing, as I replied: "What! with two thousand men and two pieces of cannon, carry a city, perched like an eagle's nest at the top of a mountain, and defended by twenty thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon?"

But such was the spirit of this brave youth, that nothing seemed impossible to him.

I sent fresh messages to head-quarters. If I had had only 9000 men I would have attempted the affair, such was the enthusiasm of my men and so great was the discouragement of the Neapolitans. On the right of the gate, we could see with the naked eye a sort of breach in the walls. This breach was closed up with fascines; but a cannon-ball or two would have rendered it practicable. Attacking columns, well protected by numerous trees, and by the hill on their flank, might gain this breach; the sappers of their corps, levelling all obstacles, would do the rest. Two simulated attacks would have protected the principal one.

Instead of this, we were obliged to content ourselves

with leaving the Bersaglieri to amuse themselves with picking out the men on the ramparts, whilst from the Convent of the Capuchins two of the enemy's regiments poured upon them a fearful shower of artillery.

At length the general-in-chief made up his mind to come to my assistance with the whole army; but when he arrived the favourable moment was past. As I did not doubt that the enemy would evacuate the city during the night, having received the news that the king had departed with six thousand men, I proposed to send a strong detachment to the Naples gate, and fall upon the flank of the enemy at the moment they were retreating in disorder. The fear of weakening ourselves dangerously prevented this plan being executed.

Towards midnight, wishing to know how I stood, I desired Manara to send an officer with forty men upon whom he could depend, under the walls of Velletri, and even into Velletri itself, if it were possible. Manara transmitted the order to the sub-lieutenant, Emile Dandolo, who took forty men and advanced in the obscurity of the night towards the city. Two peasants whom he met told him that the city was abandoned. Dandolo and his men, therefore, ventured as far as the gate, which they found was not guarded by any enemy's sentinel. Beaten in by our balls, it had been barricaded. The Bersaglieri scaled the barricade, and found themselves in the city.

It was indeed deserted. He made a few prisoners who had been too tardy, and from them and the people of the city, whom he roused, he learnt all I wanted to know—which was, that as soon as night came on, the Neapolitans had commenced their retreat, but in such disorder, that they had left the greater part of their wounded behind them. At daybreak I set off in pursuit of them, but it was impossible for me to overtake them. Besides, whilst I was on the high road of Terracina, I received orders to rejoin the column, half of which was returning to Rome, whilst the other half

was destined to deliver Frasinare from Zucche's volunteers who were then infesting it.

It was thus the enemy escaped us, and that a day which might have given us a decided victory afforded only a simple success.

There were four things which, that day, could not be done:—

Reinforcements could not be sent to me when I demanded them.

An assault could not be given, when the body of the army had joined me.

The retreat of the Neapolitans could not be prevented.

The fugitives could not be annoyed!

CHAPTER LIV.

THE THIRD OF JUNE.

I RE-ENTERED Rome on the 24th of May, amidst an immense crowd, which hailed me with cries of wild joy.

In the meanwhile the Austrians were threatening Ancona. A first body of four thousand men had already left Rome to go to the defence of the Legations and the Marches. There was a talk of sending a second, but before ordering it to leave Rome, General Rosetti thought it his duty, and for the safety of Rome, to write the following letter to the Duke de Reggio:—

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"It is my perfect conviction that the army of the Roman Republic will one day fight side by side with the army of the French Republic to maintain the most sacred rights of peoples. This conviction leads me to make you proposals which I hope you will accept. It is known to me that a treaty has been signed between the government and the plenipotentiary minister of France—a treaty which has not received your approbation.

"I do not enter into the mysteries of politics, but I address myself to you in quality of General-in-Chief of the Roman army. The Austrians are in march, and intend to concentrate their forces at Foligno; thence, with their right wing inclining towards the Tuscan territories, to advance by the valley of the Tiber, and effect a junction with the Neapolitans by the Abruzzi. I cannot believe you would see such a plan carried out with indifference.

"I think it my duty to communicate to you my suppositions relative to the movements of the Austrians, particularly at a moment when your undecided attitude paralyses our strength, and may assure success to the enemy. These reasons appear sufficiently powerful to lead me to demand of you an unlimited armistice, with a notification of fifteen days before the resumption of hostilities.

"I believe this armistice, General, necessary for the safety of my country, and I demand it in the name of the honour of the army and of the French Republic.

"Should the Austrians present their heads of columns at Civita Castellana, it is upon the French army that history will throw the responsibility of having compelled us to divide our forces, at a moment when they were so valuable to us, and with having thus secured the progress of the enemies of France.

"I have the honour to request a prompt reply, General, begging you to accept the salutation of fraternity. ROSETTI."

To this the French general replied:—

"GENERAL,

"The orders of my government are positive. They prescribe to me to enter Rome as soon as possible. I have denounced to the Roman authorities the verbal armistice, which, at the request of M. de Lesseps, I consented for a time to grant, and I have, in writing, sent word to my advanced posts that the two armies were at liberty to recommence hostilities.

"Only, in order to give your Nationals, who would

wish to leave Rome, and at the desire of M. the Chancellor of the French Embassy, the possibility of doing it with facility, I defer the attack of the place until Monday morning at least.

"Receive, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

"The General-in-Chief of the Corps de l'Armée of the Mediterranean,

"OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO."

According to this assurance, the attack would not commence before the 4th of June.

It is true that a French author, Felano, has said in his commentaries upon Polybius: "A general who goes to sleep upon the faith of a treaty awakes a dupe." On the 3rd of June, about three o'clock, I was awakened by the sound of cannon. I lodged in the Via Carozze, with two of my friends, Carezeni, of whom I have already said a word, I believe, and Baverio, of whom I had occasion to speak as commanding the company of boys at Velletri.

At this unexpected sound, both they and I sprang out of bed. Baverio was suffering from an abscess; I ordered him to remain quiet in the house. As to Carezeni, I had no reason to prevent his coming with me. I jumped upon my horse, leaving him at liberty to join me when and where he could, and galloped off to the St. Pancrazio gate.

I found everything on fire—this is what happened:

Our advanced posts of the Villa Pamphili consisted of two companies of the Bolognese Bersaglieri, and two hundred men of the 6th Regiment. At the moment midnight was striking, and consequently we were entering the day of the 3rd of June, a French column glided through the darkness towards the Villa Pamphili.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, warned by the sound of footsteps.

"Viva l'Italia!" replied a voice. The sentinel, thinking he had to do with compatriots, suffered them

to approach, and was poniarded. The column rushed into the Villa Pamphili. All they met with were either killed or made prisoners. Some men jumped through the windows into the garden, and when once in the garden, climbed over the walls. The most forward of them retired behind the convent of St. Pancrazio, shouting "To arms! to arms!" whilst others ran off in the direction of the Villas Valentini and Corsini. Like the Villa Pamphili, these were carried by surprise, but not without making some resistance.

The cries of those who had taken refuge behind St. Pancrazio, and the report of the guns fired by the defenders of the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini, had awakened the cannoneers. As soon as they ascertained that the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini were occupied by the French, they directed their fire upon these two country houses. The noise of the cannon aroused the drums and the bells.

Allow me to give an idea of the field of battle where the destiny of the day was to be played out. From the St. Pancrazio gate there is a road leading directly to Vascello; this road is about two hundred and fifty paces long. At the end of that, the road divides, the principal branch descends to the right, along the gardens of the Villa Corsini, surrounded by walls, and joins the high road to Civita Vecchia. The second branch, ceasing to be a public road to become a garden path, leads directly to the Villa Corsini, distant about three hundred metres. This path is flanked on each side by high and thick hedges of myrtle.

The third turns to the left, and, like the first, keeps close along the opposite side of the high wall of the Corsini garden.

The Villa Vascello is a large massive building of three stories, surrounded by gardens and walls. Within sixty paces of it is a small house, from which firing can be directed against the windows of the Villa Corsini.

On the left-hand road, at a hundred paces from its

separation from the main road, there are two other small houses, the one behind the garden of the Villa Corsini, and the other twenty paces forwarder. The Villa Corsini, placed upon an eminence, dominates the whole neighbourhood. The position of the villa is very strong, as, if attacked simply and without making any works of approach, it would be necessary to pass through the gate which is at the extremity of the garden, and to undergo, before reaching the villa, the concentrated fire which the enemy, sheltered by the hedges, the vases, the parapets, the statues, and by the house itself, could make upon the point where the walls of the garden meet at a sharp angle, leaving no other opening between them than that of the door.

This ground is everywhere very uneven, and beyond the Villa Corsini presents many places favourable for the enemy, who, couched in these inequalities or sheltered by clumps of trees, can plant reserves screened from the fire of the assailants, supposing he was forced to leave the house.

When I arrived at the St. Pancrazio gate, the Villa Pamphili, the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Valentini were all taken. The Vascello alone remained in our hands. Now the Villa Corsini being taken was an enormous loss to us; for as long as we were masters of that, the French could not draw their parallels. At any price, then, that must be retaken; it was for Rome a question of life and death. The firing between the cannoneers of the ramparts, the men of the Vascello, and the French of the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini, increased. But it was not a fusillade or a cannonade that was necessary; it was an assault, a terrible but victorious assault, which might restore the Villa Corsini to us.

I sprang into the middle of the road, heedless whether my white puncho and plumed hat might make me a target for the French tirailleurs, and with voice and gesture called the dispersed men around me. Officers and soldiers seemed to rise out of the earth.

In an instant I had at my side Nino Bexio, my ordonnance officer; Baverio, whom I believed to be, according to my orders, at Via Carozze; Marina, the ordinary commander of my lancers; and Sacchi and Marochetti, my old companions of the wars of Montevideo. They rallied round me the wrecks of the Bolognese Bersaglieri, placed themselves at the head of the Italian legion, and rushed forward the first, drawing others after them.

Nothing could check their impetuosity. The Villa Corsini was retaken; but before arriving at it, so many men were left upon the road it was necessary to traverse, that they could not resist the numerous columns that assailed them. They were obliged to fall back. But during this charge others had come up, others had joined them. The leaders, furious at the check, insisted upon marching on again. Marina, who had received a ball through his arm, raised his bleeding limb, shouting—"Forward!" I drew, in order to assist these valiant soldiers, all the men I could from Vascello. The charge sounded, and the Villa Corsini was retaken.

A quarter of an hour after it was lost again, and it cost us valuable blood! Marina, as I have said, was wounded in the arm, Nino Bexio received a ball in his side, and Baverio was killed.

At the moment when I was pressing Marina to go and get his wound dressed, when I was ordering Bexio to be carried away, Manara, who had hastened from Campo Vacino, in spite of the contradictory orders he had received, was by my side.

"Bring out your men," said I; "you see plainly that paltry place must be retaken."

His first company, commanded by Captain Ferrari, an old aide-de-camp of General Burando, was already deployed as tirailleurs outside the gate of St. Pancrazio. Ferrari was a brave man, who had made with us the double campaign of Palestrina and Velletri. He had

been wounded at Palestri by a bayonet in the leg, but he was cured.

Manara ordered his trumpet to sound the recall. Ferrari rallied his men, and came to take orders from his colonel. He commanded the bayonets to be fixed at the ends of the guns, had the charge sounded, and sprang forward. From the moment he arrived at the gate, that is to say, three hundred metres from the Casino, a shower of balls poured upon him and upon his men. He nevertheless continued to advance headlong upon the villas, which growled and cast out flames like a volcano, when his lieutenant, Mangiagalli, pulling him by the sleeve of his tunic, cried out to him—

"Captain! Why, Captain! do you not see that there are only us two?" Ferrari for the first time looked behind him; twenty-eight of his eighty men were lying dead or wounded, the others had beaten a retreat. They then did the same.

Manara was furious at seeing his men abandon their officers before his eyes. He called the second company, commanded by Captain Henry Dandolo, a noble, rich Milanese of Venetian race, as his ducal name indicated. He gave him the same orders he had given the first, and cried, "Lombards, forward! The matter is—retake that Villa, or lay down your lives! Remember, Garibaldi is looking at you!"

Ferrari made a sign that he had a word to say. "Speak, then," said Manara. "General," said Ferrari, addressing me, "what I have to say is not with the hope of diminishing the danger, but with that of succeeding. I know the locality; I have just come out, and you have seen that I hesitated more at coming out than going in." I made a sign of assent. "Well, then, this is what I propose. Instead of following the garden path, and attacking in front, we will glide, the company Dandolo on the left, the first on the right, behind the myrtle hedge. A stone thrown by me to

the company Dandolo, will inform him that my men are ready; a stone thrown by him will be understood in the same way by us. Then our eight trumpets shall sound at once, and we will rush to the assault from the very foot of the terrace."

"Do you as you like," said I; "only retake that paltry place."

Ferrari set forward at the head of his company, and Dandolo at the head of his. I ordered them to be followed by Captain Hoffzletter and fifty students, charging them to occupy the house on the left, of which I have spoken, and which was afterwards known by the name of *the Burnt House*. At the expiration of ten minutes I heard the trumpets. This was what was going on:—The two companies, protected by the hedges and the vines, had penetrated, as Ferrari hoped they would, without being seen or heard, till within forty paces of the terrace; then the signals had been exchanged, the trumpets had sounded, and my brave Bersaglieri sprang forward to the assault. But from the terrace of the grand salon of the first story, from the circular staircase which led to it, and from all the windows, a murderous fire was poured upon them. Dandolo was struck down, his body pierced by a ball; the lieutenant, Sylva, was wounded close to Captain Ferrari; the sub-lieutenant, Manchi, received almost at the same moment two balls, one in the thigh and the other in the arm. And yet, led on by their captain, Ferrari, Dandolo being dead, the Bersaglieri, by a supreme effort, continued to march forward; they scaled the terrace, and drove back the French as far as the circular staircase of the villa. But there was an end of their efforts—they had the French at once in front and on their flanks; the guns that were fired upon them almost touched them, and every shot brought down a man. I saw them fight and fall uselessly; I could perceive they would allow themselves to be killed to the last man, without a favourable result, I therefore sounded a retreat.

I had two thousand men, the French had twenty thousand. I took the Casino Corsini with a company, they retook it with a regiment. It was clear the French saw the importance of the position as well as I did.

My Bersaglieri returned to me, leaving forty of their number dead in the gardens of the villa. Almost all were wounded. It was necessary to wait for more troops. I despatched Onigone and Ugo Bassi with a charge to send me in all they could meet with. I wished, for the quiet of my conscience, to make one last and supreme effort. I placed my men in shelter behind La Vascello.

At the expiration of about an hour, companies of the line, students, douaniers, the rest of the Lombard Bersaglieri, and fragments of different corps, came pouring in *pêle-mêle*. Amongst them was Marina, on horseback, with a score of Lancers whom he had brought me. He had had his wound dressed, and came to take his share in the action. I then left Vascello with a small troop of Dragoons. At sight of me, cries of "Vive l'Italie! Vive la République Romaine!" resounded on all sides. The cannons thundered from the walls, and the bullets passing over our heads announced a fresh attack to the French; and altogether without order, *pêle-mêle*, Marina at the head of his Lancers, Manara at the head of his Bersaglieri, and I at the head of all, we rushed against that—I will not say impregnable, but untenable villa.

When arrived at the gate, we found it impossible for all to enter. The torrent flowed away to the right and left. Those who were dispersed in this manner, spread themselves about as *tirailleurs* on the two flanks of the Casino. Some scaled the walls, and leaped into the gardens; whilst others, directing their course towards the Villa Valentini, took it, and made some prisoners.

I beheld here an action performed that would be deemed almost incredible. Marina, followed by his Lancers, advanced at the head of the column. This

intrepid horseman devoured the ground before him, cleared the terrace, and arrived at the foot of the staircase. There, clapping spurs to his horse, he forced him up the stairs at a gallop; so completely so, that for an instant he appeared upon the landing-place which led into the grand saloon like a fine equestrian statue. But, alas! this apotheosis lasted but for an instant. A fusillade from guns close upon him brought down the brave horseman, and his horse fell upon him, pierced by nine balls.

Manara followed him, leading a charge with the bayonet which nothing could resist. For a moment the Villa Corsini was ours. That moment was short, but it was sublime! The French brought up all their reserve, and fell upon us all together before I could even repair the disorder inseparable from victory. The fight was renewed more desperately, more bloodily, more fatally than ever. I saw repass before me, repulsed by those two irresistible powers of war, fire and steel, those whom I had seen pass on but a minute before, now bearing away their dead. Among these was the brave Lieutenant Rozat.

"My account is settled," said he to me as he passed, pointing to his bleeding breast.

I have seen very terrible fights. I saw the fight of Rio Grande, I saw the Bayada, I saw the Salto San-Antonio, but I never saw anything comparable to the butchery of the Villa Corsini.

I came out the last, my puncho absolutely drilled with shot-holes; but without a single wound myself. Within ten minutes we were once more in the Vascello, in the line of houses which belonged to us, from all the windows of which we renewed our fire upon the Villa Corsini.

There appeared nothing more to be done, and yet in the evening, Emile Dandolo, brother of the Dandolo who was killed, and Goffredo Maneli, a young Genoese poet of great hopes, at the head of a hundred men, came to press me to allow them to make another attempt.

"Do so," said I; "my poor boys! Perhaps it is God who inspires you."

They went and returned, leaving half their number behind them. Emile had a thigh shot through. Manelli was wounded in the leg. We had suffered terrible losses. The Italian legion had, killed and wounded, five hundred men placed *hors de combat.* The Bersaglieri, who had only six hundred men engaged, had a hundred and fifty killed. All the other losses were in the same proportion. The entire loss of my division of four thousand men was one thousand, of whom one hundred were officers. The Signor Bertani, in his report, reckons one hundred and eighty officers wounded at the Villa Corsini and the Gate of the People. The Bersaglieri alone had two officers killed, and eleven wounded.

The officers killed were Colonel Daverio, Colonel Masina, Colonel Pollerio, Major Camerino, Adjutant Major Feralta, Lieutenant Bonnet, Lieutenant Cavalleri Emmanuel, Sub-Lieutenant Grani, Captain Dandolo, Lieutenant Scarani, Captain David, Lieutenant Sareto, Lieutenant Cazzaniya.

On this memorable day wonderful acts of courage and devotion were exhibited. In our last charge, Ferrari and Magiagalli, not being able to enter with us, threw themselves, with a few men who followed them, upon the Villa Valentini. They there had to overcome the most obstinate resistance. They fought from staircase to staircase, from chamber to chamber, not with guns—guns had become useless—but with the sabre. The blade of Magiagalli's broke in two; but with the stump he continued to strike, and struck so well, Ferrari striking as well on his part, that they remained masters of the Villa Valentini. Quartermaster Monfreni, only eighteen years of age, had his right hand pierced through by a bayonet. He ran and got it dressed, and in a minute was in his rank again.

"What do you come here for?" cried Manara; "wounded as you are, you are good for nothing."

"I ask your pardon, Colonel," replied Monfreni.

This brave young man was killed.

Lieutenant Brenzielli, knowing that his ordonnance, for whom he had a great affection, was killed in the Villa Corsini, took with him four resolute men in the night, entered the Villa, and bore off the body of his friend, which he religiously buried. A Milanese soldier, D'Alla Langa, saw Corporal Fiozani fall, mortally wounded. It was at the moment when we were repulsed. He could not bear to leave the body in the hands of the enemy, so he lifted it on to his shoulders; but, at the end of twenty paces, a ball struck him, and he fell dead under his dying friend.

The grief of Lieutenant Emile Dandolo affected the whole army. I have mentioned that he came with Manelli to request me to allow them to make another attempt, and that I gave my consent. Dandolo penetrated into the Villa Corsini, but was only occupied by one thought—his brother. He fancied that he was only wounded or taken prisoner. Amidst the firing, he kept crying to his companions: "Do you see my brother?" Amidst the firing, heedless of himself, he sought among the wounded and the dying, interrogating the former and examining the latter. Whilst thus employed, he received a ball through his thigh, and fell. His companions carried him off. Conducted to an ambulance his wound was dressed; but as soon as that was done he took a stick to support himself, and limping along he set out again in search of his brother. He entered the house in which Ferrari was. There also was the body of Henry Dandolo. Ferrari, feeling himself too weak to witness the violent bursts of grief he anticipated, threw a cloak over the body. Emile entered; he interrogated, he insisted—but all replied that Henry Dandolo had been wounded, and in all probability was a prisoner—not one could muster courage to tell him he was dead.

At length, as he must sooner or later learn the fatal news, Manara was with difficulty persuaded to an-

nounce it to him. At the moment he was passing before one of the small cassini taken from the French, Manara beckoned to him to come in. All who were in the apartment left it.

"Seek for your brother no longer, my poor friend," said he, taking his hand; "I will henceforth be your brother." He sunk immediately to the ground, overcome more by the terrible announcement than weakened by the loss of blood, or by the pain of his wounds.

Two young girls suddenly meeting with their father being brought home dead, one of them fainted on the body, and when recovered fell into a state of madness. A mother seeing her son expire, could not shed a tear —but three days after she was dead.

As a contrary trait a father, whose name I will not mention that he may not be denounced by the hatred of the priests, on having his elder son wounded and on the point of death, brought me his second boy, about thirteen years old, saying, "Teach him to avenge his brother, General!" His ancestor, the old Horatius, could not have done better.

CHAPTER LV.

THE SIEGE.

FEARING an assault for the next day, I charged Giacomo Medici with the defence of all our advanced line, which now consisted of Vascello, and three or four small houses taken back from the French. I then passed the night in organizing our means of defence.

There could be no longer any idea of saving Rome. From the moment an army of forty thousand men, having thirty-six pieces of siege cannon, can perform their works of approach, the taking of a city is nothing but a question of time. It must, one day or other, fall; the only hope it has left is to fall gloriously.

I that evening established my head-quarters in the

Casino Savoretti, which, rising above the ramparts, overlooks the St. Pancrazio gate, and from its proximity permits everything to be seen that is passing in the Vascello, the Villa Corsini, and the Villa Valentini. It is true I was within half carbine shot of the French *tirailleurs*—but he who risks nothing wins nothing. I ordered my brave cart driver to find me some pioneers, and to take care not to forget the little sweeteners of labour, such as a glass of wine, or a drop of brandy, they might stand in need of during their work. He was a brave patriot, who afterwards paid dear for his patriotism; he was called Cicera Vecchio as a surname, his real name was Angelo Brunette. He would never receive pay either for his labour or for what he provided.

There are in this world men into whose souls God breathes a greater quantity of perfectibility. In days of tranquillity they labour at increasing the comforts of mankind, in spreading instruction or in facilitating the march of progress—then they are called Guttenberg, Vincent de Paol, Galileo, Vico, Rousseau, Voltaire, Filangieri, Franklin.

In times of calamity they are seen surging up all at once, guiding the masses and exposing themselves to the shocks of adverse fortune: then the gratitude of the world designates them under the names of Arnoldo de Brescia, Savonarola, Cola di Rienzo, Mazaniello, Joseph de Risi, and Cicera Vecchio.

These men are always born poor—in the class of the people—of that class which in disastrous epochs is always the privileged of *endurance*. But whilst groaning they meditate, whilst dreaming they hope, whilst suffering they work. Angelo Brunette, as I have said, was one of these elect. Nothing was wanting for the consecration of the mission received, not even martyrdom.

During the whole siege of Rome he was the living standard of the people. Applauded, sought for, welcomed by his companions like an authority, he was the

true *primus inter pares;* but in spite of his triumphs he remained no less modest; living as he had always lived—frank, loyal, and honest. He was indebted for his easy circumstances to his labour, for the affection of his fellow-citizens to his civil probity, and for the esteem of the Pope himself, to whom he had rendered great services at the time of the riots, *to his charity for the powerful,* one of the rarest virtues in the weak when they are called upon to take the place of the strong.

He was born in Rome in 1802, in the quarter of Repetta. As he was fat and ruddy in his childhood, his mother gave him the sobriquet of Cicera Vecchio, which, in the patois of the Roman people, means *flourishing, full of health.* As he grew up, the vigour promised in the child developed itself in the man. That was the title Brunette reproduced the most frequently. When I knew him in 1849 he had a full light beard, already beginning to be grey, long curly hair, a broad chest, a tall person, and a firm bearing. Never did the unfortunate enter his house with extended hands and go out with those hands empty; but, likewise, never was his name seen on those subscription lists, much more frequently destined for the glorification of the subscribers than for the relief of the unfortunate.

In the inundations of the Tiber, so frequent at Rome, he was always the first to turn boatman, in order to convey provisions and words of comfort to his compatriots imprisoned by the waters. This brave man adored me; when I stood in need of workmen for the engineer service, I had but to make a sign to him and he soon came with two hundred, three hundred, four hundred men. I gave him orders upon the minister, but he never claimed a single one of them. At my departure from Rome he followed me with his two children, landed with me and Ugo Bassi at Mesola, and then, with his sons, took a road in an opposite direction to mine. At its proper date I will de-

scribe his double martyrdom as a father and as a citizen.

I have more than once named Ugo Bassi, our chaplain; let us consecrate also a few pages to him: they are quite in their place on the evening and night of a battle which had put his mild piety to such a rough test. For our wounded, Ugo Bassi, young, handsome, and eloquent, was really the angel of death. He possessed at once the simplicity of a child, the faith of a martyr, the knowledge of a scholar, and the calm courage of a hero.

He was born at Cento of a Bolognese father, but, like André Chenier, of a Greek mother. His name was Joseph, but on becoming a Barnabite he had assumed that of Ugo, in remembrance no doubt of our patriotic poet Ugo Foscolo. He was thus at once of both Latin and Hellenic race—the two finest and most intelligent races in the world. His hair was brown, and curled in natural ringlets; his eyes were brilliant as the sun, sometimes calm, sometimes exceedingly animated; his mouth smiling, his neck white and long; his limbs agile and robust, his heart afire for glory and danger; his instincts mild and honest; his mind elevated, warm, rapid; born at once for the pious contemplation of the anchorite and the irresistible ardours of apostleship. His studies were not a labour but a conquest. He gained a knowledge of literature, science, and the arts, with miraculous quickness; and as the mirror of all knowledge he knew the whole poem of Dante by heart. Six months sufficed for his learning Greek; as to Latin he spoke it as if it were his maternal language, and made verses in the spirit of those of Horace. He wrote fluently both English and French, and when events led him into the midst of the fire and noise of battles he constantly carried about him Shakspeare and Byron—the English tragic writer and the poet who died at Missolonghi heard the patriotic pulsations of his heart. Besides all this, he was a painter and a musician.

As I myself had written to Pio Nono, so had Ugo Bassi. Pio IX. succeeded Gregory XVI. Pio IX. gave the amnesty. Pio IX. promised reforms. Pio IX. was carried to the heavens by the Italians, admired by foreigners, imitated by the other princes of Italy.

On the 2nd of May, 1848, the crusade departed from Rome; the auguries perfectly announced that Italy would soon all be one. His journey was a perpetual triumph. The stern Latin race flocked from the most remote plains; they came to seek and carried back the happy news that Italy had arrived at the day of resurrection, and that her people, with brows at the same time wet with sweat and blood, were about at length to be free.

Ugo Bassi was at Ancona, where he was preaching during Lent. The first legion of the volunteers came there; Ugo harangued them on the Place, and taking his argument from the wretched state in which he saw their arms and clothes, he idealized their wants, of which our enemies made a ridicule, with his powerful words. Two days after, he joined the crusade, and set out with it as second chaplain to the Roman volunteers.

Bassi, and Gavazzi his friend, were a Providence to the army. His powerful eloquence not only raised the Italians to the love of Italy and a devotion for her, but it drew from the most rebellious coffers, numerous and rich offerings. At Bologna he worked miracles; the rich gave money by thousands; the women gave their jewels, their rings, and their ear-rings. One young girl having nothing to give him, cut off her magnificent hair, and offered it to him. He was present at all our battles and at all our acts of devotedness, at Courcida, at Treviso, at Venice. A sister of charity, an apostle, an intrepid soldier, it was above all at the battle of Treviso, where his friend and companion, General Guidotti died, that he displayed all the virtues of his heart. A ball mutilated his hand and left arm, and opened a large wound in his chest. While still

pale and suffering from his cruel wound, he was seen at the fight of Mestre, a flag in his hand, mounting first, and without arms, to the assault of the Palace Bianchini.

Bassi accompanied the Italian legion in all its peregrinations. His powerful word fascinated the people, and if God had marked a term to the misfortunes of Italy, the voice of Bassi, like that of St. Bernard, might have drawn whole populations to the field of battle. If Italy ever comes to be united, may God restore her the voice of a Ugo Bassi. When Rome had fallen—when nothing was left for me but exile, hunger, and misery—Ugo Bassi did not hesitate a moment to accompany me.

I received him in my bark at Cesenatro, and he shared with me the last smile of destiny—its farewell smile.

In that bark, which I guided with my own hand, were Anita, Ugo Bassi, Cicera Vecchia, and his two sons. All are dead, and in what a manner! Oh, sacred dead! I will relate your martyrdom.

The name of Ugo Bassi will be the watchword of the Italians on the day of vengeance.

But I am allowing myself to be drawn away from my object. Let us return to the siege of Rome.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE SIEGE.

In the night of the 4th of June, whilst our adversaries were feigning an attack upon the gate St. Pancrazio, the trenches were opened at three hundred metres from the place, and two siege batteries were got up, one at a hundred metres behind the parallel to answer to the fire of the battery No. 6, the other on the right of the parallel to face the Roman battery of Tertascio and of St. Alesia. The parallel was supported on the right by some unassailable heights, on the left by the Villa Pamphili.

At daybreak I sent for Manara, and begged him to

resign his title of Colonel of the Bersaglieri, and accept the rank of chief of my staff. This was, I knew, asking him to make a great sacrifice, but Manara was more fit than any one for that post; he was possessed of extraordinary valour, of rare self-possession in the midst of danger, of a sure and piercing eye in fight; he had made the Bersaglieri the best disciplined troops in the army; he spoke four languages. To crown all, he carried himself with that dignity which so well becomes superior rank. He accepted my offer.

The rest of my staff was composed of Majors Cenni and Bueno; Captains Carenni and David; of two excellent French officers, named Peltres and Laviren; of Captain Cecaddi, who, during his service in Spain and Africa had earned the Cross of Spain and the Cross of the Legion of Honour; of Sisco and Stagnetti, who at Palestrina led the emigrants; of Fili, a lieutenant of cavalry; of the carrier Giamruzzi; and lastly, of a member of the chamber, Captain Cessi.

Manara, in the first place, organized the staff in the interior. Everybody wanted to remain with me in the Villa Savarelli. We had full sight of the open country, and nothing went on unobserved or unseen by us. It is true that this advantage was not without danger. It being known that the Villa Savarelli was my head-quarters, bullets, obus and cannon balls were all meant for me. This was particularly the case when, in order to have a better view, I ascended a little belvedere which surmounted my house; it really became curious to see the tempest of balls, and I can safely say I never heard a tempest make such a hissing noise in my life. The balls made the house shake as if in an earthquake; and frequently, to afford this amusement to the French artillerymen and tirailleurs, I had my breakfast served in the belvedere, which had no other protection than a little wooden parapet, and then I can assure my readers I had music to my meal which dispensed with the services of my regimental band.

This became worse when some mischievous joker of

the staff hoisted upon a lightning conductor which surmounted the little terrace a banner, on which was inscribed in large letters—

Good Day! Cardinal Oudinot!

On the fourth or fifth day that I had given this distraction to the French artillerymen and tirailleurs, General Avezzana came to see me, and finding the window of the salon of not sufficient height, he asked me if I had not some more elevated place from which he could look into the plain. I led him up to my belvedere. There is no doubt the French wished to do him honour, for the moment we arrived the usual music commenced. The General surveyed the enemy's advanced posts very tranquilly, and then descended without saying a word. The next day I found the openings of my belvedere stopped with sacks of earth. I demanded who had given the order for this, and was told it was the Minister of War. There was no means of opposing the orders of the Minister of War.

This rage of the French artillerymen to riddle my poor head-quarters with bullets, balls, and obus, sometimes produced scenes sufficiently amusing. One day, it was the 6th or 7th of June, I think, my friend Vecchi, who was at once an actor in, and the historian of, the drama we were representing, came to see me at our dinner-hour. As I had some people there, I had ordered a dinner from Rome, which was brought in a tin case. I perceived that the sight of our little set-out tempted Vecchi, and I in consequence asked him to partake with us; General Avezzana and Constantine Rita were there likewise. We sat down on the ground in the garden; the balls shook the house in such a manner that if we had attempted to eat upon a table, we must have had one of those apparatuses that are placed upon the tables of ships when bad weather prevails. In the very middle of the dinner a bomb fell within a metre of us, and all jumped up and de-

camped. Vecchi was about to act as the others had done, but I held him by the wrist, and he being a member of the Assembly, "Conscript father," said I, laughing, "do not leave your curule chair." The bomb burst, as I was sure it would, on the side opposite to that on which we were sitting. We got off with having ourselves and our dinner covered with dust.

Vecchi had done wisely in profiting by the repast I offered him, for we did not dine every day. Sometimes the waiter from the restaurant, terrified by the noise of the French mortars, by the fusillade of the Chasseurs of Vincennes, but above all, by the numbers of dead bodies he met with in his road, stopped short, not daring to come further. Then the first comer got possession of our feast, and appropriated it to his own use. One morning at three o'clock, one of my soldiers, named Casanova, made me a macaroni; otherwise for forty-eight hours I had lived upon a cup of milk coffee and two or three bottles of beer.

It somehow happened that all the adventures of the kind I have related happened to Vecchi. Another time, having his report of two days to make, being of the advance guard at the Castabili vineyards—one of the casini we had in the neighbourhood of the Villa Corsini was so called—he found me at dinner under a table; this time the gentlemen of the artillery having the kindness to give me a little intermission. Before me stood a dish with a very appetising savour. I made room for him beside me, and invited him to partake of it. But just as he was about to sit down, Manara stopped him.

"Do nothing of the kind, Vecchi," said he; "three days together, officers who have partaken of the General's dinner have been killed before they have had time to digest it."

And so it was; David, Reser, and Panizzi had been killed as Manara described.

"Good!" said Vecchi; "that squares marvellously with a prediction made respecting me."

"What is that?" said Manara.

"In my infancy a Bohemienne drew my horoscope. She predicted that I should die in Rome at the age of thirty-six, and very rich. In 1838, in a journey I took on foot from Naples to Salerno, near Saine I perceived a Gitana in a field by the road side, whom I took a fancy to kiss on account of her beautiful eyes. She kept me off with her knife, but I opposed to her offensive weapon a defensive one, in the shape of a bright new crown. On accepting the crown she took my hand and announced to me that I should die at Rome, at thirty-six, and very rich. I am in my thirty-sixth year; without being rich, I am too well off to wish to die—but I am a fatalist—like a Mahomedan; I believe that that which is written is is written, so give me some of that rizitto, General."

We laughed at Vecchi's story, but Manara remained serious, saying:—

"That's all very well, Vecchi, but I shall be uneasy till this day is over." Then turning to me: "For heaven's sake, General," added he, "don't send him anywhere to-day."

This suited him very well. He was terribly fatigued with having watched the two preceding nights, and after dinner requested me to allow him to retire and have a little sleep.

"You can lie down on my bed, if you like," said Manara, whether speaking seriously or following up the joke; "in God's name, don't go out to-day."

Vecchi took him at his word, and threw himself upon the bed. About an hour after, as I perceived the French officers placing gabions in the open trenches opposite our battery, I looked about for an officer to order the fire of a dozen tirailleurs to be directed against them. I don't remember where I had sent all my people to, but I was alone. I thought of poor Vecchi, who was sleeping soundly. It went against me to wake him, but the balls were making horrible

havoc; so I pulled him by the leg, and he opened his eyes.

"Come, rouse up!" said I; "you have been asleep four-and-twenty hours; Manara's prediction is no longer to be dreaded. Take a dozen of your best marksmen and silence those fellows yonder."

Vecchi, who is very brave, did not require a repetition; he took a dozen Bersaglieri, picked shots, and posted them behind a gabioned barricade, which was raised, with the assistance of the sappers, by an ordnance lieutenant named Parzio. From that he commenced such a murderous fire against the French, that they were provoked to return cannon balls for his bullets, or rather those of the Bersaglieri. Half-an-hour after, one of my men came to me, saying, "Have you heard, General, poor Vecchi is killed?" The news went to my heart. I had been the cause of his death, and I could not help reproaching myself with it, but at the expiration of half-an hour, to my great joy I saw him coming towards me.

"Oh! in God's name," cried I, "let me embrace you; I thought you were dead!"

"No," replied he, "I was only buried."

"What do you mean by that?" said I.

He then related to me how a ball had cut open a sack of earth, which emptied itself upon him, and that at the same time this sack, in emptying itself, made all the other sacks give way, so that ten or twelve of them came tumbling upon his head and literally buried him. But a more picturesque circumstance than the death of Vecchi might have proved, was connected with this affair. The same ball that had buried Vecchi, struck against a wall, and at its rebound broke the back of a young soldier. The young soldier, placed upon a hand-barrow, crossed his hands upon his breast, raised his eyes towards heaven, and breathed his last sigh. He was being carried to the ambulance, when an officer threw himself upon the body and covered it with

kisses. The officer's name was Parzio, that of the young soldier was Colomba Antonietta. His wife had followed him to Velletri, and had fought by his side on the 3rd of June.

This reminds me of my poor Anita, who was also so calm in fire, and whom, much against her will, I had left at Rieti. She was in the family-way, and for the sake of the child she bore in her bosom, I had persuaded her to be separated from me.

On the 7th, Corpus Christi day, there was a truce on both sides. On the 9th I ordered a grand sortie, to interrupt the advanced works of the French, which were nearly carried to the second bastion of the left. For this operation I called upon the Douaniers and a battalion of the 9th regiment. The Bersaglieri at that moment were doing duty at the cassini on the left of the Via Vicellia, and were on guard at the bastions. Captain Rosas, the same whom I had seen carried away from the Villa Corsini, and who had said to me, "General, my account is settled," Captain Rosas had only been struck by a spent ball; and though, in good conscience, the contusion was severe enough to have him placed in bed, he was up on the morrow, and on the day I am speaking of, absolutely insisted upon taking the command of the 4th Company, destined for the second bastion. Seeing that the guard of the trenches very much annoyed the assailants, Rosas took a carbine, and being an excellent marksman, he fired fifteen shots, more than half of which told. His men charged, and he fired.

His skill aroused the rivalry of some African Chasseurs, who commenced returning him shot for shot. The first ball carried off his hat; but picking it up, he waved it in the air, crying "Viva l'Italia!" But at that very moment a ball entered his mouth, and passing out at the nape of his neck, extinguished the cry. After enduring two days of agony, he expired.

On the 10th of June I received notice from General Rossetti that I was to take the command of a grand

sortie, consisting of half the Roman army. It was to take place by the Carvallieri gate, and had for its object the capture of the Villa Pamphili or the Villa Valentini. In consequence of this, the Minister of War, Avezzani, relieved me in my command of the line of San Pancrazio, and with the Italian Legion and the regiment of the Bersaglieri, I repaired to the Place of the Vatican, where the body destined for this important operation was to be completed by the regiments Pari and Mari, and the Polish Legion. I passed on horseback before the front of every corps. I gave the commanders their orders, communicating to them the object of the attempt, and the mode of attack I contemplated. I then passed the word to distribute the ammunition, preparing everything for the appointed hour, whilst the soldiers, with their eyes fixed upon the moon, laughed at and abused her for the slowness with which she performed her course.

In order to avoid one of the nocturnal errors so common in these expeditions, when, confounding friends with enemies, men fire upon each other, I ordered the soldiers to put their shirts on over their uniforms, which manœuvre created much laughter among them, on account of the state of some of the under garments, of which I made outer garments. At ten o'clock in the evening the gate was opened, and the Polish Legion, commanded by Hoffstetter, who has left an excellent journal of the siege of Rome, marched out, making the vanguard. Then followed the Italian Legion, at the head of which was Colonel Manara; next came the regiments of Bersaglieri, Pari, and Mari—the latter commanded the rear-guard.

I was scarcely out of the city, when I perceived I had made a false manœuvre in ordering the shirts to be put outside the uniforms. My men were so conspicuous that they were seen as plainly as in open day. They would not have marched a hundred paces before the French would have believed they were going to be attacked by an army of phantoms. I ordered the

shirts to be taken off again; and I think I may venture to say that not a single soldier took the trouble to replace his where he had taken it from.

I was riding on the flank of the Italian Legion, when some soldiers, who were carrying a ladder, passing by a villa, wished to know whether it was really as completely abandoned as it appeared to be, and raised their ladder against one of the windows of the first story; the regiment halted to see the result of the perquisition, leaving the vanguard to pursue their march. Five or six men mounted the ladder. All at once a step broke short under the feet of the topmost man; he fell upon the second, the second upon the third, and all, with a frightful crash, came down, tumbling upon each other. In the fall two guns went off. The vanguard, commanded by Hoffstetter and Sacchi, two of our bravest officers, fancied, on hearing the guns, they were surprised by the French whom they were going to surprise. They were seized with a panic terror, broke behind Hoffstetter and Sacchi, who were left alone with about a score of men, and came back upon us in a kind of despair, overturning all they encountered in their way with the shock. Manara endeavoured to stop them, but in vain. I threw myself amongst them, swearing and striking right and left with my gaucho whip; but it was all of no use, and I verily believe that all my fellows would, at the same pace, have run back to Rome, if the Bersaglieri, at the head of whom were two chiefs of battalion and Captain Ferrari, had not formed across their road with bayonets at the charge.

After the noise created by this disturbance, we could not expect that the French were not upon their guard, and the enterprise must be renounced. As for myself, I was fatigued with striking the cowardly rabble, and I returned to the city, saying to Manara, "How wrong we were, my friend, not to place your brave Bersaglieri in the van." In fact, those Bersaglieri were marvellous men, of whom Manara ought to be, and was, proud.

When I asked him for a detachment of his soldiers, Manara was accustomed to say—

"Now, men, I want forty of you, with a good will, for an expedition, in which one quarter of you will be killed, and another quarter wounded." And in spite of the programme, the whole regiment would so completely present themselves, that, in order to prevent jealousy, they were obliged to draw lots.

On the 12th, at midday, a battalion of the Union were working to execute a counter-approach in the vineyard, on the left of the Via Velettra, when the French undertook to disturb them in their labours. Immediately Majors Lanzi and Panizzi called the workers, and a corps de garde to arms, and, with incredible rapidity, threw themselves upon the parapet of the French parallel. They were met by a terrible fire. Panizzi fell, mortally wounded; Pietro Landi placed himself at the head of his Bolognese; but, in an instant, he shared the fate of his companion, falling from wounds in the arm and breast. But the others, led by the officer Meloni, still stood their ground, unable to follow up the attack, but crying with all their strength, Viva l'Italia! and giving courage to their companions. This regiment fought that day with admirable courage. In order not to lose time in changing their arms, they struck sometimes with their bayonets, and sometimes with the butt-end of their guns, whilst others, like the Ajax and Diomede of the Iliad, tore up stones and hurled them at their adversaries. The exasperation was so great, that the Polish captain, Very, who wore several crosses on his breast, and amongst them that of the Legion of Honour, gained in Africa, standing on the barricade, struck his breast with his open hand, exclaiming, "Here! here! fire here, upon the Legion of Honour!" A ball struck him on the head. "Lower!" cried he, "lower! you're bunglers!" A second ball struck him, and he was carried out of the *mêlée;* but he recovered, and afterwards went to die in Greece.

I was present in my belvedere at this affair; although not very advantageous, my friends who know me will do me that justice, I thought it my duty to make a report of it to the Government.

On the 14th of May, in the morning—I think so at least, I write without anything I can refer to for the date—we were breakfasting at the Villa Spada, in a chamber of the third storey, with Sacchi, Bueno, and Cocculli. We were all in our shirt sleeves—I rather thoughtful, for I had just been obliged to condemn one of our officers to death, a Neapolitan who, seized with a panic, in the course of the night had abandoned his post—when we heard quick steps in the corridors; the door flew open, I uttered a cry; it was Anita, come to rejoin me, escorted by Orrigeni. The gentlemen, on recognising my wife, put on their coats and left us.

"Do you know how she has amused herself in coming from the Carozze here, General?" asked Orrigeni.

"No; how?"

"In stopping all along St. Pietro in Montorio, to look at the French batteries. Look how we are both covered with dust! that was done by the bullets striking against the walls. 'Come along! come along!' I kept saying, 'it is of no use to get shot here.' As Catholics, how do you think the French treat churches?'"

Dear Anita! I pressed her to my heart; it appeared that everything would now go on according to my wish. My good angel had returned to my side. I regretted I could not grant Anita the first request she made me, which was the pardon of the Neapolitan officer; but it was necessary to make an example. I had it not in my power to reward Medici for his admirable conduct at Vascella; I was obliged to bestow a punishment on a coward for his cowardice. He was shot.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE SURPRISE.

On the 13th of June, the French had commenced a terrible bombardment; seven batteries, incessantly vomiting fire, battered in breach the right face of the third bastion; on the left, the curtain and the left face of the second bastion; the others occupying themselves particularly with the Villa Savarelli, which threatened every instant to fall upon our heads; so that, to my great regret, I found myself on the 20th forced to transport my head-quarters to the Corsini Palace. It was impossible for me to remain there, I was too far from the walls. It is true I thought to be able to be quiet. Attacked every day, every day Medici, whom we called the indefatigable, repulsed the attacks and maintained his Vascello and his Cassini. I cannot say too much or too often, in his praise, that I know not how he succeeded.

On the 20th of June three breaches were practicable in spite of all Manara and I could do to oppose the effect of the projectiles. Otherwise the assault was quite a treat to me. The men we had to do with were adversaries worthy of us. We had already shown them, whatever General Lamoricière may have said, that the Italians knew how to fight; I hoped to have an opportunity of showing them what a contest with the knife and the poniard was.

On the evening of the 21st, the second battalion of the Union was on guard at the bastion of the left, and at the defence of the breach, as well as two companies of the third regiment which were to be changed; they prolonged their service, however, till day, for the better defence of the third bastion on the left. The first and the fifth companies of the Bersaglieri were on duty at Vascello; the sixth and seventh on guard at the approaches of the left, outside the gate San Pancrazio, from which our sentinels extended to the

right, as far as the walls of the Cassino, and almost beyond the French parallel.

This duty was horribly dangerous; it was only performed at night, and a little before day all the posts were withdrawn and the night-guard came within the walls. Major Caloandrose Baroni of the Lombard Bersaglieri, had the exterior surveillance of this line; Colonel Rossi, the duty of round-major in the interior.

After having placed all the advanced-posts, Major Baroni was occupied in giving his instructions to the Captains Stambro and Morandoli, when, towards eleven o'clock at night, a certain noise, like that of something breaking, was heard towards the bastions Nos. 2 and 3, A few musket-shots followed the noise, and then, again all was night and silence. What had happened? The French had quite simply presented themselves all at once before the breach, not like an enemy who mounts to the assault, but like soldiers relieving guard.

From whence did they come out? Which way did they come? What road did they take? All this it was impossible to learn. Many suspected treachery. The sentinel, on being questioned, only replied that the French had risen from out of the earth, and had ordered him to fly. In the course of the same night, the bastion, No. 7, and the curtain which united it to the bastion No. 6, fell, after an energetic resistance, into the hands of the French.

It was precisely the preceding day that I had transported my head-quarters from the Villa Savarelli to the Palace Corsini. Almost as soon as the event had taken place, I was informed of it by Adjutant-Major Delac, belonging to the regiment of the Union. I confess my surprise was great, and I was not the last to range myself with those whose opinion it was that there was treachery. Followed by Manara, and Captain Hoffstetter, I arrived at the place just at the moment when the Bersaglieri, always awake and always ready, had mustered in the street which leads to San Pancrazio. The Italian Legion, on receiving

orders, followed me in quick time; the two cohorts of Colonel Sacchi came after them. Sacchi immediately sent a company to reconnoitre the places; but when arrived at the second bastion it was constrained, from the numbers of the French, to retreat into the Casa Gabrielli.

The terrible news was already spread through the city. The triumvirate being informed of it, ordered the tocsin to be sounded; on that being heard, every house seemed to cast forth its inhabitants, in an instant the streets were filled with people. The General-in-Chief, Rossetti, the Minister of-War, all the staff, and Mazzini himself hastened to the Janiculo. The people in arms surrounded us, and demanded to be led to drive the French from the walls. General Rossetti, and the Minister-of-War were of opinion that that should be attempted, but I protested against it. I dreaded the confusion such a multitude would throw into our ranks, the irregularity of the movements, and the panics so common at night among people not accustomed to fire-arms, and even, as we have seen in the night of the tenth, sometimes among people who are accustomed to them.

I insisted, therefore, upon their waiting till morning. In the morning they would see what enemy they had to deal with, even if that enemy were treachery. When daylight broke, all my division was ready, reinforced by the regiments which General Rossetti placed at my disposal. The company of the Lombard students, which formed part of the Medici legion, was the vanguard. The Medici legion itself had received orders to join us. The cannon of our batteries, turned upon the occupied bastions, were directed at once from St. Peter in Montorio, from the bastion No. 8, and from St. Alesia. The Lombard students marched first to the assault; although thundered upon by the French artillery, they rushed with the bayonet upon the grand guard and the pioneers, whom they forced to concentrate themselves in the Casino Barberini.

The brave young men were already on the open ground near the Casino; but I had just learnt what forces we had to deal with. I saw that a second 3rd of June was about to deprive me of half of the men whom I loved as my own children. I had not the least hope of dislodging the French from their position: I was about to command a useless butchery. Rome was lost, but it was lost after a wonderful, a splendid defence. The fall of Rome after such a siege was a triumph for democracy to all time.

Then remained the idea that I was preserving four or five thousand devoted defenders of their country, who knew me, whom I knew, and who would answer to my first summons.* I gave the order for retreat, appointing the hour of five in the evening for another assault, which I no more meant to give than I had given the first. The students behaved admirably; I will only quote one example. A painter, the Milanese, Tudusio, was reported pierced with twenty-seven bayonet thrusts. Berlani saved him, and he is now wonderfully well.

For my part, all was lost, for the time at least; not from the moment when the French were masters of our breaches, but from the moment when the party which elevated the Roman republic to the French constituency was conquered. Suppose that by sacrificing a thousand brave men I had driven the French from their positions, as I had driven them on the 3rd of June from their positions of the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini. As on the 3rd of June, they would have retaken, by means of fresh troops, the positions from which I had driven them. And in this case I had not the same reason for holding out. If the Villa Cernuni had remained in our hands, it would have hindered the works of approach. But when once the works of approach were executed, when once the

* The campaign of 1859, and the expedition to Sicily, prove that Garibaldi was not mistaken.

breaches were made, what could prevent the taking of Rome?

NOTHING.

Before the news of the flight of Ledru Rollin and the democratic party to England, every day which I prolonged the existence of Rome was a day of hope. After receiving that news, resistance was nothing but useless despair; and I conceived that the Romans had done too much in the face of the world to stand in need of having recourse to despair. The coalesced powers had enclosed the Roman republic, that is to say, all the democracy of the Peninsula, within the old walls of Aurelian. We had nothing more to do but to break through the circle, and carry, as Scipio did, the war into Carthage. Now, our Carthage is Naples; it is there that I hope some day despotism and I shall again meet face to face. May that day be near!

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE END.

IT is true we were surprised, but not yet conquered. At a distance of two hundred paces behind the walls stands the ancient Aurelian enclosure. I ordered it to be fortified as well as possible. I had laid aside the idea of an assault, but I was not a bit the less disposed to dispute the ground, foot by foot. A battery of seven pieces was placed upon the bastion No. 8, sheltered by our works from the fire of the French. It began to act on the morning of the 23rd, and, seconded by the batteries St. Alesia and St. Peter in Montorio, they crossed their fires in such a manner upon the breach, that the French were forced to abandon their works. The French engineer officers, being scarcely masters of the breach, endeavoured to establish a battery of cannons upon curtains six and seven, —it was our business to prevent this establishment.

Thence the incredible efforts of the French—thence our obstinate opposition.

In the night of the 23rd, the French established their batteries. On the morning of the 24th, they were soon so injured by our cannon that they were forced to close their murderous mouths. They then formed the plan of raising two new batteries upon the bastions 6 and 7, from which they might extend the battery of St. Peter in Montorio, defended by my legion. In the mean while General Oudinot, to show, as he had said in one of his bulletins, in what reverence he held the City of Monuments, from the 21st, ordered bombs to be launched upon all the quarters of the city. It was particularly during the night that he employed this means of exciting terror. Many fell upon the Transtiberian quarter, many upon the Capitol, some upon the Quirinal, upon the Place d'Espagne, in the Corso. One of these bombs fell upon the little temple which covers the Hercules of Canova, but the cupola, fortunately, was strong enough to repel it. Another burst in the Spada palace, and damaged the famous fresco of the Aurora of Guido Reni. Another, still more impending, broke the capital of a column of the marvellous little temple of Virile Fortune, a masterpiece respected by ages. The triumvirate offered the families of the people whose houses were destroyed, an asylum in the Corsini Palace.

The conduct of the Roman people during these days of trial was worthy of ancient times. Whilst during the night, pursued by the showers of projectiles which crushed in the roofs of their houses, mothers flew from one place to another, pressing their children to their breasts; whilst the streets resounded with cries and lamentations, not a single voice spoke of surrendering. In the midst of all these cries, one jeering cry was frequently heard when a ball or an obus brought down the side of a house:—

"A Benediction from the Pope!"

The marvellous fire of our cannon during the days of the 25th, 26th and 27th of June silenced the batteries raised by the French upon the curtain and upon the bastions they occupied; but two French batteries, the one placed upon the bastion No. 6, and the other outside the walls, opened their fire against our batteries of St. Sabiné and St. Alexis.* In addition to these, two other batteries, placed, the one upon the curtain and the other upon the bastion No. 7, opened their fire in their turn against our battery of St. Peter in Montorio. A fifth breach battery, placed at the foot of the bastion No. 7, consequently, sheltered from our fire, opened upon us. On the flank of the bastion No. 8, a sixth battery, placed in front of the church of St. Pancrazio, lashed the battery No. 8, and my ex-head quarters, the Villa Saverelli. To complete the chain, a seventh battery, placed before the Villa Corsini, thundered at once against the St. Pancrazio gate, against the Villa Saverelli, and against the Aurelian wall. I never beheld such a tempest of flame! such a torrent of mitrailles! Our few cannon were, in a a manner, stifled by it. And yet, I can but say it, to the great honour of Medici, the Vascello and the Cassini were still in our hands.

The siege of Vascello alone would merit a historian. During the evening of the 28th the French batteries appeared to rest for an instant as if to take breath, but on the day of the 29th they resumed their fire with fresh rage. Rome was intensely agitated; the day of the 27th had been terrible; our losses had been almost equal to those of the 3rd of June; the streets were choked with mutilated men. The sappers had no sooner taken the spade or the pickaxe in their hand than they were cut in two by balls or mutilated by obus. All our artillerymen—observe, reader! *all*—had been killed at their guns: the duty of the artillery was performed by soldiers of the line. All the nocturnal guard being under arms, there was, a thing before unheard of, a reserve composed of the wounded, who,

bleeding as they were, performed the duty. And yet all this time, an admirable contrast, the assembly in permanence deliberated calmly and impassibly in the Capitol under bullets and balls.

As long as one of our pieces of cannon remained upon its carriage it replied, but on the evening of the 29th the last was dismounted. Our fire was extinguished! The breach made at the bastion No. 8 was practicable. The wall of the St. Pancrazio gate and the bastion No. 9 were crumbling away. The night, therefore, of the 29th fell upon Rome like a winding-sheet to prevent the reparation of our breaches; the French artillery thundered all night. That was a terrible night! the tempest of the heavens was mingled with that of the earth. The thunder growled responsively to the cannon, the lightning crossed the fire of the bombs, thunderbolts fell in two or three places, as if to render the city sacred. In spite of the festival of St. Peter, the two armies maintained their duel to the death.

When night came on, as an attack was expected in the darkness, the whole city was illuminated in all parts, even the grand cupola of the Vatican. This is, however, the custom at Rome, in the night of the festival of St. Peter. He who during that night had fixed his looks upon the Eternal City, would have beheld a spectacle which the eyes of man can only expect to contemplate once in the course of ages. At his feet he would have seen stretch out a large valley filled with churches and palaces, cut in two by the winding of the Tiber, which appeared a Phlegethon; on the left of a hill the Capitol, upon the tower of which floated to the wind the flag of the Roman Republic. On the right, the dark profile of Monte Marie, upon which, on the contrary, floated the united flags of the French and the Pope; in the background the cupola of Michael Angelo, rising up amidst the night, all crowned with light; and as a frame to the

grand picture, the janicula and the whole line of St. Pancrazio, illumined also but by the lightning of cannons and muskets.

And then, by the side of all this, something still more grand than the shock of matter—the struggle of good and evil—the principles of the Lord and the principles of Satan—of Arimanes and Oromanes—the struggle of the sovereignty of the people against right divine—of liberty against despotism, of the religion of Christ against the religion of the Popes.

At midnight the heavens cleared, the thunder and the cannons ceased, and silence succeeded to the infernal combustion—but a silence in which the French approached the walls stealthily, and took possession of the last breach made at bastion No. 8. At two o'clock in the morning, three reports of cannon, fired at equal distances of time, were heard. The sentinels cried to arms, the trumpets sounded; the Bersaglieri, always ready, always indefatigable, marched out from the Villa Spada, and hastened to the gate of St. Pancrazio. Leaving two companies of reserve to guard the Villa Spada, they plunged up to their knees in moistened earth.

I placed myself at their head, sword in hand, singing the popular hymn of Italy. At that moment, I confess so completely was I discouraged with regard to the future, that I had but one wish, and that was to be killed. I threw myself with them on the French; of what took place I know nothing.* During an hour

* This is the way in which the historian Vecchi, one of the most courageous defenders of Rome, describes this fight:—"We were shut up in the Villa Spada, where we maintained a fearful fire of muskets and carbines. We were beginning to be short of ammunition, when General Garibaldi made his appearance with a column of legionaries, and some soldiers of the 6th regiment of the line, commanded by Pari. Determined as he was to strike a last blow, not for the safety, but for the honour of Rome, united again with our companions, we rushed to the breach, striking with the lance, the sword, and the bayonet; powder and ball were wanting. The French, astonished at this fierce shock,

I continued to strike without ceasing; when daylight came I was covered with blood; I had not a single wound, which was a miracle. It was in this affair that Lieutenant Morosini, a poor youth who had not attained his twentieth year, and who fought like a hero, was killed on refusing to surrender. In the middle of the sanguinary *mêlée* a message arrived from the assembly; they desired me to come to the Capitol. I owe my life to that message; but for it I should have got myself killed. As I was descending towards the Longara with Vecchi, who was a member of the Constituent, I learnt that my poor negro, Agayar, had just been killed. He was holding ready an exchange horse for me, when a ball passed through his head. I felt deeply grieved; I lost much more than a servant, I lost a friend.

Mazzini had already announced to the assembly the position we now stood in: there remained, he said, but three parts to take: to treat with the French, to defend the city from barricade to barricade; or to leave the city, assembly, triumvirate, and army, carrying away with them the palladium of Roman liberty.

When I appeared at the door of the chamber, all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me, and upon myself to see what it was that awakened their enthusiasm. I was covered with blood; my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts; my sabre

drew back at first, but others soon came up. At the same time, the artillery pointed against us began to carry away whole files at once. The Aurelian enclosure was taken and retaken; there was no room to place a foot without treading upon the wounded or the dead. Garibaldi that night was greater than I had ever seen him, greater than anybody had ever seen him. His sword was like lightning, every man he struck fell dead. The blood of a new adversary washed off the blood of him who had just fallen. He might have been thought Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Ferrisceio at the Castle of Gavinova. I trembled in expectation of seeing him fall, from one instant to another. But no; he remained erect as a destiny.

was so bent with striking, that it was not more than half in the sheath. They cried: "To the tribune! to the tribune!" and I mounted it. I was interrogated on all sides.

"All defence is henceforth impossible," replied I, "unless we are resolved to make Rome another Saragossa. On the 9th of February I proposed a military dictatorship, that alone was able to place on foot a hundred thousand armed men. The living elements still subsisted; they were to be sought for, and they would have been found in one courageous man. At that period audacity was repulsed, little means prevailed. I could not urge the argument further; I yielded, modesty restrained me, for I confess I might have been that man. I was in this wanting to the sacred principle which is the idol of my heart. If I had been attended to, the Roman eagle would again have made its eyry upon the towers of the Capitol; and with my brave men—and my brave men know how to die, it is pretty well known—I might have changed the face of Italy. But there is no remedy for that which is done. Let us view with head erect the conflagration of which we no longer are the masters. Let us take with us from Rome all of the volunteer army who are willing to follow us. Where we shall be Rome will be. I pledge myself to nothing; but all that my men can do that I will do—and whilst it takes refuge in us our country shall not die."

But this proposition, already made by Mazzini, was rejected. Henry Cernuschi himself, the brave Cernuschi, one of the heroes of the five Milanese days, the president of the commission, rejected it. He succeeded me in the tribune, and with tears in his eyes, and a broken voice: "You all know," said he, "whether I am an ardent defender of my country and the people. Well, then, it is I who tell you we have not a single obstacle left to oppose to the French, and Rome and her good people"—tears choked his utter-

ance—"must resign themselves to the occupation." After a short deliberation, the Assembly issued the following decree :—

"THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

In the name of God and the people.

"The Roman Constituent Assembly discontinues a defence which has become impossible. It has its post.

"The triumvirate are charged with the execution of the present decree."

CHAPTER LIX.

WHO LOVES ME, FOLLOWS ME.

On the 2nd of July, I assembled the troops in the Place of the Vatican. I advanced into the centre of them, and I announced to them that I quitted Rome to carry into the provinces revolt against the Austrians, the King of Naples, and Pio IX., and I added :

"Whoever is willing to follow me shall be received among my people. I require nothing of them but hearts filled with love for their country. They will have no pay, no rest—bread and water when by chance they can find any. Whoever is not satisfied with this fate had better remain here. The gates of Rome once passed, every step backward will be a step towards death."

Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse ranged themselves around me ; these constituted two-thirds of the defenders of Rome that were left. Anita, dressed as a man, Ciccemacchio, who would not stay to witness the degradation of his country, and Ugo Bassi, the saint who aspired to martyrdom, were the first to join me.

Towards evening we quitted Rome by the Tivoli gate ; my heart was sad as death. The last news I heard was that Manara was killed.

* * * * *

The memoirs of Garibaldi here break off. Some day I will obtain from him the second part of his life as I have obtained the first. It will be resumed in two words—EXILE AND TRIUMPH.

A. DUMAS.

The following are some details respecting the dead, which Doctor Bertani has been so kind as to draw up for me.

The Dead.

LUCIANO MANARA.

On the 30th of June, 1849, at two o'clock in the morning, commenced, as has been seen in the memoirs of the general, the attack upon the Aurelian enclosure, our second line of defence. Manara, about three o'clock in the morning, returned to the Villa Spada; he had just placed his tirailleurs. The evening before, a bullet, after striking the wall, had fallen on his bed. He turned a little on one side, as if to give it room, and said, laughing, "You see, I have not the chance to get a scratch."

When he entered, he found Emile Dandolo very uneasy about Morosini, who was said to have been taken prisoner. Neither of them knew anything about him. At that moment, a ball in its *ricochet* struck Dandolo in the arm. "By my faith, my poor boy," said Manara, "it appears as if everything were aimed at you." Then unfastening his belt and throwing down his sword, he took up a glass and went to the window to look at some French soldiers who were pointing a cannon. At the same instant a carbine was fired; the ball passed between two sacks of earth, and struck him in the belly, exactly where his belt would have protected him if he had kept it on.

Dandolo saw him stagger, and, wounded as he was,

sprang forward to support him. "I am killed!" said he, as he fell. "Be kind to my children!" A doctor was called in haste, but on seeing him turn pale, the wounded man at once perceived all was over. Manara was placed on a hand-barrow, and through a hot fire was carried by his companions to St. Maria della Scala. I was sent for from the Ambulance dei Pellegrini, where I was. I attended the summons with all possible haste. It was he who had expressed a wish I should be sent for, for we loved each other tenderly. Alas!

The place was covered with projectiles. A young woman who had had the imprudence to look out at a window, had just been struck in the breast, and fell stark dead. M. Vacenna, a Lombard officer, had both his legs broken by an obus, whilst ascending the steps of the church, close to me. Like myself, he had come to see Manara. A doctor who was likewise hastening towards the church was struck from his horse by a grenade; an instant after, his horse fell upon him, wounded by the same shot. I arrived save and sound. God conducted me.

At the back part of the church, on the right, near the balustrade, was a bed surrounded by the officers of the Manara legion. As soon as the wounded man saw me, he stretched out his hand, and, in a weak voice, asked me, "Is it mortal?" Youth repelled, in spite of evidence, the idea of death from his mind. The activity, noise, and seductions of a military life had not destroyed his desire for domestic happiness. Seeing I did not answer, he repeated, "I ask you if my wound is mortal—tell me?" And without waiting for my reply, he broke into expressions full of regret. I encouraged him as well as a man could who himself stood in need of consolation; but he plainly saw he had nothing to hope. Several medical men came in, but, making them a sign with his head to leave him: "Leave me to die in peace!" said he. His pulse was no longer perceptible, his extremities were cold, his features greatly

changed; the blood flowed in streams from his wound, he suffered terribly. His companions asked me what I thought of his state.

"He has about an hour to live," whispered I to Dandolo.

The young man then bent towards the ear of his friend. "Think of the Lord!" said he. "Ah! I do think of him, and much," replied Manara. He then made a sign to a Capuchin to come near to him. The monk approached the bed, listened to the confession of the dying man, and gave him absolution. After that he asked for the viaticum. Dandolo endeavoured to console him as well as he could by speaking of God. He interrupted him to speak of his sons: "Bring them up," said he, in the love of God and of their country." He than added: "Carry my body and your brother's to Milan;" and seeing Dandolo burst into tears, "it grieves you much, my poor friend, to see me die," said he; "alas! and I also regret life."

He then called to a soldier, who was his orderly, and whom he had often made very angry. "You pardon me, don't you?" said he with a smile. He then asked Dandolo if any news had been received of Morosini. He was answered vaguely that it was thought he was a prisoner. A little before he died, he took a ring from his finger, and putting it upon one of Dandolo's, he said: "I will remember you to your brother." Then turning to me, "Oh! Bertani! make me die more quickly! I suffer too much!" This was the last complaint that came from his mouth. The agony commenced. He clung convulsively to those who surrounded him, and then fell back upon his bed, motionless and cold. I placed my hand upon his heart, it still beat, but slowly. By degrees the beatings were extinguished. The soul was already in heaven.

I then told the monks who surrounded us to prepare me an arsenical solution to inject into the body; but there was no arsenic. So I contented myself with making the injection with corrosive sublimate. The

body was carried to a chamber on the right of the high altar, near the sacristy, and there softly laid, clothed in his uniform, with his head upon a cushion. His young friend, Eleuterio Pagliano, who during all the siege had fought valiantly, and who now is one of the most distinguished painters of Lombardy, took his portrait.

Close to him, on a plank, lay the body of Agayar, Garibaldi's negro. I was looking at their bodies, so handsome, but with such a different beauty! when I heard somebody sobbing behind me. It was Ugo Bassi weeping. All the time we remained in that chamber, it appeared to be the spot to which all the French projectiles were directed. The next day the body was conveyed to a house, and from thence to the church of St. Laurence, after which it was transported to the church of the Hundred Priests, where the body of Henry Dandolo awaited it, and where it was soon joined by that of Morosini. The very day of the death of Manara a letter arrived from his wife, containing only these words: "Think not of me, think not of your children, think only of your country!" Poor woman! Death had taken upon himself the charge of bearing her the answer.

EMILIO MOROSINI.

We were standing round the deathbed of Manara, asking each other what had become of our dearest friends, and amongst them of Emilio Morosini. But it was impossible for us to learn anything about him that day. On the morning of the 1st of July, Dandolo learnt from a soldier who happened to have been on the breach at the same time with Morosini, that he had fallen, seriously wounded, into the hands of the French. Although suffering much from his wound, Dandolo hastened to the triumvirate, and then to the minister, to obtain permission to leave the city. After waiting three

hours, he obtained it, and went straight to the French camp, without a safe-conduct of any kind. Stopped by the advanced posts, he told them on what account he had come. An officer took pity on his anguish, and permitted him to penetrate into the camp, whence he was conducted to an ambulance—he there learnt that he was dead.

He requested that the body might be given up to him, for the purpose of conveying it to his friends; but the doctor replied that two hours before he had been carried to a distant cemetery. He then solicited an order for exhuming the body. Whilst he was waiting for a reply to his request, a Captain-Adjutant-Major came in, who was greatly astonished at seeing an Italian officer in the French camp without a pass. He ordered the officer who had allowed him to pass to be placed under arrest, and sent Dandolo back to the line of the advanced posts, refusing to listen to anything. He returned, bearing the sad news to his friends, and wrote to the chief of the French staff to ask permission for exhumation. He obtained it on the morning of the 2nd.

The sad ceremony of the conveying of Manara being over, Dandolo came to me, saying, "Bertani, a few hours hence the body of Morosini will be at the church of the Hundred Priests, at Ponte Lecto, where you can see it." I went to the church a little before evening. The house, or rather the convent, which abuts at the church, was occupied by French troops, so that the church was closed. I asked permission of an officer to go into the church, who, seeing the deep grief depicted in my countenance, asked me kindly if I were a soldier, what was my country, or if I had lost a relative or a friend." I told him I had lost many dear friends, and among them Manara. He knew him by name, asked the particulars of his death, and gave me some on his part. A chasseur of Vincennes, who was near to him at the attack of the Villa Spada, and whom he pointed out to me, standing among a group

of soldiers near the gate, had said to him the moment Manara approached the window with his glass—"Look well at that officer—he is a dead man." At the same time the soldier fired, and the ball went to its address; he had seen Manara fall. The captain continued talking, but I was so wretched I could only answer him by begging him to allow me to enter the church.

"What are you going to do there?" asked he.

"I am going to seek for the body of another friend, disinterred this very day, and restored by your people to the grief of his mother."

He sent to ask for the permission from his Colonel, obtained it, and placed me in the hands of the guardian of the church, with orders to allow me to enter. The church was very dark, the guardian opened a little door which led from the convent to the choir of the church, gave me a lamp, and pointing to a dark corner, said—"Seek there;" but he would not follow me any further. I approached sadly and piously, with a shudder in all my veins. That silence, that darkness, the doubtful light of the lamp, the dear object of my researches, the agony of thus finding again the fine young man I had known living, all this made my heart beat enough to burst through my chest. I went on softly, not knowing the locality, not knowing the spot where the body was deposited, raising my lamp, and trembling for fear I should step upon it. At length, near the steps, I perceived a black, long form; I continued to advance, still elevating my lamp. I recognised a human body; almost mad with grief and error which I could not master, I leant over him. "Oh! sad! sad! sad!" With the hand that was free I untied the cord that fastened the shroud close at his neck, at his middle, and at his feet. I raised his head —although already disfigured; I saw that it was the poor boy I was seeking for. I let go the head; it fell back upon the floor with a sound I shall never forget. I had not a hair that had not its drop of sweat.

I stopped, trembling all over. "My God, how

great art thou! and how terrible is death!" I made a strong effort upon myself—a physician, accustomed to death! I would not be conquered by him. I placed the lamp upon one of the steps of the altar, I cast my eyes again on the countenance of the dead: it was paler than the sheet which covered him. I sought for and touched his wounds. I wished to obtain the last drops of blood from his heart, to carry them back to his mother, and make with them a cross upon the brow of every young Italian who would some day rise in defence of their country. Then I cut off a lock of his hair; perhaps he had a beloved one; at all events, he had a mother. At last, I pressed his hand, I uncovered my head once more before him, and I murmured: "Till we meet again!"

I left the church shuddering, carrying away with me this spectacle of death impressed upon me in such a lively manner, that now even, when writing these lines, eleven years after, I still see the body, the pale face, and the shroud, all soiled with earth and blood. On leaving the church I found the guardian again, and then the officer, with whom I shook hands without being able to pronounce a word. The next day Morosini's body was placed in a leaden coffin, waiting for the moment when it should depart for its native soil with the bodies of his friends. We all equally wished to have the details of the death of Morosini. But the others were obliged to depart; the dead, and those who assisted the wounded to die, alone remained—I was of the latter.

The following is all I could learn relative to the death of Morosini. I have the details I am about to give from M. de Santi, a Corsican, employed in the French sanitary service, who on the night of the 29th to the 30th of June was surgeon to the ambulance in the trenches. This good and honourable colleague, to whom I am indebted for some services, related to me that at dawn on the 30th of June, one of our officers was brought to the ambulance, who was so young and

so handsome that he at first took him for a woman. He was slightly wounded in the head, in the left hand, and in the breast, but mortally in the belly. De Santi attended to him kindly. Morosini, who could still speak, said—"What do you think of my wounds?" "Have confidence in God and your youth," replied I. "That is well!" said Morosini; "I comprehend, it is all over with me." Then he added with a sigh, "My poor mother!" He placed his pocket-book in the hands of the doctor, turned away his head, and refused to pronounce another word.

A few minutes after Morosini had had his wounds dressed, an old sergeant of the 32nd entered the ambulance, and after having anxiously sought for the bed of the young officer, he said to the doctor—

"That is certainly he!"

"What do you mean?" asked M. de Santi.

"That, at any price, I would have saved the poor boy. I have done all I could to save the poor boy. This has turned out sadly for him."

He then related that Morosini, accompanied by four men only, had been surrounded. He was summoned to surrender, but replied, "Never!" and continued striking with his sword, crying to the soldiers, "In the name of Italy, I forbid you to surrender!" The old sergeant had then presented his bayonet to his breast, hoping to intimidate him. But Morosini seized the bayonet with his left hand, and cut the sergeant across the face with his sword. The latter, however, still forbade his men to fire, hoping to take the young officer alive, and by that means save him. But then a soldier behind him, seeing that Morosini still continued to defend himself, fired at him with the muzzle of his gun almost touching his body. The ball passed through his entrails; that was the mortal wound. Morosini fell upon one knee, and upon his left hand, in which position he still endeavoured to strike his adversaries, crying aloud to his companions,

'Be killed ; but do not surrender!" The furious sergeant turning round to the soldier, exclaimed, "Wretch! what have you done? Don't you see he is but a boy."

Morosini died a few hours after being taken to the ambulance, and was buried in a retired place in the sheet in which I had found him enveloped in the church of the Hundred Priests. Morosini had in his belt two pistols, on the butts of which was engraved the name *Kosciusko*, a friend of his family, who had made a present of them to his grandfather. I made every endeavour to recover the sword and pistols of Morosini, but in vain. It appeared that the old sergeant was the possessor of them ; but he declared he would not give them up at any price.

On the 4th of September, 1849, the three coffins, containing the three bodies of Henry Dandolo, Luciano Manara, and Emile Morosini, were landed on the Molo Novo of Genoa.

GOFFREDO MAMELI.

Garibaldi relates in his memoirs, and in the short biography he has given of Goffredo Mameli, that the young poet, on the evening of the 3rd of June, came to ask him to be allowed to make another attempt upon the Casino Corsini, and that he granted his request. Mameli was wounded in the right leg. The wound of itself was not severe ; but from a bad state of the blood it gangrened, and on the 18th of June amputation became indispensable. The window of the chamber in which Mameli was placed in the ambulance gave, without ceasing, free passage to all sorts of projectiles. But Mameli always evinced the greatest carelessness with regard to this posthumous danger, if we may so call it. Only at the moment when he was most weakened by the suppuration he became, for a day or two, rather impatient with the bullets and balls, as a child is with

flies. "To be killed in the open air, fighting," said he, "is all right enough; but to be killed in one's bed, like a paralytic old man!—no!"

On the 8th of June he was delirious—pleasingly delirious—during which time he sang in a low voice, and was recovering daily his intellectual life; but, alas! for so short a period! In the intervals of his singing he prophesied, or offered up prayers for his country. He was twenty-one years of age when he died. I inspected his body, which was interred at Rome.

He had composed a war-song, which Garibaldi often sang, and was constantly humming—

"FRATELLI D'ITALIA."

This song is popular in Italy.

MELLARA.

Colonel Mellara was wounded in the fight of the 3rd of June, died on the 4th of July, when the French had already entered the city. As the Romans were no longer permitted to protest with arms, they assembled in the church, around the obsequies of the dead warrior. But whilst the people were weeping in pious silence over that body which was the symbol of fallen Italy, a French general—we will not name him—at the head of a few soldiers, entered the church, and snatching the Italian cockade from the hat of the dead, placed, according to custom, on the coffin, and put an end to the pious ceremony by ordering the wax-lights to be extinguished, and the church to be cleared—which was done.

Poor Mellara had not then even that last consolation of the dead, tears which fall from friendly eyes. It cannot be denied that political passions were manifested as strongly in the reactionary Romans as in the reactionary French. The priests and monks, in particular, behaved infamously towards the poor wounded

left to their care. To a M. Giovannini, of Cremona, wounded in the thigh, they refused a glass of water till he had confessed. To comprehend the pain of this torture, a man must be a physician, and know the imperious want of drink which men experience after being wounded. All the Roman physicians who attended the wounded patriots lost their diplomas.

Let me be allowed to offer here a philosophical or rather a moral remark. There is a great difference between the death of a soldier forced to the service by conscription, and that of the soldier who serves his country voluntarily. The volunteer is full of enthusiasm, proud of his wounds, glorying in his death; he is comforted in the midst of the most cruel sufferings by his expansion and his love of his country, in the vows he makes, in the prayers he puts up to God for the triumph of her cause. The other is mute, or only pronounces words of vengeance against him who has wounded him.

A boy of only ten years of age, from Bologna, formed part of Garibaldi's legion. Being wounded in the left hand, he suffered amputation at the wrist without uttering a single complaint, and weak as he was, insisted upon being present at the last battle.

In order to create improvised hospitals, people went through the streets of Rome crying with a loud voice: "For the wounded patriots!" and instantly all windows were opened, and from those windows were thrown shrouds, sheets, mattresses, pillows. The hospitals were created by the special charity of the municipality of

BERTANI.

THE END.

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